



RIZING MEDICINE

THE PEAK SPECIAL ISSUE
VOLUME 50/ISSUE 9

this issue is dedicated to a brother greatly missed (and his legendary hair)

To Neskie Manuel

(Secwepemc/Ktunaxa/French)



Secwepemc Radio: Our Common Property by Neskie Manuel

(a longer version of this first appeared in "Islands of Resistance")

Secwepemc Radio was originally broadcasted on the Neskonlith Reserve from July 2005 to June 2007. We did not get a license from the CRTC when starting because of our position that as aboriginal people we did not give up our right to make use of the electromagnetic spectrum to carry on our traditions, language and culture.

Operating this radio station is an expression of who we are as a people; it is the modern version of the campfire where people would share stories. We are using this radio to decolonize our airspace, our minds and our hearts. An important goal was to include Secwepemc language programming as much as possible. Three hours a day were devoted to the language, whether songs, classes or news. Whenever our phone number was given out over the air, volunteers were encouraged to use the Secwepemc words.

Our expression of sovereignty was our ability to choose what was going onto the airwaves and exposing what is going on in other Indigenous communities around the world. As of this writing, Secwepemc Radio is back on the air. Looking at what we've learned, we hope to make Secwepemc a permanent fixture in our community to continue the decolonization of the airwaves and our lives.



OPEN CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS 2011-2012

You are riZing Medicine—you are the jam on our scone, the corn in our soup, the 'us in indigenous, that nish-licious honey you can't take your eyes off..mmhmm. This was created to strengthen the links between our communities and spread the ndn goodness near and far. Love to the people from all over the indigenous world, from the pueblo to the palestinian territories! So give us a holler and let the medicine rise!

We are looking for every expression you can contain on an uncensored page: submit a piece of news from your hood, send in some graffiti, hip hop, photos, journalism, poetry, stories, ideas, quotes, film, book and music reviews, paintings, drawings. Find out if anybody's seen your missing three legged dog Willie Nelson, or give a shout out to your grammy. We are grassroots, autonomous and native-authored and welcome all indigenous languages. We're committed to defending uncensored space for all our voices and especially welcome contributions from native youth and inmates. We are also actively looking for people to help get copies out: jails and detention centres, remote communities and reserves, shelters, community centres, friendship centres, schools, etc.

We go by and agree on a few things:

We protect and defend the water, the land, our people and our indigenous way of life.
We don't work with police, corporations or the state.
We honor womyn and two spirited peoples.
We believe that no one can struggle for us, but us.

Submissions are always welcome and always being accepted. We love hearing from you! Contributions, questions and love, notes can all be sent to indigenouscollective@gmail.com or head on over to indigenouscollective.wordpress.com. Smoke signals can be sent to flap, flap, poof, whoosh, breeeeze.

keepin' it real since 1492.

Hey Peak Readers:

A few issues ago, we put out a callout for an issue that focused on indigenous sovereignty. A few weeks later, we got a proposal from a collective of indigenous people who told us they wanted to take over the issue and have complete autonomy over the issue, reclaiming in print what rightfully belonged to them: their voices. We were all pretty excited about the idea--to us as non-native settlers, indigenous solidarity means giving up the power and resources that we gain from living on stolen and occupied territory and what better way to do that than by saying "Hell yeah!"

That's how this issue came about. We honestly didn't do much work for this issue, but it was a great learning experience. We got to teach about the process involved in making a magazine and learned a thing or two about what kickass content can look like. If you have any questions about the Peak or our upcoming issues, feel free to contact us at peak@uoguelph.ca. So yeah, enjoy the issue!

the Peak

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viZing medicine: the story

This came to be, because we believe without compromise, that we are and always have been the only People to speak, write and create for ourselves. We are angry, frustrated by the racist volumes written about us or for us, which only make us more powerless, stolen voices profited off, studied and co-opted, especially by the blindly well intentioned. Enough.

As native women and two spirit people, we have also had enough from our brothers, uncles, fathers, grandfathers and Elders of being silenced again and again when the survival of our nations rests 'on our wombs', as a sister puts it. We feel a steadily increasing urgency for the freedom to speak our truths freely and without fear, as strong and empowered women in our communities. This is the beginning of everything.

This magazine was conceived a few months after I did, and much like life itself, it came from the seed of conversation between two people, the smallness of an idea shared. The sudden end of the life I had the honor of carrying within me made me question the purpose of sharing anything again. The gift felt taken, stolen away like so much else. But what can be taken from us except that which we give away? I gave him back to the sky, gave back the one who had helped in his creation and walked till I could run again, like the women before me have done, and the women after me will do.

Nine months later almost to the day, this magazine went to press at the same time I would have given birth to a son. Instead, marking a small, beautiful gift I will never again hold in my hands, you are holding this in your hands. Instead of counting fingers, I'm counting pages. Instead of searching for whose features are contained within his tiny face, there are hundreds of faces which emerge like pinpricks of light from a dark sky, whose voices and dreams you will hear speaking here. He is a star among stars, reminding us that there is a purpose for which we were all born, none of us is an accident. We all must live, so the People may live.

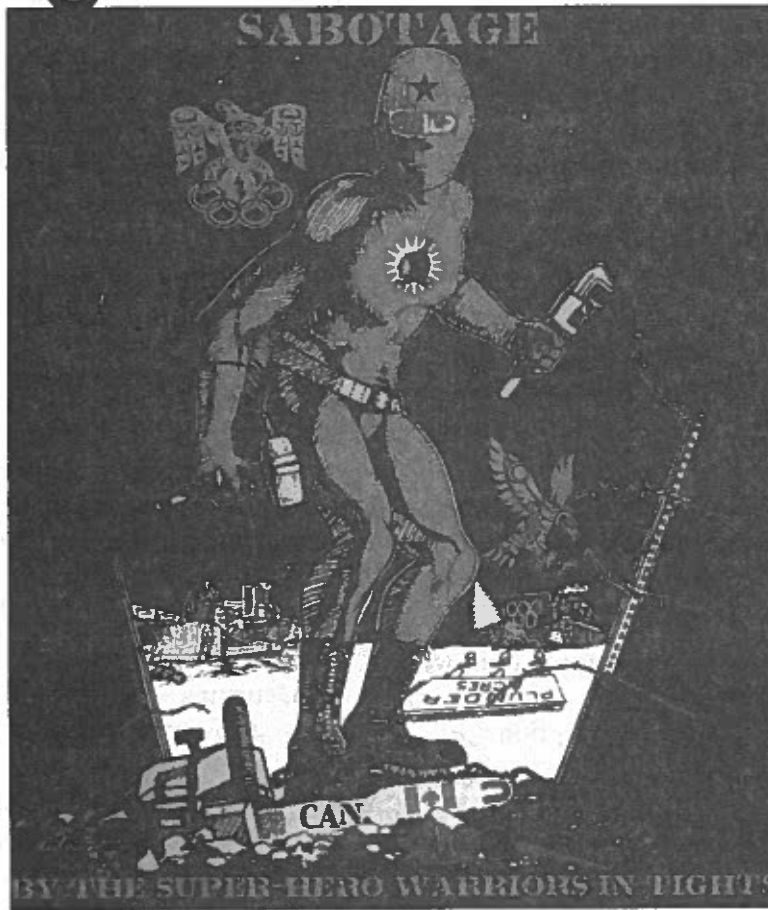
There is a war going on for your mind and we are the insurgents. We defend against censorship in these pages, but the stronger resistance must always come from within: the territory within you is yours to defend. We hear that we will face dangerous times in the coming years, and may come to understand the severity of oppression our ancestors survived. We will resist, so we will survive; joined to the land in ceremony and through our children. As our prophecies have told us, the resistance is being led by women and the two spirited. We're getting up off the ground to walk together and we are calling the men to walk with us.

All we know is a small sound, fractions of the songs which create and sustain life. The hope that holds these pages (and all of us) together is that all our small sounds together become yet one more pound of the drum which will shatter the foundations of capitalism into a fine, grey dust.

No property. No borders. No jurisdiction.

War Against the Machines

By Kloi: an
aspiring
Indigeninja
from the
Northwest
Coast



Warning: what you are reading has been deemed illegal by our enemies, agents of the Canadian colonial police state. I don't condone any of the stupid activities and information contained in this article, nor does this writing reflect the perspective of the kind souls at The Peak. This opinionated article on action is based on a fundamental Freedom of Expression, freedom of mind, body, and spirit. Plus, warriorism is important to some native cultures that maintain a backbone and still give a shit about red power and real native pride. Smart, calculated warriors, not reckless, cowboy machismo. So enjoy the following theoretical (but thoughtful) storytelling on actions in defense of the everyday destruction of the environment that we and our future generations will or will not inherit. For as native people, it is our tradition to do so...

Why Wage War Against the Machines?

Today, corporations sometimes have more influence than governments, including the limited power of Indian Act Band Councils. Oftentimes, governments are in bed with corporations, and together these elite cultures share in profits while masses remain poor and oppressed. It is more than just a racial divide, as entire ways of life for people across the world are threatened by this new cancerous growth of this corporate beast hellbent on destroying sacred Mother Earth for the almighty dollar. So it is up to us to take back some of this power and control, and use it for good. We can start by waging war against the machines, beginning with low-level actions, and working our way up to

higher-level actions aimed at destroying corporate and state property. Acting as guerillas, we can strike at critical weaknesses where the system lies vulnerable to covert nighttime attack.

Burn Down that Fort! Don't Hang Around It!

Our recent ancestors (little over 120 years ago) had a proud warrior culture where they actively attacked European colonies and business operations (like exploitive fur-trading forts and ships) occupying native territory. Usually these consisted of covert raids in the middle of the night, or battles using guerilla warfare tactics against an enemy with stronger firepower that had limited centralized control.

Promoting Good Security

It is not enough to simply be 'brave' warriors these days. We must adopt smart, modern warfare tactics and strategies. We live within a hitech surveillance police state, and are up against an inhumane system with vast resources at its disposal. But we have a determined fighting spirit and a long history of proud warrior histories, so traditional warrior and hunting knowledge very much comes in handy when using stealthy tactics. Having good security can make all the commonsense difference between freedom or imprisonment, and life or death for anyone involved or remotely associated with sabotage operations.

"Security n. 1. Measures adopted to guard against attack, theft or disclosure. 2. Something that gives or assures safety & confidence..."

As noted, the purpose of security is to protect our movement. A vital part of this is to limit or deny the flow of information to enemy forces. The following 4 principles should be seen as basic & fundamental security guidelines:

- Do not send or discuss sensitive information over any form of telecommunications (phone, cell, internet, etc.), all of which are vulnerable to interception.
- Never discuss sensitive information in any enclosed area vulnerable to listening devices (i.e., homes, vehicles, cafes, etc.).
- Follow the Need-to-Know-Only Rule: If a person is not involved in the information, then they do not need to know its contents. The less a person knows, the less danger there is they can tell others.
- Avoid those unable to follow basic security codes. They are a danger to you and the movement. This includes persons who talk too much, who do not take security seriously, alcoholics, etc." - from: Warrior Publications: Security & Counter- Surveillance Manual

Destruction of State & Corporate Property, and Safety for Human Beings

It is important to note that WE DO NOT WANT TO CAUSE HARM TO HUMANS OR TO OUR EARTH MOTHER WE ARE TRYING TO PROTECT, but only to the corporate machinery that contributes to the daily destruction of Mother Earth, which is a direct attack on the future health of all humans who must inherit the ever-transforming environment. Sabotage actions "should never be conducted in a rage or anger [...]" Eco-sabotage should be planned, calmly executed,

and the extent should reflect the damage that the evildoer is inflicting on the Earth." (Ozymandias Sabotage Skills Handbook, Vol.1, 1995).

It's also very important for each person, ideally two to four trusted warriors, and based on the magnitude of the operation, to find a way to reduce stress level and condition one's mind to be calm but strong carrying out these kind of actions.

Time for Some Action!

Here is an extremely summarized list of recommended low-level sabotage actions perfect condensed in War Against the Machines: A Field Guide to Low-Level Sabotage:

- Road Spiking: sharpened metal (such as rebar or hard metal) rods driven into dips in dirt & gravel roads intended to puncture vehicle tires of corporate vehicles, thus disrupting and delaying vehicle traffic. Do not leave prints on nails, WEAR GLOVES AT ALL TIMES.
- Detering Snowmobiles: putting an end to yuppies gallivanting around in the mountains and causing environmental degradation and disrupting wildlife areas. Snowmobiles often frequent ski resorts and should be punished for the amount of damage that ski resort and outdoor recreational activities cause to mountains, the spiritual sources of water, medicine and life to many native nations. Placing fishing line on snowmobile trails can jam their track mechanism, and, or you can simply remove trail marker signs used for snowmobile routes so they can just get lost.
- Closing Roads: to disrupt ongoing exploitation to delay proposed developments, and to scare away investment. Roads are vital to all empires for transporting goods and personnel. Most resource exploitation and construction projects require roads, which are difficult and expensive to maintain in more remote areas. Dig trenches with picks and shovels and deep and large enough for vehicle wheels to bottom out and jam up. Or cut down trees to block the road or park old or burned out vehicles across the road. Closing roads can be made to appear as an act of nature, and well, it is.
- Plugging Drainage Pipes: metal or plastic drainage pipes under roads can be blocked so that flood water or snow melt plug the pipes and wash out roads. Secure rocks and branches to be pushed inside the pipe and braced as close to the middle as possible, and not at the

ntrance. Restore natural appearance at the mouth of
ipe and avoid leaving signs of activity. The resulting
amage can require much repair and reconstruction.
atch weather forecasts for major storms.

- **Destroying & Burning Bridges:** use a bow saw or
hainsaw (watch for nails and spikes in timber) to cut
the bridge support, or else, burn a bridge at nighttime
to limit the visibility of smoke. Burning bridges
requires larger amounts of gas and wood. If lots of gas
is used, ignite from some distance using a Molotov
cocktail. **WEAR GLOVES AND COVERED SHOES
AND DISPOSABLE OUTER CLOTHING.** Use
LOOKOUTS on surrounding roads and have multiple
escape routes.

- **Disabling Heavy Machinery:** pour abrasive sand in
the crankcase, jam doors and ignition locks with slivers
of wood or metal and super-glue, pour a gallon or
more of water into fuel tank, pour dirt or sand or water
into oil filter holes, slash tire side-walls, smash fuel and
water pump, carburetor and distributor with a sledge
hammer. Use bolt-cutters on cables and hydraulic
hoses, and pull out the electrical wiring. Push a large
old potato into the end of exhaust pipe to plug tightly
inside and out of sight within.

- **Burning Machinery:** burning machines can cause
considerable damage but requires a hot and extensive fire,
is very noticeable and quickly attracts much unwanted
attention. Gasoline is highly explosive and dangerous,
tripping off metal surfaces. Use soap flakes (i.e., Ivory
Snow, and not a detergent) and mix with gas to create a
gel-like napalm doused on the machine. Use a Molotov
cocktail to ignite from a safe distance. **WEAR GLOVES
AND COVERED SHOES AND DISPOSABLE
OUTER CLOTHING TO BURN LATER.**

- **Destroying Power lines:** very dangerous due to
high-voltage power lines, the falling of metal towers, and
high priority placed by the pigs. Sabotage of power
lines has a big impact on regions that can negatively
affect economic activities and social routines. There are
over 72,000 km of transmission and distribution lines,
cut all across native territories in B.C. Remove bolts
from steel towers using hacksaws or acetylene torch if
bolts are welded on. With all nuts removed, the tower
will scream in castration and the wind will eventually
knock the tower over. If not, push cousin, push! (While
WEARING GLOVES). Prepare escape routes away
from falling tower.

Our Favorite Drink for our Favorite Party

The Molotov cocktail is a weapon of choice for many
rebels. It is a glass bottle with gas, thickening agents
such as broken-up Styrofoam or laundry detergent,
and a gas-soaked rag fuse held in place by the bottle's
plug. For more info check out Wikipedia actually:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Molotov_cocktail

Final Basic Security Guidelines

Wow, f@#\$ing shit up has been fun, huh? Well, it's an
adrenaline rush, but it also requires serious attention to
good security. The primary cause of arrests or accidents
is poor security as a result of evidence and information
left behind by negligent rebels themselves. Poor
security includes: leaving behind personal evidence
(i.e., flashlight, gum, cigarette butts, urine, spit, snot,
etc.) and traces (i.e. fingerprints, boot prints, hair,
skin samples, blood, etc.) at the action site. Keeping
contaminated clothing and tools at home, talking
about action with others, using the phone or internet
to discuss or plan, using debit cards to purchase tools
and equipment, being caught on CCTV video, and
using one's personal name, address or internet to gather
information also is **VERY POOR SECURITY**. Do not
park vehicle close to targeted areas. Camouflage and
concealment (including balaclava and dark, drab or
camouflage clothing) are important to avoid capture
and identification by either security forces or CCTV
(closed circuit television) surveillance systems. You can
also infiltrate the system's ranks by dressing as a worker
and blending in. **DO NOT BRING PERSONAL ID
OR CELLPHONES**, and rely as little as possible on
technology as these are resources easily intercepted
by government forces. Keep as silent as possible when
walking through the bush at night. Use hand signals
to communicate and practise these in training for an
action. Keep a rigid residential school-like cleanliness
approach at all times. Leave without a trace so that
nothing can be connected to you.

Study and Train

If you want more in-depth info on this, I suggest
acquiring a copy of Ecodefense: A Field Guide to
Monkeywrenching (1996, 3rd Ed.), by Dave Foreman
and Bill Haywood, and, if possible, the Security &
Counter-Surveillance Manual (2006). The writer also
found helpful: Ozymandias Sabotage Skills Handbook,
Vol.1, 1995, and Lessons Learned from the ALF & ELF.

INDIGENOUS PEOPLE IN THE SEX TRADE SPEAKING FOR OURSELVES

We as Indigenous peoples who have current and/or former life experience in the sex trade and sex industries met on unceded Coast Salish Territory in Vancouver on Monday April 11th 2011. In a talking circle organized by the Native Youth Sexual Health Network we wish to share the following points about our collective discussion so that we may speak FOR ourselves and life experiences:

We recognize that many of us have multiple identities and communities that we belong to – some of us take up the title of “sex worker” while others do not see themselves this way. We have a myriad of experiences in the sex trade, everything from violence, coercion, to survival, getting by, empowerment, and everything in between. We want to give voice to these issues so that those who are CURRENTLY involved in sex work and the sex industries feel supported and are the primary place where decisions surrounding our lives are made. We should not be made to feel judged, blamed, or shunned from ANY of the communities we belong to or are coming from. We are the best deciders of what we want our lives to be.

Despite the heightened statistics of the many realities we face as Indigenous peoples, we are not significantly represented in the leadership or decision making tables of sex work organizations and other social justice groups alike. By this we do not mean solely having one Indigenous coordinator or a few outreach workers – we mean meaningful, non-tokenizing, multiple positions and visible leadership roles across organizations, groups, collectives, and at any place where the sex trade is discussed. We are not interested in being included after the fact or having to continuously take a seat at a table we had to fight to be at in the first place – we want to be the center in which all decisions about our lives are coming from.

We collectively and steadfastly resist the so-

called “rescuing” and “saving” approach to the issue going on in our lives that comes from the (in)just system, social service agencies, prohibitionist group and many other areas. What we are asking for is not to be saved or rescued or consistently painted as victim – we come from generations of peoples who have resisted this approach for the last 500+ years so we could be here today. We are asking for support that is unconditional and meets us where we are at.

We are living through legacies of colonialism and genocide – which are extremely present today. When various individuals and organizations say things like “we are all oppressed in the same way” or refuse to take a stance on colonialism – this directly silences and further oppresses us. Just because we as Indigenous peoples may be involved in the sex trade as well does not mean that we are all oppressed in the same way as other peoples who are involved in the sex trade or even within our own communities. We demand the right to self-determination about what is specifically true for us as individuals and we refuse to be constantly grouped in “the other” or “unknown” categories – whether from well-intentioned allies or those who have never even considered our realities as Indigenous peoples.

We want to address the rampant amount of homophobia, transphobia, cissexism, and heteropatriarchy that we witness from Indigenous and allied people alike. Many of us are proud to be Two Spirit, trans, gender non-conforming, and many other identities that the English language cannot contain. We hold both our Indigenous community members and allies accountable to respect who we are and understand that these identities for many of us prior to colonization were honoured and respected – and we take this seriously as we seek to reclaim who we are.

While it is true that we may experience violence on bad dates, on the street, and in other places where

are, we want to state that VIOLENCE SHOULD NOT INHERENTLY BE PART OF THE SEX TRADE. What remains unchallenged and inadequately criticized are the role and actions of the state, the police, and social service agencies that create and allow the conditions that create violent situations for us to begin with. The very creation of Canada and the United States is based off of the genocide and land theft of our peoples and fast-forward to 2011 this is still happening. It is now sanctioned through the law, the court system, and other organizations wishing to further control and exploit us by continuing to remove us from our homelands, or our communities of choice, and warehousing us in jails and prisons.

VIOLENCE SHOULD NOT INHERENTLY BE PART OF THE SEX TRADE.

There is a severe lack of resources and support for those of us on reserves, in northern territories, and in rural and remote areas. So much of the dialogue about the sex trade is urban and metropolitan focused when so many of our rural and remote

communities have the evidence to prove the urgency of shifting the dialogue to listen and support what is going on in the north and on the reserves. Where can sex workers go when there are no supports in their own communities? Why should they always have to come to the city?

While the criminalization of the sex trade is indeed harmful to us and we consistently resist the regulations forced onto us by a colonial white law and order system, we want to move beyond just discussing criminalization and decriminalization. There are many other factors that contribute to the realities of our lives specifically as Indigenous peoples that are being largely ignored because of these kinds of debates constantly happening.

At public events or in the media, supposed experts' or 'allies' often focus exclusively on violence and victimization, over-representation and exiting strategies. While these issues are important, we want to move the dialogue beyond this focus on 'being saved' and instead to hear from sex workers themselves about all the complex realities and needs they face. Why is it that in public forums, the only voices we hear are those wanting to save sex workers from violence rather than from sex workers themselves? Sex workers should be invited to speak to their own issues, representing a diversity of perspectives and experiences. For example,

sex work is often seen as an exclusively urban issue. In reality, lots of people in rural areas are trading sex for money, rides, clothes, and many other reasons – but because of shame and silence, this aspect of sex work remains invisible. Expanding our understanding of Indigenous involvement in sex work will entail including a diversity of perspectives, allowing these voices to inform policy and programs.

Sex workers and those involved in the sex trade are part of our communities – all of the things we are advocating for in terms of Indigenous rights and land sovereignty sex workers need to be part of as well. Internationally sanctioned Indigenous rights are determined by states – so how do we see our own rights in our own territories within the sex trade? We aren't going to have only one approach – Indigenous peoples have never only had one approach. There are multiple nations, multiple view points, and multiple ways of dealing with things – Indigenous peoples are not one homogenized group and we need to move forward being accountable to all of these differences.

There exists an extreme amount of stereotypes surrounding Indigenous sexuality and our bodies that have been used to legitimize violence against us and make the settlement of our territories by the colonizers possible. Distancing ourselves from stereotyping has in many cases also meant distancing ourselves from sexuality and ultimately from sex workers. This is not just about our own individual stories – we need to look at how are we treating all our relations and that especially means people who are most pushed aside by those in our communities.

We want to move forward to a place where we can discuss sex work and sex trade sovereignty – having autonomy of our bodies, our spaces, and the right to govern ourselves. We want to talk about our humanity instead of talking over people who are involved in the sex trade. We are more than just the numbers or statistics coming from the realities in our lives. We have voices, we are Indigenous peoples involved in the sex trade and sex industries, and we need to be heard.

Written by the Native Youth Sexual Health Network and co-signed by:

Sarah Hunt, Kwakwaka'wakw
Bambie Tait, Gitksan nation
Ivo Haggerty (Cargnelli)/Sta'xai'luum Blackstone
Lyn Highway

FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF OUR MAPUCHE NATION: ALL Forms of Struggle and Resistance

by Arauco Malleco Coordinator (CAM) - Translated by WCCC

The Arauco Malleco Coordinator (CAM), in the context of the Cañete trial and the current hunger strike that our Weichafe (Warriors) have undertaken, we declare:

Unto the economic powers sustained by the Creole oligarchs and transnational corporations that ferment an oppressive State unto the Mapuche Nation, with the objective of consolidating the capitalist investments in Ancestral Mapuche territory, developing policies of extermination against our Peoples...

Unto the pseudo-democrats that have governed Chile in the last decades, defenders of a capitalist system and neo-liberal model that condemns our Nation, as with the Chilean peoples...

Unto the totalitarian control of the mass media, controlled by the oligarchs that are set against the struggle of the Mapuche People, where we are made to appear as delinquents and terrorists...

Unto the "pseudo Mapuche activists" who resort to lies and accommodate themselves to maintain their security, integrity and personal privileges...

Unto the prevaricating judges that convicted our Weichafe (Warriors)...

WE DECLARE: The Weichafe of the CAM together with our Machi (Medicine Keepers), Lonko (Chiefs), and Werken (Spokespeople) reaffirm our actions with the political consequence and moral traditional of the Mapuche People.

We continue to exist as an expression of our People that recognizes the large tradition of struggle of our ancestors, Kuifikeche, recognizing that it will be impossible to reach our liberation without the use of **ALL FORMS OF STRUGGLE.**

We reaffirm our condition as an oppressed Nation, considering the long and bloody history which we as a People have had to endure since the arrival of the Spanish colonizers to the repressive policies of recent governments, in using massacres, deaths, rape, arson, theft and humiliation which continue to this day, and therefore have a right to rebellion.

We will continue to propose the resistance and reconstruction of our people as the two central ideas in a strategy of national liberation. It is for this reason that we struggle for the reclamation of our territories confronting the presence of forestry/logging corporations, developing productive reclamations: the clear cutting of exotic forests, sowing and harvest the conservation of the soil and waters, and practicing our traditions.

In this context we assert the actions of our Weichafe (Warriors) who are willing to give their lives for the People if necessary.

The most dignified attitude towards the judicialization and political prison is disobedience and rebellion, seeking refuge in our People and to go underground before accepting spurious conviction. For those who have been incarcerated, their obligation is to make the prisons into permanent trenches for justice and freedom.

We call out to our people to maintain their dignity and autonomy. To not fear the Right, that also holds political power today, and to not receive their scraps and projects through Plan Araucania.

We greet our brothers and sisters that continue to struggle in different communities in Wallmapu reclaiming their ancient territories, resisting the forestry corporations, dams and other capitalist investments.

The advancement of our People cannot be detained or less negotiated.

FOR TERRITORY AND AUTONOMY!!

WITH OUR BROTHERS LEMUN, CATRILEO & OTHERS!!

WITH THE DIGNITY OF OUR PRISONERS AND PERSECUTED!!

WEUWAIN!!

*From Mapuche Territory, June 4th, 2011
Coordinadora Mapuche Arauco Malleco - Arauco
Malleco Coordinadora
CAM*



EARTH CHANGES

Indigenous Prophecies



Photos: Indigenous Action Media

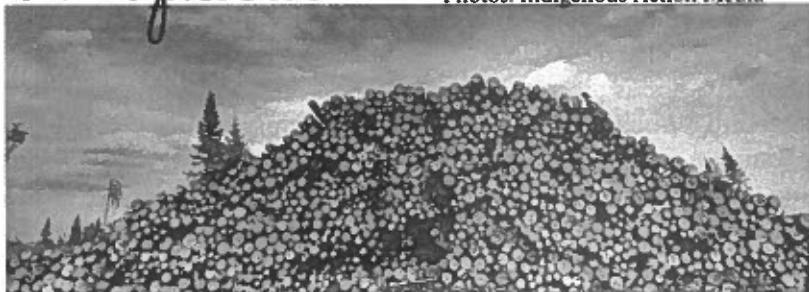


Photo: Indigenous Action Media



Kai Kai Kous (Anishinabe, Maang Dodeem)

Wanaboozhoo'

This past Wednesday in Peterborough, ON at Trent University, I attended a talk given by Diane Longboat of the Kanienkeha:ka Nation (Mohawk). It was a part of Trent University's Indigenous Studies weekly informal "Elder Teachings" and was entitled Earth Changes: Indigenous Prophecies.

I attended with my Cousin who is also very active within our "Aboriginal" communities in this region of Turtle Island. Out of the blue, I got a phone call. He asked if I wanted to attend more than a coincidence W'Spirit works in beautiful ways. What was heard in this talk clarified the work I'm doing and what is to come.

Diane Longboat, Kahontakwas, (She is Picking Sweetgrass) is a Mohawk, Turtle Clan, from the community of Six Nations. She is a ceremonial leader, traditional teacher of Indigenous spiritual ways and a healer. She is a professional educator, with a graduate degree in education and has taught and lectured at universities in Canada and many national and international conferences and gatherings on the topics of spiritual renewal as the guiding force for nation building.

From 1976 to 1994, Diane was director of research programs and educational offices both provincially and nationally with first nations organizations. Her leadership responsibilities at the Sacred Fire of the Great Peace (located at Six Nations) include conducting many ceremonies that minister to the needs of her people.

Many dreams, visions and the cherished guidance of Elders have brought Diane to a place of deep spiritual commitment to the service of the Will and Words of the Creator for the rebirth of humanity and the renewal of Mother Earth.

The myriad ceremonies and services offered by Diane and a dedicated group of spiritual leaders who have trained with her for almost two decades are now being housed in a non-profit organization. This enables the work to receive donations from scores of individuals and allied foundations whose lives and work have been empowered by the connection to Natural Law and Spiritual Law blessed through the power and the presence of the Creator at the Sacred Fire of the Great Peace.

A Briefing on the Talk: What My Ears Heard and What My Spirit Felt

Coming from a colonized and assimilated community too plugged into the systems, where many are afraid not only to act against our injustices but are intimidated when some of us just want to gather and

speaking about our history, our current conditions and the realities of our prophecies. Using terms such as "Decolonization" and "exercising Sovereignty" is far too radical for many, exactly as the re-emergence of our Ceremonies was thirty years ago!

So it is always good to get out of the "Philosophical Isolation" of our communities to meet up with "likeminded" people to get refreshed from the "social incest" conditions that exist within. It also helps to validate the work some of us are doing. At times it is draining when we are surrounded constantly by the "you can't do that, you can't say that, you can't think that Syndrome" which attacks our individual and collective freedom.

Here are some quotes I managed to capture. I was going to record the talk but personally felt it would be disrespectful.

"The Earth shook three times before and is soon ready to shake once again" – Diane Longboat

Within our oral histories, ceremonies, prophecies, our Indigenous People across Turtle Island speak of these things and Three Periods of Time we went through. Western approaches know this as well, the continental drift, floods, and massive earthquakes happened and they talk of a time when there was "Super Continent".

"Time is going by faster and our Spiritual leaders across our Nations have been noticing this through Visions and Ceremonies and through the Guidance of the Spirits. The Earth has sped up her rotation. As well the Sun has seemed too moved. It doesn't rise in the same place as it used to rise at a certain time of the month that it did forty years ago." – Diane Longboat

(In the Western Scientific community this is starting to be discussed.) We have been seeing a massive amount of species turning up dead for unknown reasons along with Floods and Earthquakes. I do not want to sound like a paranoid conspiracy theorist but am just seeking out logic from our Oral History, Western Approaches, Prophecies and what is currently happening.

"We need to start taking action on what we know and become Spiritual people again. We need to embrace what is coming because it is coming. Soon we will have no choice but to live like our ancestors again. We can gather and talk about our prophecies but we need to get active and start learning the ways of our people,

including survival. It is our young ones that matter and we need to get them ready on how to live once again and to become Spiritual Warriors." – Diane Longboat

As she spoke and said we need to embrace this change and that death is only a transition not to be feared, she validated the thoughts and actions that some of us have been immersed in lately. As I reclaim my teachings and culture I have noticed that our people, our Chiefs gather and talk on Sovereignty, our Spiritual people gather and talk on prophecies. I hear of talk that our Youth are the real teachers and we should listen to them. I hear that "we are the Seventh Generation" and need to choose what road we want to walk down. Yet I see only a few that actually walk the talk of what is preached.

Do Chiefs listen to the Youth? Why are they still listening to white man? Our Culture should be used more than sugar coating funding proposals for economic development which exploits our Mother.

Why do we preach and dress like we are "Indigenous" on weekends but are so far from living the ways of the Earth and embracing who we are to the full extent while we return to our ipods, Jersey Shore, Computers and Council Chambers during the week? Being plugged into a system that works against the Earth, are we going to be prepared to survive the harsh realities of Violent Earth Changes?

Diane also said that Prophecies and the Visions of our Elders tell us that Women will be standing up, bringing back the balance of things and taking on Leadership roles. We can see this: in our communities, the majority of the time, it is the Women who are standing up and waking up our Nations.

I am inspired by our Indigenous Peoples and Nations and our Women who are more than just talk and exercise our Teachings.

In Conclusion:

We have always been a people accustomed to Change. What had changed, why then are we any different now? We must not fear change. Also, we have always learned from the Earth and the Animals what is happening now we should apply to our "Indigenous Resurgence Movement".

The Non-Violent Philosophy is the lasting remnants of the "hippie" era which has become an idealism in this Passive "New Age Pan-Indian Healing" Movement that exists within our communities.

If we are a people that learn from the Earth then we can learn a lot from what she is going to do. She

is preparing for a cleansing from the abuses she has been suffering from. She is not going to exercise "non violence" when this next "shaking" happens. The massive earthquakes, tornados, floods, continental drift will not be "peaceful" actions in dealing with an oppressive humanity. She will prevail and us an Indigenous People who understand true power and who are those Spiritual Warriors will survive alongside her.

There was a lot more to her talk which I feel I am not justifying in this briefing, but I encourage us all to become active and get out there learning our teachings and putting them into ACTION.

I am preparing for this change by disengaging from this Capitalist Society. If nothing happens, hey, at least I will be exercising Anishinabek Sovereignty living the ways of the Earth.

"In the time of the Seventh Fire New People will emerge. They will retrace their steps to find what was left by the trail. Their steps will take them to the Elders who they will ask to guide them on their journey. But many of the Elders will have fallen asleep. They will awaken to this new time with nothing to offer. Some of the Elders will be silent because no one will ask anything of them. The New People will have to be careful in how they approach the Elders. The task of the New People will not be easy.

If the New People will remain strong in their quest the Water Drum of the Midewiwin Lodge will again sound its voice. There will be a rebirth of the Anishinabe Nation and a rekindling of old flames. The Sacred Fire will again be lit.

It is this time that the light skinned race will be given a choice between two roads. If they choose the right road, then the Seventh Fire will light the Eighth and final Fire, an eternal fire of peace, love brotherhood and sisterhood. If the light skinned race makes the wrong choice of the roads, then the destruction which they brought with them in coming to this country will come back at them and cause much suffering and death to all the Earth's people"

- Anishinabe Seven Fire Prophecy

Public Statement of Apology from the AFN

By Coyote

Inspired by a previous letter written earlier this year, the Assembly of First Nations is issuing a public statement of apology and invitation to our Annual General Meeting to all peoples within the systems we represent. Since 2012 is an election year for the National Chief position, we realize this public statement may alarm you as having ulterior motives for a Certain Someone seeking re-election. Please rest assured. We really don't like him either. (Don't tell the chief, but we actually just sold him to the Atlanta Braves as their new mascot! We feel that his support of the Olympic industry has prepared him well for his new position.)

In the spirit of these times of resistance and resurgence, we warmly welcome a convergence of all Indigenous peoples, regardless of your "status" to gather together in Toronto in July 2012 for our Annual General Meeting. We don't want the same stuffy, elitist patriarchal imitation of the European Canadian system. Why should we, when each of our Nations already have ancestral ways of being which have kept us in harmony with the land and each other for countless millenia?

July 2012 will be different. We recognize how far we have fallen and how much we have been co-opted since our 1960's rejection of the White Paper. Even then, as the National Indian "Brotherhood", we pushed aside and dishonored Native women and Two Spirit people from their rightful places as leaders, hereditary titleholders and decision makers.

We would like to publicly apologize to all Native women, Two Spirit people and men, young and old, for the role we have taken in your subjugation. When we accepted positions of power within the racist, patriarchal Canadian system, all of you paid the price with the silencing of your voices. We have continued to silence the voices of women, two spirit people, our brothers and all our peoples resisting the systems of oppression which we fully participate in and advocate for. Many of us came to the AFN well-intentioned, wanting to end the suffering, injustice and corruption inflicted on our families and communities. Many of us just wanted a good job and nice things. Many of us have lost our real selves and become hungry for power.

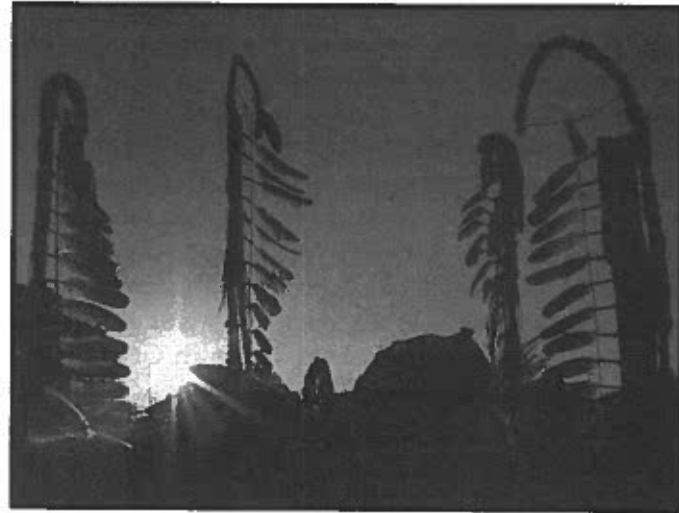


Image: Indigenous Action Media

Too often, we have not stood behind your necessary acts of self defense because it was against the political interests of the AFN, our corporate sponsors or the Canadian government. We humbly take responsibility for our close-lipped inaction which has weakened and harmed our struggle for sovereignty and liberation. From this day forward, we commit to honoring the women, two spirit people and men in our lives and on the frontlines of the ongoing genocide against our peoples, on the streets and on the land. Every day, you live to protect your families, the land, water and life sustaining gifts from Mother Earth. You face violence, racism, brutality, jail and death at the hands of police, military and settlers who illegally occupy the territories you rightfully fight to protect. For this, we in the Assembly of First Nations give you our deepest respect and unconditional support.

To this end, the Assembly of First Nations is making a public declaration of our support to all traditionals, grassroots, frontline land defenders, whether they burn bridges, flags or Sacred Fires, whether they take up arms, or take up a pen. We will not turn our backs on you, recognizing that as the Original People of our lands, our survival and that of our children's, depends on our resistance and our unity on the ground: protecting, defending and advancing our sovereignty by every means by which our ancestors resisted and the coming generations deserve.

We also want to recognize and take responsibility for our participation and defense of laws, policies and colonial systems which have further exposed Native

people to the excruciating pressure of assimilation. Our young peoples' utter hopelessness will never be solved by greater "economic development" because it is these very megaprojects, such as the Northern Gateway Pipeline which are starving us of the only real answers to the epidemic of suicides and addictions which are killing our future generations.

We also accept responsibility for our hypocrisy: bending over our meager allowances of self-government to any corporation which shows even a passing interest in exploiting our land and water for profit, then shrugging our shoulders at a billion-dollar campaign to wipe out the tobacco trade which is only deemed "contraband" because it isn't controlled or regulated by the fascist Canadian government. This awkward stance indicates a dangerous direction: if this is how we "defend" Native-made smokes from control and regulation by a foreign government, can we really be expected to "defend" Native people from control and regulation by the same foreign government?

This not only concerns "economic development" but also our continuing support of historical means of classification imposed on us by lawmakers and bureaucrats who intended only two outcomes from their laws and policies: assimilation or death, ie., the system of status/non-status which divides us along colonial lines.

We therefore reject all partnerships which threaten the integrity and life giving nature of the air, water and land which sustains all life on Mother Earth. And in response to our sell out National Chief's announcement to Bay Street in January 2010, we would like to say to all corporations, banks and their stakeholders: "We are not 'open for business'. Pack up your shit and get out."

We realize this may be termed negatively: 'militant', 'radical' or even 'terrorist' but we would like to affirm that as the Assembly of First Nations, we have been at the forefront of the race to sell out our own people in the name of assimilation and economic development and we therefore have much to make up for. We need to return to our ways, our ceremonies and societies (including our warrior societies), our clan-based and land-based systems of governance, our interdependence on the land, water and all these so generously sustain us with.

We cannot continue to do this alone. That is why we are asking for your presence in July 2012 in Toronto

because it is only your voices which will transform those few days from a TD-sponsored AGM to a gathering closed to all state, police and corporate interests and open to all our people, to humbly listen to the voices we have silenced for so long.

We also recognize the vast number of Indigenous men and women whose bodies are caged within the Canadian prison industry. They are also our "missing" (and at risk of murder): missing from their families and communities. We demand full amnesty and immediate freedom for all prisoners of colonization who desire their voices to be heard in this space.

Since we recognize that neither police nor police investigations stop the deaths, disappearances or abuse of Native women, we also demand that all Pig Buildings be immediately and unconditionally reconverted into autonomous community spaces which will train our own people to defend our own communities, in cities and also in the defense of our lands.

We come now in this apology to our children who are prisoners within the CAS or "Children's Aid Services". Many of us in the AFN are fathers and many of us are also survivors of residential school. We have seen the necessity of restoring community safety networks which will keep our children safe from harm and abuse through Native foster homes. We felt we have done the best we can do with our "hands tied" by insufficient funding/cooperation from the federal government, Indian Affairs and the CAS themselves.

What we have failed to see is that in failing to resist the authority of these institutions and the oppression they represent over our lives, we have placed greater importance in these institutions than we have directed toward the healing of our communities. Our children do not need to be placed in foster or adoptive homes of eurocanadian families to be raised with love, acceptance and protection.

We demand not only the return of all our children but the return of all land that has been stolen from our children, since the real theft of our territories impoverishes not only the generation from whom it is stolen but all generations coming after.

Finally, we would like to retract and apologize for our grievously ass-kissing "War of 1812 commemorative event" which was intended to celebrate Indigenous co-



Image: Indigenous Action Media

opting, oops, I mean cooperation, with the colonial, imperialist military forces of Britain and France. Although we respect the freedom of all our people to make decisions of their free will, we reject outright any celebration of war in which Native bodies are used to glorify the colonization and occupation of other Indigenous nations' territories.

Instead, we extend a formal invitation to the occupied territories of Palestine. We will be using the budget for the former "commemorative event" to send the first-ever Assembly of First Nations Flotilla to Gaza. Their presence at our July Gathering will strengthen our understanding of each other's commonalities as indigenous peoples resisting the foreign occupation of their lands by colonial powers, forced assimilation, genocide, political persecution and state and corporate-funded apartheid. In place of a 'commemoration of the War of 1812' we will be holding a Powwow on the Fort York grounds. To atone for their heinous participation in the Olympic industry, the current and former National Chiefs will be the dunk-tank volunteers. Better bring your waterwings!

Lastly, we would like to ask all peoples within the systems we represent to vigilantly observe our actions from this time onward.

If we fail to live up the statements, commitments and visions made in this public apology, we fully expect to hear about it in Toronto in July of 2012. If we abuse our power in any way, we want to know! If we act like power tripping elites, bring us down! If we exclude or marginalize any of our people's voices, please tell us immediately! No act of internalized oppression is too small. Never again do we want to slide down the path we've been led down by our oppressors. Never again do we want to talk the talk of sovereignty, without truly walking the walk. We will stay in Toronto for as long as it takes and if the consensus of the people is the end of the Assembly of First Nations, then we will gladly walk away from it without a peep of protest because at the end of the day, we're Indians too.

With Mother Earth as Our Witness,

The Assembly of First Nations
Trebla Building
473 Albert Street
Suite 900
Ottawa, ON K1R 5B4
Toll Free Telephone: 1-866-869-6789

And the Hosts of the July 2012 AGM: Chiefs
of Ontario
Toronto, ON, M5V 2H1
Toll Free Telephone: 1 877 517 6527

**** Please Note**

This Public Apology is a parody. It was not written by anyone even remotely affiliated with the Assembly of First Nations. However it is not a "fake". These words were written sincerely and intended to make you laugh and to think critically about the role of the AFN in our lives.

P.S. One part of this Parody is true. The AFN really is having their Annual General Meeting in Toronto and it really is in July 2012. This Coyote thinks exclusive meetings are booring and much fun could be had by all (and by the Palestinians) if we all dropped in for tea and frybread! See you in July!

FIRST NATIONS UNDER SURVEILLANCE

HARPER GOVERNMENT PREPARES FOR FIRST NATIONS "UNREST"

RUSSELL DIABO AND SHIRI PASTERNAK

Internal documents from Indian Affairs and the RCMP show that shortly after forming government in January of 2006, Prime Minister Stephen Harper had the federal government tighten up on gathering and sharing intelligence on First Nations to anticipate and manage potential First Nation unrest across Canada.

Information obtained by Access to Information requests reveals that almost immediately upon taking power in 2006, the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs Canada (INAC) was given the lead role to spy on First Nations. The goal was to identify the First Nation leaders, participants and outside supporters of First Nation occupations and protests, and to closely monitor their actions.

To accomplish this task, INAC established a "Hot Spot Reporting System." These weekly reports highlight all those communities across the country that engage in direct action to protect their lands and communities. They include Tobique First Nation, Esartlip First Nation, the Algonquins of Barriere Lake, Geztan Biny (Fish Lake) First Nation, Six Nations, Grassy Narrows, Stz'uminous First Nation, the Likhts'amsiyu Clan of the Wet'suwet'en First Nation, Gitxaala First Nation, Wagmatcook First Nation, Innu of Labrador, Pikangikum First Nation, and many more. They include bands from the coast of Vancouver Island to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

What we see in these documents – from the hot spot reports themselves, to the intelligence-sharing between government and security forces – is a closely monitored

population of First Nations, who clearly are causing a panic at the highest levels of Canadian bureaucracy and political office.

Fear of Aboriginal "Hotspots"

In 2006, INAC gave the name "hot spots" to those First Nations conflicts of "growing concern" due to "unrest" and increasing "militancy." In a briefing presentation that INAC gave the RCMP that year, they identified certain communities as hotspots: Caledonia, Ontario (Douglas Creek Estates occupation); Belleville, Ontario (Montreal/Toronto Rail Blockade in sympathy to Caledonia); Brantford, Ontario (Grand River Conservation Authority Lands); Desoronto, Ontario (Occupation of Quarry); Grassy Narrows (Blockade of Trans Canada Hwy by environmentalists); and Maniwaki, Quebec (Blockade of Route 117).

But the "hot spot binder" prepared each week by INAC officials closely monitors any and all action taking place across the country and names dozens more communities as sources of potential unrest. A particular concern of the federal government is that these "hotspots" are unpredictable protests because they are led by what the federal government labels as "splinter groups" of "Aboriginal Extremists." As INAC describes in the same presentation to the RCMP:

"Incidents led by splinter groups are arguably harder to manage as they exist outside negotiation processes to resolve recognized grievances with duly elected leaders.

We seek to avoid giving standing to such splinter groups so as not to debase the legally recognized government. Incidents are also complicated by external groups such as Warrior Societies or non-Aboriginal counter-protest groups."

Telling in the INAC statement above is that the identified protests are "outside of negotiation processes" with elected councils. Canada is clearly spooked by the spectre of First Nations demanding Crown recognition of Indigenous sovereignty and self-determination, as well as Aboriginal and Treaty Rights, beyond the narrow confines of Crown land claims and self-government policies. These so-called "splinter" groups also threaten the status quo by demanding their own First Nation leaders, staff and advisors to pull out of the compromising negotiations.

Also telling here is the cozy cooperative relationship between INAC and the RCMP. The INAC briefing to the RCMP is almost indistinguishable from a presentation one would expect to see from security forces, rather than from a government ministry. Contrary to their claims, Indian Affairs is not an institution of reconciliation and negotiation, but rather appears to be a management office to control the costs of Native unrest, and they are willing to work closely with law enforcement to accomplish this task.

In addition to the hotspot reporting, the Deputy Ministers of Public Safety Emergency Preparedness Canada and INAC directed that a summer operational plan be prepared in 2006 to deal with Aboriginal occupations and protests. A progress report on the operational plan reveals the blueprint for security integration on First Nations issues.

The "Standing Information Sharing Forum," for example, is Chaired by the RCMP and includes as its members the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS), the Department of Fisheries, Government of Canada, Natural Resources Canada, Transportation Canada, and involves weekly conference calls and continuous information dissemination by INAC to its partners.

Harper is moving towards a security paradigm familiar since the War on Terror was launched in 2001. The inclusion of Transportation Canada at the Information Sharing Forum should also alert us to the commercial threat of blockades to the free trade agenda.

Aboriginal people who are defending their lands are now treated on a spectrum from criminals to terrorists. On either side, under Harper, an intensification of intelligence gathering and surveillance procedures now govern the new regime.

Haudenosaunee/Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy


It is also clear from INAC's presentation to the RCMP that they are particularly worried about the Haudenosaunee/Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy. They mention "Warrior Societies" and an "illicit agenda," referring at several points to concerns around smuggling. The federal government deems the tobacco/cigarette trade as "illicit" because Canada is not getting paid taxes by the Mohawks who are operating the businesses.

However, the 1995 federal Aboriginal Self Government policy, which was developed unilaterally by the federal government, does not allow for sharing jurisdiction with First Nations for real powers over trade and commerce matters. The federal self-government policy only allows small business operations on-reserve. Historically, the federal government has used the Indian Act to control and manage on-reserve economic development so there was no real competition with surrounding non-Indian businesses and towns. On the prairies, First Nations agriculture was undermined and led to the failure of farming on-reserve because of complaints from non-Indians. This policy of non-competition is still the reality today.

The federal government is particularly concerned about the Haudenosaunee/Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy actions at Caledonia, as the INAC 200 report describes it: "Caledonia was and remains significant event in risk management."

The RCMP agree. In a 2007 report to CSIS, the state: "Caledonia continues to serve as a beacon of land claims and Aboriginal rights issues across Canada. Canada is extremely worried about First Nations taking back lands and resources outside the scope of their one-sided land claims and self-government "negotiation processes," as was done at Kanenhsatón/Caledonia.

In order to contain the situation, the Crown governments have dispatched hard-nosed, experienced negotiators who have presented unmovable positions from the Harper government, which is likely why there hasn't been any negotiated resolution of the situation at Kanenhsatón/Caledonia to this date. The Crown government obviously remain worried more lands will be "occupied" by



the Six Nations "extremist" "splinter groups."

Ever since the 1990 stand-off in Kanesatake and Kahnawake, the federal government, the security and police agencies, and the Canadian army have been worried about a repeat of coordinated First Nation political actions across Canada.

The 2007 National Day Of Action

Specific information about policing First Nations was obtained in a series of Access to Information requests about the AFN National Day of Action that took place on June 29th, 2007. A 2007 RCMP brief to CSIS lays out a number of concerns regarding the National Day of Action.

First of all, the RCMP is mainly concerned about protecting their men and women in uniform, both from the perspective of First Nations confronting the police on front lines, and from the perspective of negative public sentiment for their potential handling of the event: "The often disparate and fractured nature of these events can lead the police to become the proverbial 'meat in the sandwich' and the subject of negative public sentiment."

The RCMP also show concern that a lack of coordination, or "a fractured and inconsistent approach" by police forces, could "galvanize Nations throughout Canada." Is this to say that violence instigated by police could lead to solidarity actions by First Nations across the country? Or that perceived weakness in policing could lead other First Nations to take a stand? Either way, in response, cooperation between departments, security forces, and ministries are deemed to be necessary to provide a strong united front against First Nations protest.

The RCMP also caution that, "Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal extremists often see these events as an opportunity to escalate or agitate the conflict." By inference, we can guess that they may be referring to groups unaffiliated with the Assembly of First Nations (AFN), unwilling to negotiate under Crown policies, or prepared to engage in tactics not sanctioned by the official leadership, such as property destruction and

armed conflict. Non-Aboriginal groups are also cited here as potentially threatening, giving credence to recent targeting of G20 "ringleaders" who feel their Indigenous solidarity work has made them targets of the Crown and police forces.

Cost is a serious concern to the RCMP, as well. Not only is the price tag for policing these nation-wide events "exorbitant," and therefore can lead to rash policing decisions to use force in order to bring a quick end to conflicts, but the economic risks of blockades are themselves potentially catastrophic. As the RCMP warn, "The recent CN strike represents the extent in which a national railway blockade could effect the economy of Canada."

The RCMP also express this curious concern: "The police role may be complicated by the conventional and sometimes political view that there is a clear distinction between policy and police operations." Clearly, where the distinction slips between police and policy roles, the RCMP become simply Indian Agents, carrying out the colonial work of the department. Given the information disclosed here, this distinction is impossible to maintain. Where police intimidate and arrest Indigenous peoples on their own lands, there is no law on the police's side.

There is also a considerable public relations issue at stake here. The RCMP displayed concern at the potential fall-out of a number of "perception" problems that could befall the forces:

"Perception of a two-tiered approach to enforcement can generate significant criticism and motivate non-Aboriginal activists."

"An intense and protracted event may lead to long-standing erosion of relationships for the police and the community – they are usually always the victims."

"Because there are limitations on what the police can negotiate and success often depends on others, the role of the police can become frustrating."

The RCMP realize to some extent that they must choose between First Nations approval of their policing tactics and the wrath of a public convinced that blockades are criminal, rather than political acts. The police, however, contrary to their assertions, are not the victims here. They are just the dupes in a much older game of cowboys and Indians.

The above RCMP statements show that even with all of the federal financial and managerial control over First Nation Chiefs and Leaders, except, apparently for the former AFN National Chief, Phil Fontaine, the Chiefs and Leaders were still not entirely trusted by the federal government and that a large concern in 2007 was the potential for a broad national coordinated series of local and regional political actions by First Nations.

One insight emerges strongly here: most threatening of all to security and government forces is coordinated First Nations action. This can be seen clearly from the reports. At one point in the 2007 INAC to RCMP briefing, concern is expressed about a First Nations conference because, "The 2006 Numbered Treaty Conference proposed a 'national' movement of independent actions to express discontent."

Their fear is palpable where they follow the trajectory of the Day of Action. It was first proposed by Chief Terrance Nelson at the Assembly of First Nations' general assembly, where the motion carried. The nation-wide event was later confirmed in a personal meeting between the RCMP Commissioner and then-National Chief Phil Fontaine. "Mr. Fontaine expressed his concern over the sense of frustration that seems to exist among First Nation leaders and the growing resolve to support a June 29th blockade," a memo states.

The growing unrest, of course, cannot be resolved through greater coordination of security and government forces. First Nation frustration with this strategy will only continue to mount.

Crown Reward-Punishment System Divides Leaders and People

If coordinated action gets the goods, special attention must be paid to the government's particular interest in "splinter" groups. Under Canada's colonial system, the struggle for Indigenous sovereignty, self-determination, Aboriginal and Treaty rights has historically been undermined by First Nations who cooperated with the Crown government turning in those First Nations who were resisting the Crown's colonial system.

Over time this evolved into the Crown dividing First Nations into the "progressive" Indian Bands and the backward or "traditional" Indian Bands. The federal government through the various Indian Affairs departments, developed an approach to reward the "progressive" Indians and punish the "traditional" Indians.

This federal reward-punishment approach still exists though the "Indian Agents" have been replaced by the Band Councils who now deliver Crown program and services to their community members. The Band Councils and other First Nation organizations' formula funding are controlled by a system of legislation policies, terms and conditions – all designed, controlled and managed largely by the federal Crown bureaucracy and politicians in Ottawa.

The First Nations Chiefs and Leaders who become more known and prominent are largely the individual who have been trained and supported by federal bureaucrats. These individuals become known for their seeming ability to get federal capital dollars to build new houses, schools and other community infrastructure or additional program dollars for enhancing Band programs.

However, the point is, none of these individuals would have gotten anywhere without federal support to advance their political careers. This is the reward system at work. For those Chiefs and Leaders who do not cooperate with the federal government, they can be ignored and/or stalled on funding requests. In some circumstances the federal government will even support "splinter groups" to take out the offending Chief or Leader. A current prominent example of this is the Algonquins of Barriere Lake in Western Quebec but this also occurred historically at the Six Nations Grand River Territory.

The INAC and RCMP documents make it clear that while the Canadian state security apparatus is concerned about "splinter groups," they also are somewhat concerned about Chiefs and Leaders from Indian Act Band Councils and First Nation establishment organizations like AFN and their Provincial/Territorial Organizations becoming Aboriginal "extremists."

What the INAC and RCMP briefings show is that there needs to be unity on the ground with coordinated political actions between First Nations Peoples in order to protect, defend and advance First Nation pre-existing sovereignty, and First Nation Aboriginal and Treaty rights to lands and resources. Divide and conquer tactics can only be met with new strategies of alliance-building, and by bringing the leadership back down to the land.



An earlier version of this article appeared in the First Nations Strategic Bulletin.

Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?

Decolonization 101 Workshop in 5 Minutes

Sometimes using phrases like 'Exercising sovereignty', 'Our Jurisdiction', 'Illegally Occupied Territories', 'Decolonization', 'Indigenous Nationalist', 'Nationhood', 'Warrior Society', 'Resurgence of Traditional Governance' or 'Autonomy' may seem too militant or are misunderstood as we gather together and discuss our Peoples's History and mobilize within our communities.

So, keeping in mind our people who are not ready for such things, here is an introductory, watered down version of ACTION's Decolonization 101 Workshop titled "Why did the Chicken Cross the Road?"

SOVEREIGN INDIAN: This is the Chickens' inherent right as he is Indigenous to this land!!!

MILITANT INDIAN: That chicken should block the road to protect what's on the other side.

GREEN INDIAN: I don't like it that the chickens need to cross the damn road!

COLONIZED INDIAN: Chiggins should never cross the roads that white men built before the great White Father crosses it first. If the White Father crosses it, it is good. We must then follow.

AMERICANIZED INDIAN: We must have roads. We must cross the roads that the white man built for us. We have to be thankful to the white man for this. I don't know why you Indians are always complaining. You embarrass us. Chickens are good for us.

REPUBLICAN INDIAN: It's true that that white man built those roads for us. We are merely chickens. We will always be chickens until we learn to build those roads ourselves - for profit.

DEMOCRATIC INDIAN: The chicken crossed the road because he didn't have enough funding.

TRADITIONAL INDIAN: Those chiggins weren't traditional because they were supposed to be on it - not crossing it!

INDIAN GRANDPA: I think he was runnin' away from residential school.

URBAN INDIAN: That chicken crossed the road 'cause it was a city, man. You know what I mean?

NEW AGE INDIAN: It was basically because of Jungian dream therapy, drumming, sweatlodges, my shaman, and long walks on the beach near my beach house.

POW WOW INDIAN: That chicken must have been heading to a 49!

EDUCATED INDIAN: I think it has to do with Einstein's theory which basically posits: "Did the chicken really cross the road or did the road move beneath the chicken?"

REZ INDIAN: What Road?

THIS INDIAN: I really don't care why he crossed that road, you still aren't paying for no stolen hospital bills!

BIA INDIAN: They crossed it because of 49, Section 1299, gives them the authority to do so, under Department of Interior regulations, in the Executive Branch. They wrote a grant and we funded them. We are very proud of them.

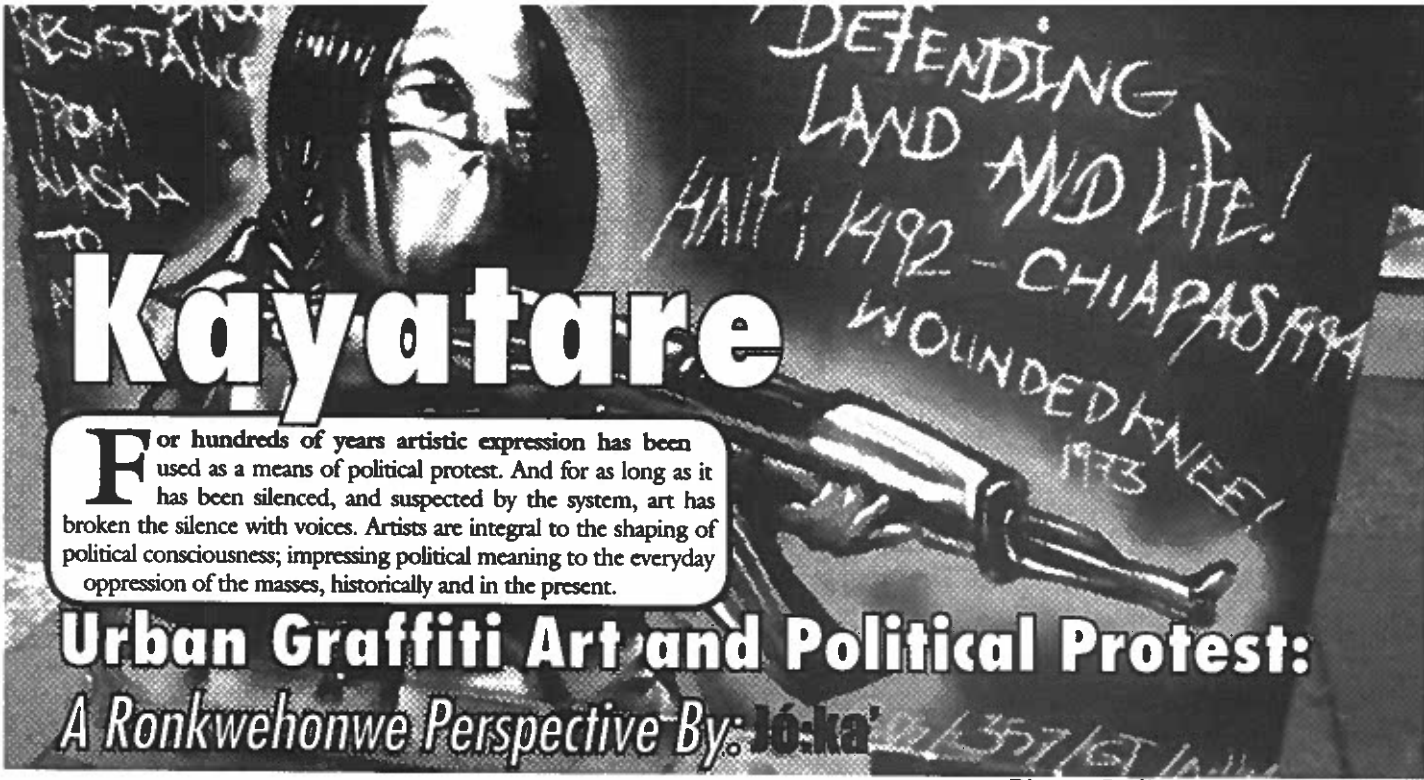
KFC INDIAN: I'll take a leg, a thigh, with corn and potatoes. Extra Crispy, please.

TRIBAL INDIAN COUNCIL: The chicken crossed the road before we did? Fire his family!!!

Let's not be Chickens afraid to Cross the Road, too chicken to speak up and take action worrying about what the butcher will think of us or worrying about what the other chickens waiting to get butchered will think.

We need to cross this road because you never know what's coming down the road 1000 miles per hour ready to smack dab hit us as we inactively debate, trying to make up our minds on how we should, when we should, if we should and what words are acceptable to use as we try to get motivated to cross this damn Road.

*Kaikaikons
(Anishinabe, Maaung Doodem)*



Kayatare

For hundreds of years artistic expression has been used as a means of political protest. And for as long as it has been silenced, and suspected by the system, art has broken the silence with voices. Artists are integral to the shaping of political consciousness; impressing political meaning to the everyday oppression of the masses, historically and in the present.

Urban Graffiti Art and Political Protest:

A Ronkwehonwe Perspective By: Jó:ka'

Photo: Indigenous Action Media

Graffiti art

We've all walked past graffiti at some point. Have we also overlooked it as a form of powerful artistic expression? It can speak directly to we who feel dissolved, dislocated and dispossessed of a deeper life of understanding and action.

For some, like the self-described art terrorist Banksy, "street art" is a way of life. The 2010 film "Exit Through the Gift Shop" calls it a "hybrid form of graffiti, stickers, stencils, posters and sculptures, driven by a new generation to make their mark by any means necessary. Street art was poised to become the greatest counter-cultural movement since punk."

The wider community tends to look down on it, so maybe the messages that are being spoken through street art need to speak straight to what we're facing as native people, and not just on the streets and buildings of the cities and towns we live in, but on reserve too.

That's right. This article is not only encouraging you to color outside the lines, but to do it on the band council office, even giving you stencils and a how-to guide so you can do it and do it well. Why not? This is our land and these are our struggles and we have always used artistic expression to reach into

ourselves and each other; graffiti art is a powerful way to communicate these messages to our own people, especially young people.

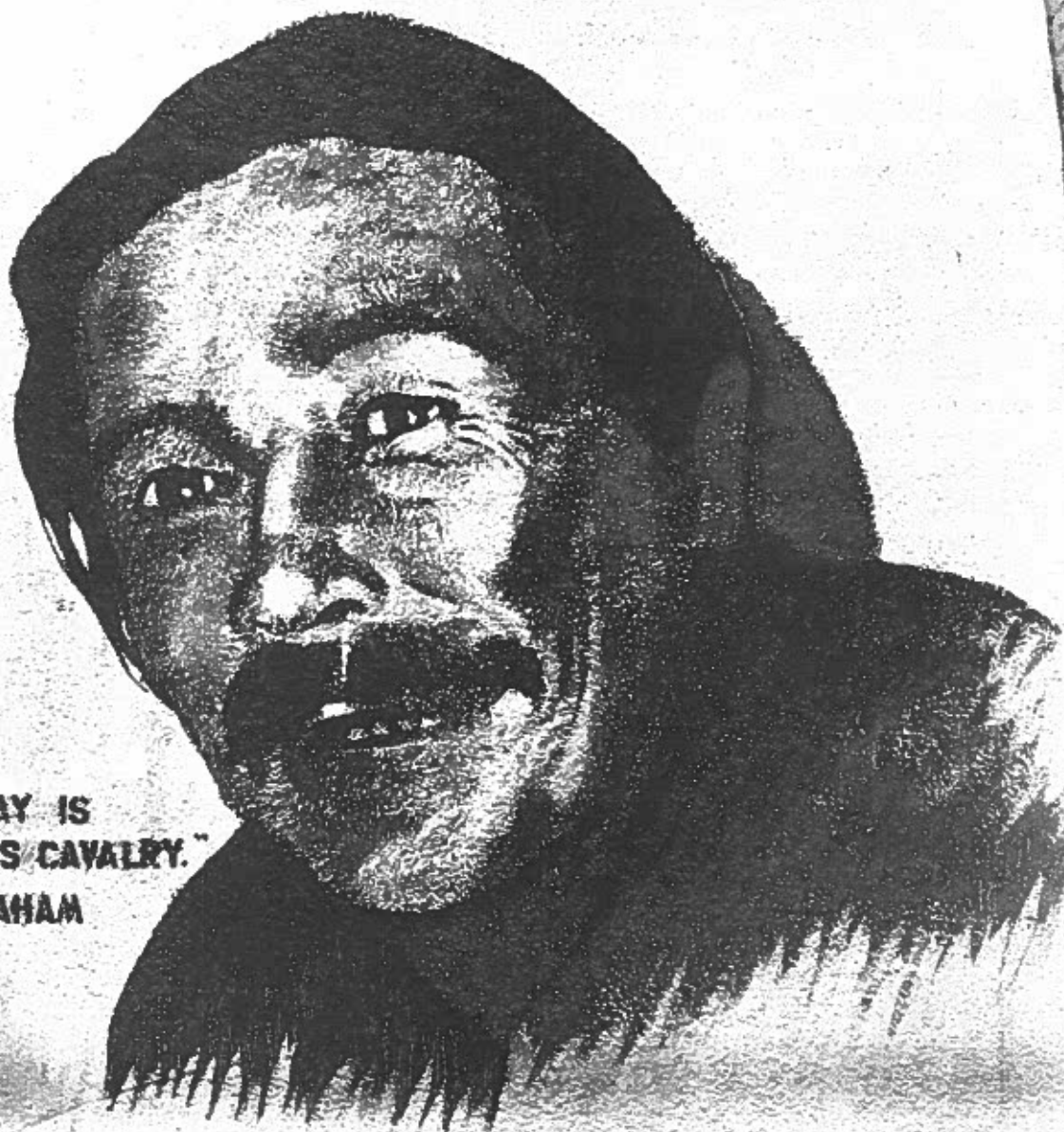
Why (Not) Graffiti Art?

From the minute we're born to the minute we die, we as native people are born into political struggle. Everywhere, the government oversees, controls and manipulates our actions and inactions. We are taught to fear the system and to fear disruption of the systems which control us. On the fringes there are those who will not be led and these are labeled anarchists, terrorists and criminals. The miseducation of our people did not end with residential school, it continues to beat our minds down today. Even among ourselves we are teaching this false way to divide ourselves: there are "Good Indians" and there are "Bad Indians".

For the last few months on the Six Nations reserve, the graffiti stencils you will see here have been appearing on the band council office, the high school, the housing office and on streets and sidewalks. The first night they mysteriously appeared, the local paper splashed the political images across the front page. Nothing like this had ever happened on Six Nations before. The police

...Continued on Pg. 26

THE INDIAN WARS CONTINUE!!



**FBI TODAY IS
TERDAY'S CAVALRY."
JOHN GRAHAM**

**EAR THAT JOHN WILL NOT RECEIVE A FAIR TRIAL IN THE U.S.
MORE THAN I DID. IT IS COURT RECORD THAT THE FBI LIED TO
RADITE ME' BACK TO THE U.S."
ING MEDICINE**



began an investigation. But like any skilled warrior, I know how to ensure my protection and am careful to leave no traces of my presence.

I know that even though I am labeled a “Bad Indian” what I am doing is right and good in the eyes of Creator. I feel no shame, remorse or guilt for my actions and this spiritual understanding of my actions protects me from harm. Our ancestors knew this.

I believe in and accept order and discipline. I don’t condone violence or crime and I try to be the best I can by putting my strengths and gifts to use for my people. The true revolutionary spirit is one of truth, love and compassion. Those are my aspirations. All around the world, people suffer because of tyrannical governments. We know the statistics about wealth and poverty. The real question is: “When do young people get involved somewhere and act to change our situation?” We feel indifferent and powerless about the systems which oppress us, so we don’t participate or engage in them. But when we back away trying to shut it out and shut it off, that system can move forward: we’re doing exactly what is expected of us: we don’t rock the boat. We sit quietly. We don’t question its direction.

Why (not) stand up?

The argument for taking action is that when we do, our collective messages can be heard. We are forced to centre our lives around white demands on us. Most of the time, when we think of taking action, we think of doing it so white people (specifically white activists) will hear us, pay attention and act on our behalf, to bring us to the centre of their world so we can stop living on the margins, back alleys and nowheres of our own land.

But we are not the centre of their world, we are the centre of our worlds. We have to re-teach our minds to centre around ourselves again, or we will always be at the margins of whatever we do. Nobody: no group, no other people, no other nation, no other system can do this for us. This is true in each of our lives, also for our communities and our nations.

It is also true for the physical landscapes around which are shaped by the images of brand name products, advertising, or the depressing boredom of blank walls and blank green lawns: artificial, uninspiring, destructive. Quiet little dead communities as pre-landscaped as a nicely dressed corpse as if to say “Nothing wrong with this picture!”

To continue to see with rose-colored (or light-colored) glasses will no longer do. The injustices which shape our lives have not been changed by the systems we mistakenly put our trust in to change things for

Stenciling

Stenciling is used the world over as a way of communicating meaning and a political message tactically, as a quick way to create a public image. Advertisers know its secret: the more we see an image, the more influence it carries. To the fearful who think it is illegitimate, illegal or ineffective I say “Bullshit!” Often these are the very same people whose lives are full of passively accepting advertisements, or whose lives ride on its success.

Don’t hate the method, listen to the message!

What’s wrong with an image that says that violence against women needs to stop? Or one that asks for fairness and truth from government? Or a statement made against police brutality and abuse of authority? Or the reality of the trendy-but-useless “green revolution”? Or a message about children in poverty?

What is more useful and needed: these messages or another McRestaurant or wall-store logo? These logos promote the destruction of land and water and are partly to blame for the mass ignorance of nations.

Stenciling these images in public places can awaken people. Public stenciling, graffiti art and street art by means necessary can accomplish so much: In fact, here is a list in case you’re still sitting there unconvinced:

- Give a voice to the unheard.
- Allows tough subjects to be broached, can be therapeutic and brings relief.
- Raises social awareness/consciousness
- Sparks conversation about issues which aren’t being brought up.

Disrupts the illusion that "all is fine" with the neighbourhood, community, etc.
 Allows for personal growth and freedom from fear of disrupting the system.
 Teaches vigilance, skill in subverting the police state and surveillance.
 Experiencing the immediate rush of making real, physical change to the places we live.
 Attacks the powerlessness and helplessness of doing nothing or not knowing what to do.
 Places oneself into the collective consciousness in a real and concrete way, literally "changing our world".
 Gives the satisfaction that "I will not be compartmentalized"
 Fights gentrification (pushing out the poor to make space for the rich)
 Continuity with the creative spirit necessary to the creativity of people, stretching in time to the hieroglyphs and rock paintings which are part of our culture.
 Living the truth that even one action taken in an intrusively honest and creative way can change the minds and hearts of the people around us.

These are examples of what it means to be onkwewonwe. All private property is theft because no one person can own a piece of his or her Mother, and what should be our first concern: public space or the lives of people? We care for the spaces we live in by going gently, working with it and doing what is needed. Why don't we allow growth in these spaces: socially, spiritually, physically by expressing our spirits visually in any and all ways? We reclaim through action, one action at a time: re-taking and holding one reclamation at a time. In this way, we make these spaces our own, changing our space to make it more in harmony with the kaynaere'kowa we live by. With love in our heart, intelligence in our minds and spirit to guide, we can take back our space on this earth.

Heck init,
 Jó:ka'

Dreaming

Tsi niyohht tsi niwake'nikonbro:ten she:kon yonhe ne yanerenhsera'kowa. (The way in which my kind of mind it still lives the Great Goodness.) Ne tyonkwewonwe akwah en' tewatatewenni:yo. (It is us Indian people very truly are free.) Kiken roweyenenta'onh tahnon rothsa'anyon tsi ihwentsya:te. (This he has prepared it, and furthermore has finished it on earth.) Tetshitanonweratons ne onkwaya'tishon. (We to him give our thanks/respect/knowledge to be created our bodies.) Tsi niyoht ikhrorih wabi ne yonkhirihonnyennis rotiksten'okonha, rat which they told me init the ones who teach us the old pple,) teyotonhwentsyohon wahe aetewahonhsi:yohste' ne'e hinikstenha onhwentsya aorihwake. (there is a need/purpose it that we pay attention to Mother Earth's business.)

Toske teyohtennyonhatye ne'non:wa wabi. (Truly it is changing now init.) Akwe:kon ne' onkonkwe'ta yonkwaye'onhatye, ll of our people we are all waking/awakening right along,) ken i:i o:ni wa'katetshen'. (this I also did dream.) Tsi inatsyon non:we yeki:terontabkwe, ne'e teyohserase'kenha. (In tawa I used to live, two years ago) Tyohkerah'we wa'katetshen' akwekon tsi yonhwentsya:te yonkwaye:'onhatye (One night I eamed that everyone on the land we are waking/awakening yht along) ne etho nenkahawi ne to:ha akwekon teyorontya:kon karhakonhschon tsi yonhwentsya:te. (It is there in that time most all of them the trunks will be cut in two in the many forests the land.) Ne wa'katetshen' tsi tyonhtyerentlon,

(It is I did dream this first,) orhenkehstsi, o:nen waki:ta's etho:ne wakye:'on. (it's morning time I am sleeping then I am awake.) Ne onen ne onwak wakye'on tsi takatetshen (It is when I just wake where I did dream of) tyohtyerenton wakatya'tyonnih ta' ne'e o:ni tewakya'tanonyanib. (first I was lying down and also my body was dirty.) Yah tewake'nikonhbrayentaskwe oh niyohtyeren teyononyani, (I didn't understand why it is dirty,) ethone ne kati wa'katketsk'. (So then I got up.) Tekatya'tohare, tahnon enwaton akatkahtho'tsi yonhwentsya:te. (I cleaned myself off and was able to look upon the land.) Wake'nikonhbrayenta's non:wa tsi nikarihwe's onte wahi wakita'skwe. (I understand now how long it must have been in it I was sleeping.) S'ok tewakya'tanonyanib. (So I was dirty.) Ronatya'tyonnih ne ratinakerennyon (they are lying down they live about all over) tahnon ne kyatakta ne akhwa:tsire (and next to myself is my family) tehotiya'thwe'nonnih tsi niyoht tsi wahontya'tyonni'te'. (their bodies are in a circle in the way which they lied down.) Tahnon tsi karhakonshon'kenha ne to:ha akwekon (And furthermore it is where there used to be many forests it is almost all of them) ne nyatekarontakehson yah na'a teyotonnyanyon. (all manners of different kinds of trunks they are not! living all about.) Tahnon ne kati otyake o:ya ne ronnonkwe o:ni wa'thati:ta'ne'. (And then some other people also they did stand up.) Otya'ke ne'e akhwa:tsire kyatakta o:ni (some of them my family also) rotiye:'onhatye katon onen rotiye'onh. (they are waking up or they have awakened.) Ne etho na'kahawi tsi wa'katetshen', (It is at that time I did dream) etho niyoht tsi wake'nikonhbrayenta's. (that is how I understand it.) Nek ne'e skarihonni ne ki ne nikatyerha wabi. (It is but one reason it is this what I do in it.)

The Border Within

Jose Hernández Díaz
(P'urhépecha)

They have built a border:
At the dinner table, when they want their fruits and vegetables--
Between sweaty fields/ and their inherent privilege.

They have built a border:
At the car wash, when they want their luxury vehicles polished--spotless, sir--
Between breaking backs /and their abundant vanity.

They have built a border:
Behind the white picket fence, when they want their luscious gardens groomed—a little less roses, sir--
Between the roots of honest labor/ and blooming decadence.

They have built a border:
At the drive-thru window, when they want fast food at an affordable price--
Between a minimum wage/ and artificial convenience.

They have built a border:
In their industry, when they want their factories fine-tuned--
Between utter diligence/ and mechanized indifference.

They have built a border:
At the curb of The Home Depot, when they want jornaleros for an extra hand--
Between urgent necessity for cheap labor/ and reactionary discrimination.

They have built a border:
At the Library of Congress, when they advocate the principles of the Declaration of Independence--
Between love of liberty/ and hypocritical hate.

They should burn the borders that tower, within:
So that the concept of equality may liberate confined hearts;
So that we may watch interior borders tumble
Within the mind:

A mere memory of deceit;
A new century on the rise.

Photo: Claudia D. Hernández (May)



NEW CLOTHES VS. ANARCHY

By Lyn Highway (Anishinabe)

I was talking to a friend the other day and she was saying that she likes new clothes too much to be an anarchist.

I said, "I don't think your fashion sense has anything to do with it. You don't have to be a total scrub to be an anarchist. It's not about your consumer habits. A lot of people who identify as anarchists are just punks who embrace filth as a way to rebel against their middle class origins." I've taken to calling it the 'punk plague' on anarchist resistance.

Sometimes, I think the greatest barrier to increasing awareness around anarchism is the stink of B.O. I don't know how many times I've been in a situation where a group of natives arrive at an anarchist event and their noses all scrunch up. Or how many times I've cringed at embarrassing immodesty or odors from punks and hippies at native gatherings. Some time ago I was working on an article for anarchists on solidarity with indigenous resistance called: "Take a Bath". I never finished it. The title itself was pretty self explanatory.

In reality, what actually prevents the spread of anarchy is harsh repression by the state. Assassinations, imprisonment, deportations... in the heyday of North American Anarchism, the most prominent anarchists were killed or imprisoned, anarchists were deported

en mass and the movement was crushed. Intensive repression continues today as anarchist uprisings grow outside of Europe and North America. But my friend's statement is still relevant: it speaks to the difficulty of promoting anarchism in resistance movements when so little anarchism exists in the popular landscape. At least, outside of the excruciatingly limited world of punk and black clad hippies.

What Does Anarchism Have To Do With Native People?

This isn't about 'converting' people to anarchy or getting people to join my anarchist group. This is about native people refusing to take government bribe money to run our programmes and to stop participating in community policing initiatives.

Stop working in government jobs that administer our own assimilation and oppression. Stop running for band council.

Stop participating in the treaty process.

Stop participating in the resource extraction industry and destroying our own land.

This is about native people refusing to wait around for Shawn Atleo and David Suzuki to "do something" and start acting up and against everything that is here to distract us from revolution: like gangs, alcohol drugs and government jobs.

I may prescribe a solid understanding of the history of anarchism but (for me), being an anarchist doesn't mean, "Proudhon this, Malatesta that, the Platform is blah blah blah or the CNT vs. the FAI or whether the anarchist movement in Japan in 1932 was middle class or not." These things are of interest to me, but anarchism and the spread of anarchist ideas and practices has a very day-to-day, practical application.

Like how to get young people with great ideas and burgeoning energy to look beyond the narrow confines of government funding as a way to achieve their aspirations. And to see how and why the act of getting this money furthers the assimilation process and erodes the integrity of our communities. In a thousand daily situations, indigenous people in resistance to colonization turn to the colonizer for solutions to our problems. Relying on the colonially imposed system is atrophying our own ways of social organization.

Trying To Dance With Knives In Our Backs

In my daily life, it stuns and horrifies me that street entrenched, heavily drug-addicted native sex workers who bear the worst brunt of colonization have only the police to turn to in a crisis situation. Where are our warriors? Where are our women's societies? Where is the reclamation of these societies and ceremonies on the streets where they're so badly needed?

The available options are narrowly defined by capitalist interests: police, social workers and government funded programmes whose only goal is to get people into the workforce. At best, the agencies and programmes run by and for native people which promote traditional teaching are based on AA-style recovery programmes and have no political analysis. Somehow, the act of healing from the trauma of residential schools has become disconnected from acts of resistance against the system that implemented them.

Many people I've talked to say that the colonization has traumatized us so deeply that what we need is to take time out to do this personal work heal these wounds. And I agree, but it's at the point where you can't heal the wound if the knife's still stuck in your back.

In this analogy, the knife is capitalism. No matter how much of our language, how many ceremonies, how much of our regalia and craftsmanship is retained if we exist in the economy of capitalism, we will lose the social relationships that make us who we are indigenous people. We can't live peacefully side-by-side a system bent on our annihilation.

The Mundane Beauty Of Salmon, Relationships And Fundraising

Salmon is a central part of west coast native culture. But it's not just the salmon themselves that are going to be lost, it's the web of social relations that orbit around the lives of the salmon and have for millennia. Making and repairing fishing tools and equipment, preparing, preserving, distributing, eating, disposal of waste. Without these cycles, what's lost isn't just the lack of profit-making raw material (as though salmon was just an expendable part of a factory produced lifestyle) it's all of the interactions which revolve around the salmon's existence.

It's through these 'mundane' daily activities (and let's face it, the majority of our time is spent in what could be called 'mundane' activities, colonized and decolonized) that indigenous societies reproduce ourselves. The more grandiose or dramatic performances of culture such as leadership, spirituality and seasonal ceremonies are all empty without the slow build of day-to-day life. The same is true on the flip side: day-to-day life can be made tedious and hollow without the deeper significance and moments of awe and visible transformation imparted by the high peaks of culture, like spiritual practice and art.

In resistance movements, similar dynamics reproduce themselves in our social interactions. Fundraising is an apt example: when a group gets money from the government, the money isolates that group and isolates the project from the community it originated from. Back in the day, groups doing de-colonial activity didn't get at

overnment money. A.I.M. wasn't just radical because people were engaged in armed uprisings, it was radical because people were forming self-supporting social programmes like survival schools and copwatches.

Because the government money wasn't available back then, maybe self sufficiency was just done out of necessity. Certainly in these times, the government has figured out by now that the best way to neutralize the sting of community resistance projects is to throw money at them and watch everyone scatter.

Bake Sales And Burning Negotiating Tables

Even in the 80's, when people had a project in mind, there were bake sales to be had, raffles, art auctions, t-shirts, donations boxes to be put out and collected, concerts... fundraising was a crucial element of resistance. And it seems like a lost art. Because kind of like salmon, fundraising isn't just about the money but about building a network of meaningful social relationships. Auntie can make the muffins for the bake sale to fund the training for the blockade. Even if she never sets foot at the blockade site, she can be proud that her efforts were part of what made it happen.

These nuances are lost when instead of twenty five aunties and grammys giving their love and support, there's a board or bureaucrat in a cubicle rubber-stamping funding applications.

Since capitalism destroys complex social relationships, resistance must mean creating opportunities to build them. Every time we turn to the government to solve a

problem, we lose an opportunity to do that.

That's where the relevancy of anarchism comes in for me. My friend, despite her good hygiene, is one of the most anarchistic people I know. If there were plans for a uranium mine looming over her territory, she would not petition for a band council by-election. To pass a resolution. To send a letter to the province. To ask for that land to be part of a potential land claim so that it would be "inadvisable to engage in development at this early juncture."

No. She would go out and gather the traditional people and elders and they'd go and stop it themselves. Would she sit at a negotiating table for months while 'exploratory drilling' continued?

No. She would chop that table up, set it on fire and use it to keep warm on the road.

In my mind, that's an anarchist.

What's become clear to me over the past 30 years is that capitalism doesn't give a shit how you cut your hair, what you wear or even what color your skin is. All capitalism cares about is that you're willing to trade in a deep and beautiful life of multi-dimensional social relations for a world in which one thing regulates every single interaction: exchange value. Under capitalism, you no longer have social relations. You have an economy.

State systems are mechanisms of exploitation. A state is a border and a policing system to contain people within that border in order to exploit them. And that's all there is to it.

Image: Anti-Canada Day in Coast Salish Territory (Vancouver) 2007

BALL (racism) CHAIN:

instructions for escape

By Indigenous Anti-Capitalist

"How, for God's sake, [does] one say 'concert pianist' in Cree?"

-Jeremiah (Kiss of the Fur Queen)

By Tomson Highway

"It's almost impossible not to swallow the water when you're drowning, and it's almost impossible to live in this white society and not end up swallowing, or 'internalizing' its racism and patriarchy. the worst part of throwing up is when you can feel it inside you and you're sweating, so afraid of the inevitable, dreading the moment—then it's messy, awful, humiliating and it sure as fuck isn't pretty. and then, it's over. and its the best feeling of relief in the world (well, almost the best feeling) when the poison's finally left your own body. and you can look at it for the nasty mess that it is, and glad that it's not inside you anymore."...

Someone i love just lent me a book i'll never forget... much like his own honesty in our conversations, it's struck a powerful blow to my own absolutist, black-and-white colonized way of thinking.

The book's called 'slash' by jeanette armstrong. a story about a man i feel like i know, who embodies the struggle we face as powerfully when we look in the mirror as when we look outside. talks about resistance and ceremony in the same breath and again, it's so clear what we need—

*resistance, breathe out.
ceremony, breathe in.*

You can't run away from who you are—and we are not the stereotypes we've internalized: dumb, lazy, worthless—like tomson highway's brothers, sometimes we find our redemption in piano, sometimes in powwow. it is racism that shackles us into these ideas of ourselves, that demands authenticity comes from somewhere outside our own definitions, outside our own languages.

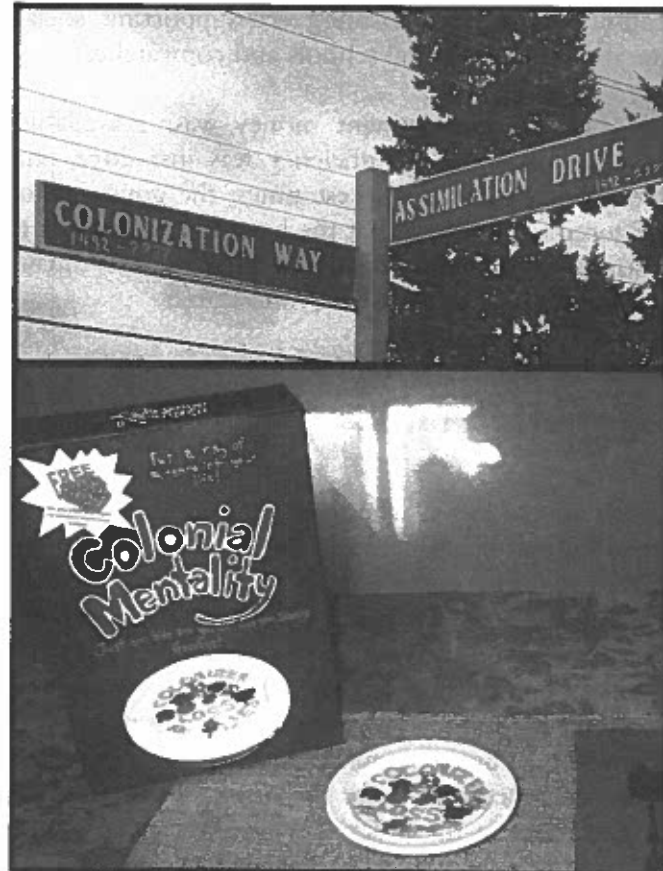


Image: Estrella Whetung (Nishnaabe Lucbani).

"authentic" = feathers and stoic spirituality.

"authentic" = silent symbols, tokenization, a still image, a museum exhibit.

"authentic" = deliberately failing because Indians are supposed to fail in school.

"authentic" = hiding your love for punk, glamrock or baroque. Indians only listen to rap or pop music.

"authentic" = party scene, getting drunk, getting high not giving a fuck, day after mindless day.

"authentic" = resigning myself to hiding my books, censoring my thoughts, because only white people should think, have ideas, create, say things that matter, be listened to.

The rez absorbs capitalism like a poisoned sponge; having grown up in the city, i imagined rez life as being resistant to colonialism, an oasis of language, the safe circle of families. i'd run away and be loved forever until i met someone who grew up on the rez and ran away to the city—chased by a rock, faced with a million more hard places.

smack. (that was reality)

So of course, we reject these genocidal images of ourselves, feeling like because we aren't any of these things, we must not be "native enough". "too 'white' the natives, too 'native' for the whites' we tell ourselves. and sometimes we find a small ledge on the margins of a misfit, outcast and marginalized space. because it's easier to be the native chick/dude among white people, and blind to the racism than it is to stand in your shorts shivering outside a sweatlodge, waiting for the ceremony to begin, scared, holding your shit in while you can, but still willing to face what fills the darkness.

Instead of just loving ourselves for who we are. Instead of realizing that we are complex beings in infinitely complex families, communities and nations. This is both beautiful and vastly more powerful than mass-produced, homogeneous, skin-color characterizations which categorize, map and lock us into absolutes defined by Race, Sex and Class.

When we remove ourselves from native people because we don't "feel native enough", we are agreeing with these characterizations, acting on the belief that to be authentic as Indians we must be inauthentic to our own uniqueness as humans created in the image of the God we come from. no more, no less.

As though our real selves are the racist images in the books, histories, movies and slurs of white people.

As though these cheap imitations capitalist society has at us, is all that has ever existed.

As though the miles of clear cut, uniform, telephone-line forests are all that ever was, as though they are not cheap and profit-engineered replacements for our known, loved, deeply complex and beautiful landscapes. When we fall for the lie that we're not "native enough", whose racist standards are we really hanging down to?

We do this to ourselves, we do it to other native people all the time, perpetuating this internalized racism. Every one of us who feel like misfits and outcasts, who don't fit into our own communities, this feeling is usually us internally resisting the white, colonialist lie

that we are all the same: dumb, lazy, drunk, stupid, stoic, static, worthless, always-disappearing, locked-in-time Indians. It's racism. And when we believe it ourselves, it becomes internalized racism.

Racism has the power to worm itself into our minds and eat away at our sense of ourselves as real, human people. that is what it destroys, our sense of ourselves, our ability to feel at our own edges and know that we belong wholly within ourselves and nothing is wrong with that.

Whether the toxicity takes the shape of sneers, physical violence, silence or ignoring, or the even deeper form, "colorblindness", the denial of our very existence, the absolute incarnation of racism as the ever-present Invisible Truth, so foundational that it need not even be acknowledged. "I don't see race" is a genocidal statement.

But we hear it every(white)where. It's crazy-making. And it takes a deep, sustained gathering of strength to face oppression head on. It means enduring a long look at the ways I myself have cowed to it, and seen my family, loved ones bow and break under its weight. "Raising" the issue is not simply a convenient phrase, in "raising" the issue we "raise off" our burden, (literally, the pressing heaviness and weight on our selves) off our own bodies and minds where it has been unjustly placed, and put it back squarely where it belongs, like flinging a tear gas canister back to the line of riot cops.

Around here, we've been saying "it is never the responsibility of the oppressed to educate the oppressor". The next step forward in that truth is that "the burden of oppression belongs with the oppressor". The act of raising this oppression off our shoulders is an act of liberation, de-colonization, a transfer of weight as palpable as the removal of a ball and chain.

No slave values the weight of her chain, or his chain, unless that chain is tying them to something they need to survive. So is the goal of liberation to bring all life sustaining, love sustaining needs to within reach of the chain? Or is it to cut ties to the weight of oppression so we can move freely as we were born and made by the Creator to do?

The Black Bloc and the Big Drum

by Nestor Makh

I'd like to share my story as someone who directly experienced the G20 in 2010 on the street, as part of the infamous "black bloc". I was arrested in August 2010 on G20 related charges and got bail this last November. I'm still on house arrest, as are many people charged with resisting the G20 agenda, state and corporate power. We are painted as dangerous to society. Political beliefs which are anti-colonial and anti-capitalist (such as anarchism) are also painted as dangerous to society. But we aren't fooled. The real dangerous offenders are the police, the state and corporations who exploit and oppress us.

I don't think anything carried out by the black bloc that day was violent, but before you object, let me explain a few things about violence, power and property. The Canadian state and the corporations that occupy these stolen indigenous territories we live on, have far more power to do violence than a group with the population of an average high school. So why do they have so much power anyway?

Because they stole the land under an idea they invented called "property", which allows them to violently steal and exploit land, water and her gifts for profit instead of for survival of the people. When we as people challenge their power, they call us violent and use paid forces (paid for by taxes) like the police, RCMP and military to scare us with their show of force on the ground.

Violence, a word as easily manipulated as a pickerel, was never really the issue when it came to anything around G20. It was just made to seem that way in order to draw attention away from the very concrete reality that there was on that day, a temporary breakaway from a tightly controlled and passive march of obedient citizens, marching between rows upon rows of armed riot cops and their 'legally sanctioned' weaponry.

A decentralized, uncoordinated and leaderless 'group' of people recognized that passively marching along without resistance was actually enforcing the power of the police state.

After this week of constant repression, (as the case of the Deaf man who was beaten by police the day before the march because he couldn't hear their orders) people decided to challenge the police monopoly on force. People grew weary of having this centralized authority crammed down their throats by the police, the state and others who see all life as a way greedily sucking profit from living beings trapped in an exploit workforce.

That is the real threat. It is today. So of course, when people broke free of this imposed order, media, bystanders and passive protesters were forced to pay attention to this very real challenge to the violence the police state and everything it protects. This challenge ordinary people is far more terrifying than the constant worn-down 'peaceful' protests which in fact, aren't effective at actually stopping structural violence. Many who believe in these protest tactics say that their real goal is the potential of a good photo op, but it's clear that was not effective in the aftermath.

Can you really call it a peaceful march when you're marching at gunpoint, under constant threat of the reality of brutal violence? Where is the peace then?

As a result of actual lack of control over the black bloc, the police were caught off guard and forced to call for back up. It must have been terrifying for those in power to see how easily their control could be broken by ordinary people who believe in a higher law than state violence: the laws of nature, the original agreements of these occupied indigenous territories.



Photo: Prophecy Antithesis

"Violence was (and continues to be) acceptable, as long as it is directed at those whose voices have been suppressed through centuries of massacre, displacement and dehumanization."

If they didn't immediately crack down harshly on us, how many more ordinary people would have begun thinking dangerous thoughts or asking dangerous questions: why should we limit ourselves to accepting the dictates of the state? Why are the police the only ones allowed to use force and what right do they have to use it on us? Why are we 'bad protesters' for rejecting systems which are so corrupt and depraved they are even destroying the earth itself?

...it gave the police and court systems a scapegoat for their takeover of central Toronto.

The crackdown was both physically and psychologically violent: not just in mass arrests and beatings, caging and starving arrestees, whippings and sexual assaults. But these were not the images broadcast by the CBC or mainstream media: head, message after message of the 'violent protesters' used.



Violence was (and continues to be) acceptable, as long as it is directed at those whose voices have been suppressed through centuries of massacre, displacement and dehumanization. Even the so-called 'progressive' voices talking about the injustices of the world just keep seeming to elbow the state's shoulder companionably ask "Would you just lighten up on them? You know, go back to the good ol' days when the folk could get by relatively unscathed, and leave the shitty end of things sticking into communities of color."

The same messaging is said about and to us: indigenous people and communities of color. Native men and Native women are arrested without cause, starved and sexually assaulted 365 days a year. This violence is sold to us as necessary for our own protection. They take our children for the same reasons.

What held these lies in place was the constant battery of images played and replayed: as though smashing a window was the great crime amid the thousands of violent assaults on bodies and freedoms by the state. To the profit margins of Starbucks or BMO, the cost of a broken window would probably be covered by the morning coffee rush. The real 'threat' to the state wasn't a smashed window: it was a smashed illusion of the power of state security. In a few short hours, the black bloc proved the uselessness of billions of dollars of weaponry, surveillance and training against a leaderless people who weren't being paid to be there.

This had to be countered, and fast. Picking up on the rhetoric of the very machine they had (apparently) come to protest against, the passive protest crowd began to parrot the message of 'violent protesters', all while being subject to more beatings, gassings and arrests by the only violent force present that day.

On top of the massive amount of media coverage demonizing the black bloc, a campaign was set in motion to isolate, divide and dehumanize a handful of namely anarchists, including myself, in order to 'bring us to justice', something that hasn't existed here since colonization.

Why waste energy on a few handfuls of people? Because it gave the police and court systems a scapegoat for their takeover of central Toronto. Even more, because it was an effective tool for terrorizing those who might have considered going deeper into the struggle for their own liberation but who were forced back by the spectre of white supremacy in the courts and imperialism in the streets.

Also, since much of the local activist movement had little contact with the struggles of those within the jails and court systems and hadn't developed strong and mature response networks to counter multiple arrests, much energy was expended in quickly framing a structure to support those trapped behind bars. Courts, lawyers, collect-calls and phone bills, canteen expenses and fundraising efforts drained energy and resources. "Dig the well before you are thirsty" says one proverb. Solidarity and support of prisoners builds knowledge of the machines which hold them, their cracks and weaknesses.

The alleged 'conspirators', on appealing for bail, were forced to defend not so much their criminal histories (most of whom had none) but their political beliefs and of course, whether or not they would flatly denounce violence against the state. That is the nature of thought-crime: those with the greatest knowledge of the machines we're up against, with an understanding of the means of resisting and dismantling them—who can offer insights on how to reconstruct autonomous societies—these were the 'dangerous offenders' who are being targeted. Meanwhile, the real doers of violence remain in power.

I believe in the liberation of all beings, beginning with the earth without which no being can exist. I'm hard pressed to care all that much about police, or the possibility of their redemption from being fascist drones. And I couldn't care less about maintaining these corporate structures which embody global oppression.

We are in a perpetual struggle against the state and against capital. Going to these for help is not only self-defeating, it is a long-stinging slap in the face to those who bear the heaviest brunt of the oppression these systems cause. While the state is busy persecuting the G20 resistance, over 28,000 barrels of oil are being extracted from the veins of our mother, on what is known as Lubicon territory.

Where are the search warrants, the conditions and measures imposed on these criminals? RBC, Suncor, Halliburton, Enbridge and their 'co-accused'? What else do you call the destruction of indigenous homelands, other than genocide?

What about the scum in operation of Goldcorp, Hudbay, Pacific Rim and Petro Lifer—a corporations responsible for displacing entire communities in Guatemala, Mexico, El Salvador and Honduras through the sponsorship of death squads trained by the SOA (School of the Americas)?

What about the violence inherent in mining operations, the leeching of deadly cyanide, which in turn ends up running off into drinking water? The poisoning of children in Grassy Narrows. Why should our lives and the lives of our children be seen as expendable, while a few smashed windows is wailed about as apparently priceless?

What interest do we have anyway in maintaining any of these systems when their entire objective is to exterminate us once and for all so they can ensure the survival of all living beings except themselves? Is this really what is meant by being Anishinabeg, Ojibwe, original peoples?

Unlike those who benefit from structural violence that keeps them in wealth and in power, what do we have to lose if the entire system collapses? What do we have to gain from propping up a white supremacist, colonial system but a speedier destruction of all peoples, beginning with ourselves, indigenous peoples?



From asking how we are affected by its growth, we are naturally led toward questioning how we are affected by its damage, disruption and death. If we are dependent, we will hold tight to what we've learned to live off and fiercely resist any attempts to stop its production. But as we regain our strength in sovereignty, we see more and less clearly the need to sustain something which is not only unnecessary, but destructive to everyone and everything around us.



INDIGENOUS LAND AND FOOD SYSTEMS

(Indigenous Food
Systems Network)

Neskie Manuel
(Secwepemc/Ktu naxa/French)

What is Food Sovereignty?

“Food sovereignty is the right of peoples, communities, and countries to define their own agricultural, labour, fishing, food and land policies, which are ecologically, socially, economically and culturally appropriate to their unique circumstances. It includes the true right to food and to produce food, which means that all people have the right to safe, nutritious and culturally appropriate food, to food producing resources and the ability to sustain themselves and their societies.” (Via Campesina)

What Are Indigenous Food Systems?

The vast myriad of rivers, watersheds, landforms, vegetation and climatic zones have worked together for thousands of years to shape and form Indigenous land and food systems. Consisting of a multitude of natural communities, Indigenous food systems include all of the land, air, water, soil and culturally important plant, animal and fungi species that have sustained Indigenous peoples over thousands of years. All parts of Indigenous food systems are inseparable, and ideally function in healthy interdependent relationships to transfer energy through the present day agriculture based economy that has been developed and industrialized through the process of colonization.

In contrast to the highly mechanistic, linear food production, distribution, and consumption model applied in the industrialized food system, Indigenous food systems are best described in ecological rather than neoclassical economic terms. In this context, an Indigenous food is one that has been primarily cultivated, taken care of, harvested, prepared, preserved, shared, or traded within the boundaries of our respective territories based on values of interdependency, respect, reciprocity, and ecological sensibility. As the most intimate way in which Indigenous peoples interact with our environment, Indigenous food systems are in turn maintained through our active participation in traditional land and food systems.

Why must we work towards food sovereignty in Indigenous communities?

Since the time of colonization, Indigenous communities have witnessed a drastic decline in the health and integrity of Indigenous cultures, ecosystems, social structures and knowledge systems which are integral to our ability to respond to our own needs for adequate amounts of healthy Indigenous foods. Indigenous food sovereignty provides a restorative framework for health and community development and reconciling past social and environmental injustices in an approach that people of all cultures can relate to. “Food will be what brings the people together”. Secwepemc Elder, Jones Ignace.

Indigenous Food Cooperatives

Neskie Manuel
(Secwepemc/Ktu naxa/French)

The Indigenous food cooperatives initiative was suggested by 3 Indigenous women at the 2009 BC Food Systems Gathering, as a mutual challenge to revitalize bioregional or local Indigenous food systems, security and sovereignty, by supporting, revitalizing or recreating Indigenous hunting, fishing, gathering, farming and trade practices in our local areas. Ideas for revitalizing or recreating these practices have included:

- The formation of informal cooperative groups to support, find, learn from, or train local hunters or fishers, gatherers or farmers, to obtain and process Indigenous or bioregionally appropriate and safe foods (including water), for redistribution among cooperative members.
- The rediscovery and reclamation of old trade routes, relationships and low impact transportation methods, for the exchange of goods, services, food and water.
- The development of new food practices and relationships which utilize the same Indigenous principles of no or minimal environmental impact, low energy, collective effort and well-being, respectful, consensual & voluntary relationships and long term environmental sustainability.
- The revitalization of old, or development of new non-monetary forms of reciprocity, barter, or exchange, to reduce the imposition and interference of money, regulatory and corporate control on food & water sources.
- The research and development of new relationships within & between Indigenous territories or bioregions, to address issues of protection, climate changes, and enhancement of Indigenous food system sources, groups and processes.

We invite you to start your own local Indigenous food cooperative and to share your successes and challenges with like minded others, for the revitalization of Indigenous food systems, security and sovereignty, in your territory or bioregion.

Indigenous Diet Challenge

Like the Indigenous food cooperatives, this idea arose when 3 Indigenous women were discussing how to revitalize Indigenous food systems, security and sovereignty. We agreed that you have to just start doing it. In fact, the challenge between us - to survive for the winter (or over four months) on Indigenous foods - led us to the realization that we'd need to first prepare and set aside foods throughout the year, and to the idea that it would be easiest if we formed local Indigenous food cooperatives to do so.

This is the year of preparation! This is the year to create those cooperatives, or Indigenous food relationships. Can you survive for 4 months on Indigenous foods? We challenge you to join us in preparing and surviving on local/bioregional Indigenous foods, or traded Indigenous foods, from November 1st, 2011, to February 28th, 2012.

For more information or to join the listserve,
contact indigenousfoodcoops@yahoo.com.





Photo: Claudia D. Hernández (Mayan)

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I am proud to be Onkwehón:we. I am afforded the ability to represent My People through both words and actions. I was inspired by my people at an early age and decided that for everyday of my life, I would commit at least one sovereign action. Growing up in Six Nations I learned my roles and responsibilities by being a good listener and observer. My mother Terrylynn (Turtle Clan) raised me and my sisters with a certain lifestyle so we knew how to rely on and have faith in each other. Over the front door of our home hung a sign that read, "Mohawk Sovereignty will Never Die." That kind of lifestyle entailed two things: we grew our food, and we lived away from the road!

By Tsí Yotsihstaráthe Dakota Brant
(Kanienkehaka, Turtle Clan)

I grew up in a home without electricity; to this day my childhood bedroom is lit only by a kerosene lantern. My oldest memories in life are waking up to get the morning water out at the well (I was the early riser so my sisters made me do it!) My favorite time of year is late winter when the sap is running in our family's sugar bush; the sweet syrupy smell of Hard Maple burning in the woodstove, and the knowledge that those very ashes will be used to lye our corn. There was a certain peaceful quiet that white people pay good money to hear.

I'm only 21 years old; these are not the memories of any of our grandparents, though they may understand the life I come from. My mother raised me knowing that her family is, and always was, purebred farmers. I've learned from hearing stories of my great-uncles

that sovereignty is found in your garden. Our sovereignty has always been in the fact that we can care for ourselves. My favorite story was of how my great-grandfather would always plant an extra cornfield for the People. The only rule in our house was that you take what you need and you use what you take. You have only Shonkwaya'tison to thank. My Mother through all of her stories taught me that a Nation is not a Nation until it can feed itself, and we can take good care of one another.

The hardest part of growing up was not the smell of canning tomatoes (the smell always made me sick), or waking up early on a school day to frost on my blankets

"I've learned from hearing stories of my great-uncles that sovereignty is found in your garden. Our sovereignty has always been in the fact that we can care for ourselves. My favorite story was of how my great-grandfather would always plant an extra cornfield for the People."

when the fire went too low in the night. The tough part was being called poor and dirty by my schoolmates. My clothes would smell of smoke when I went to school. I hated my Mom for making me go to school in smoke smelling clothes; I was too embarrassed to invite friends over to my house to see that I didn't even have running water or a color TV. It took years for me to stop hating myself because I thought I was poor. I have slowly been able to forgive my classmates because I now realize I had more than what they had.

What I was able to take away from my childhood is what the old timers had foreseen. All Onkwehón:we (Original People) have experienced a fall from our independence into a lifestyle that will not last forever. Our old ways were timeless and self-sustaining. It was

hard to be raised the way I was. But I can forgive my mother for it because it gave me something far greater than myself; she showed me a true act of sovereignty. In order to teach independence; we need to experience it. Our children are natural born observers. They will never pick up something as important if they do not observe us practicing what we preach. My mother gave me a hard but purely land based lifestyle in order to let me practice my independence from day one. My true path laid itself before me as I thrived in the traditional lifestyle through language, longhouse, standing among the women singing our Seed Songs.

I see a stirring in the spirit of young people that I know will change Indian Country for the better. We are progressing greatly in our responsibility of reclaiming our children's birthright. We must remember to acknowledge what that birthright fully involves. We are not reclaiming just a land or a resource; we are reclaiming a lifestyle. Our lifestyle depends on a land-base; they are inseparable. When I have my own children I will provoke a proud spirit in them with a creativity that only our sovereign lifestyle can allow. Our ability to grow our own food has been central in that notion. I have given my life to doing what I can to place my unborn children where they need to be with the tools that they will need in each hand; forging links between the Creator and us.

My children's birthright is something which I would die for. All my children need now are good, steadfast role models prepared to do the same. We all know that true leaders lead by example, in every facet of his or her life. I challenge each of you to commit one sovereign act everyday. This is what sovereignty looks like to me; it isn't a barricade, a smoke shop or a warrior flag. It isn't going to a conference talking about how nice it is that some Indians out there still grow their own food, or hunt, or fish. Forget that, if you don't practice what you preach then you're useless to me. White people are not afraid of our weapons; their fear is that Natives can take care of themselves. Sovereignty is a garden; it is being able to go into the bush and pick the medicines that will help our corn grow, or whatever else you need to do to put food in your children's stomach. It means sometimes having to somewhere smell a little like smoke! This is what sovereignty is to me. What does it mean to you?

IT IS NOT OVER YET



Claudia D. Hernandez (May

Melanie Repato Medalle (Sugbuanon / Negos Oriental / Pangasinense / Ilokano / Laguna lineages)

At the time that this poem was delivered for a Filipino history event in Hawai'i, an unmarried Filipina domestic worker in Saudi Arabia faced corporal punishment by either lashing or stoning for a pregnancy that she explained was the result of rape by a co-worker. This case asks us what is at stake and what it means to be in a diaspora of millions; how we absolutely cannot afford to forget or relinquish any of our sisters and brothers anywhere in the world, as our liberation is an interdependent one. Our people are so severed across the globe that we have to remember each other, fight for one another, and hold all in our consciousness. That is the spirit in which our community has had to evolve through the violence of the ages, and it is urgent to keep this lesson close at heart: Social movement bridges people and connects them to a larger wave of hands and voices doing the work, so that coalitions become the norm, collaboration is expected, and partnership is natural and integral to any project that we bring ourselves to.

Filipinos come thick in the forest night.
Centuries between. And centuries await.
In the thick of the forest night centuries ago,
And now, right now.

Filipinas come thick in the night clutching marunggay leaves, head cocked low listening for honesty, husking out the truth so we can all have something to eat.

We come following the spirits that tell us to survive to tell the tale and touch the land for them.
We hunch over stoves of sacred foods: sampalok, bawang, luya.

We are the ones that fight for themselves and fight for others and lose themselves with passion in the difference,
until our struggles become each other's,
Because our freedom we find is locked within the others'.

We are the ones who are there when the fashion of being there has passed. The walang hiya ones, the without
shame ones, the without fear.
We are the ones without fear of death for there is no death when you are born anew in a sea of your own.

Ang ganda, ang lakas.*
What beauty. What strength.
Both are pulsing inside of us and in the veins of the leaves on these trees.
Who is to tell us it is not so?

Ours is a culture of survival, a culture of voyaging, movement, migration.
Ours is a culture of crafting, of using our hands.
Ours is a culture of using what we have.
Ours is a culture of sweat, of blood, sorrow, and passion.
Some stories get told and some stay a secret for a very long time,
and come to light when the descendants least expect.
Ours is a culture that never stops dancing and never stops singing songs of love.

Ang ganda, ang lakas.

Because we know something about typhoons that uproot homes.
Ondoy, Ketsana, and all the other typhoons that uproot homes: occupation, war, famine, rape.

The theft of our names.
The theft of our forests.
The theft of our waters.

Conquest by Spain,
Conquest by America,
Conquest by Japan,
Conquest by America.

The bases, the troops, the battles, the massacres, the disfigured trade and military agreements that starve us all,
the US manufacture of Agent Orange in Mindanao sprayed like bullets over Vietnam,
The disappearances, the unexplained killings, the beatings, the torture, the everyday assault of it all, the suffocation.
The stranglehold on our economy, the stranglehold on our imaginations

We know about diaspora too.
We know about uprooting.
We know how it feels to wake up to the realization that you are not in your homeland.
We know what that's like.

But ang ganda. Ang lakas.
In each and every one.

Yes, to be far from the volcanoes, the mountains, the rivers, the fields.
To be so far from that sweet sand that sweet land, seven thousand one hundred seven islands
To miss their voices wrapping around ancient tongues, ancient words crafted long ago.
We miss the stories they tell so much. Tell me a story lola, my grandmother, tell me

We miss lying down on the mountain and listening to their stories too. To the stories the winds tell.
To the pictures the stars draw over our islands.
Grandmother, tell us about the one who rode in on a dark horse and brought a rain that made peace,
That said,
Kababayan, Kababaihan. We see you.
We see you in the shadows on the freeways in the alleys in the market in the back room in the factory in the
hospital in the hotel in the fields we see you,
With cut hands and calloused knees that can't stop surviving.
We see you and we thank you. We thank you for all that you are.
And we love you so much it hurts.

Filipinos come thick in the forest night. Clutching beads, cloth, and incense, head cocked low.
Breathing and listening.
In all the lands we live in, we still hear the stories the mountains tell us, the winds tells, the stars tell.
They are whispering,
It is not over yet.

And we won't let each other forget it and we won't forget it ourselves.
We have fast hands, sun-knowing skin, and wide wings so that we can remember.
Just look into our eyes and watch us dance. Just look inside and remember the two halves of bamboo that flower
in your heart
Ang ganda. Ang lakas.

My children,
It is not over yet.
It is not over yet.

**In the creation stories of many (but not all) peoples throughout the 7,107-island Philippine archipelago, it is often said that the first man and woman, the original parents of all inhabitants and descendants of the archipelago, were split from two equal halves of a bamboo stalk, broken open by a bird spirit traversing the space between sky and water before land was created. Their two noble blessings are beauty (ganda) and strength (lakas).*



Claudia D. Hernandez (Mayan)

I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I see my
Mother's
Footprints
From when
She
Walked
Barefoot
To the well
To get
Water for
Her
Brothers
And sisters

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I feel my
Father's
Pulsating
Hands
Working
En el campo
Sweating
Profusely
And cursing
The
Overbearing
Sun

I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I hear my
Abuela's
Flowers
Singing to
Her and
Laughing at
Her
Affectionate
Playful
Chistes

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I smell my
Abuelo's
Burro
Lost
Without him
Thirsty
Without his
Gentle
Guidance
To the
Refreshing
Calm
Arroyo
Every time
I walk

Upon this
Tierra
I find myself
Broken into
Sharp
Pieces of
Aztec
Obsidian
Haunted by
Centuries of
Spanish
Colonialism

Every time
I walk
Upon this
Tierra
I soar
And float
On wide wings
Of nostalgia
And vow
That
I will
Always
Siempre
Return
Volver;

I have never
left.



I HAVE NEVER LEFT

Author Bio:

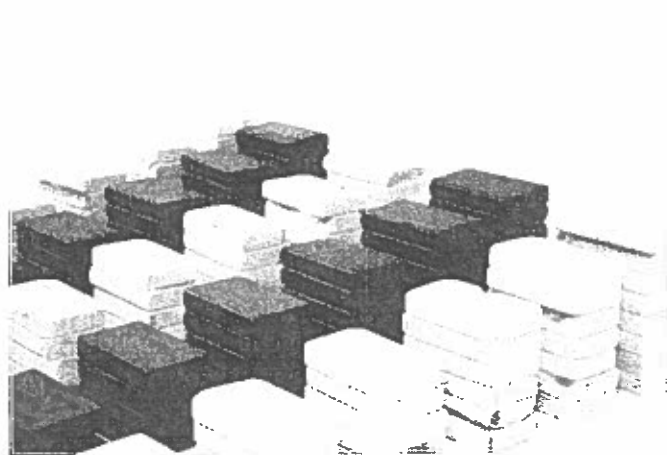
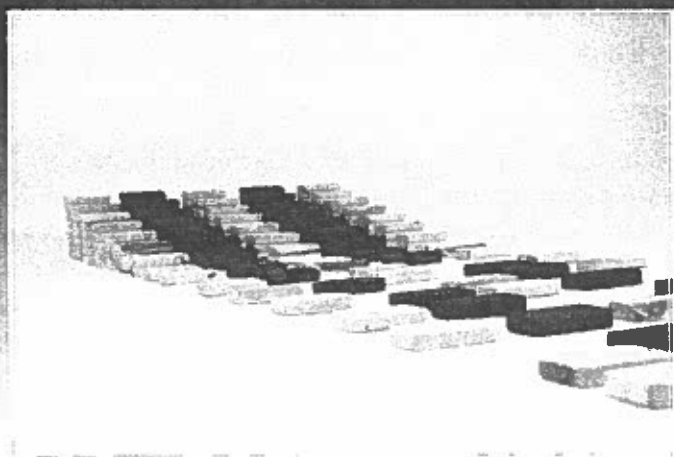


Jose Hernández Diaz (P'urhépecha)

First-generation UC Berkeley Senior with a major in English. Poverty level, Mexican-American residing in Los Angeles, Ca. I have been published in ABCTales, La Bloga and in Bombay Gin.

(DIS)HONOURING THE KASWENTHA

VICTORIA RANSOM (KANIENTKEHAKA, AKWESASNE)



(dis)Honouring the Kaswentha is a sculpture piece made of wooden blocks. To some who do not know about Haudenosaunee history, the sculpture may resemble minimalist sculpture or remind them of a type of board game. To those who do know Haundeonosaunee history, the sculpture represents the Two Row Wampum, which is also known as the Kaswentha.

The Kaswentha was a covenant agreement made between the Haudenosaunee people and the Eastern European Nations that would structure ways in which the relationship between the two nations are to be. The Kaswentha represents two vessels travelling, which are parallel to each other down river. Each Nation is to respect each other, which means not to impose their ways onto the other but rather see each other on a brother-to-brother or Nation to Nation basis.

Therefore Kaswentha, being a sacred Wampum belt, is to be respected for eternity. When looking at this relationship today, it is clear that the Kaswentha has

been disrespected. The other vessel has imposed its whole way of life on all Onkwehonwe of Turtle Island (not just Haudenoshonee). As a Kanienkehaka woman, this part of history is a part of me and therefore, will be a part of my art.

In the piece "Remembering the Kaswentha", I wanted to educate my viewer on this important part of history, which sadly most do not know about. Once my viewers understand the meaning of the Kaswentha and its symbolism, I turn the piece into a interactive piece. I do this by letting them switch the wooden blocks with others in the piece. When this is done, the symbolism is no longer present in the piece.

In the end, the symbolism of it is ruined, which is a metaphor for the present day. Through this process, I would like to educate about sovereignty, even if it's just toe-dipping into the water. A brief history lesson given orally and visually can give a bit more of an understanding to Native Sovereignty.

Dear Male Leadership of a Well Known Native Organization:

By Anonymous

I am deeply disturbed by the almost total lack of acknowledgement of how two-spirit people have been and continue to be harmed by violence in Native sovereignty movements, as well as settler society. This willful ignorance, this abdication of our inherent rights within our own communities fills me with an ancestral rage that, I'm sorry, one letter and a ceremonial burning of your suits won't squelch.

I would like to refer you to Redwire Magazine, Issue 10 Prison In/Justice, for the article "Making Friends In-Between". It was written to help contextualize the settler-colonial prison two-spirit people are housed in, within institutions and the "outside" community, by our own people. Your letter only confirms what I was trying to express then and have grown more understanding of, since: two-spirit people are considered not real, not vital and not already doing the work you've so arrogantly assumed you're at the frontlines of. Two-spirit people are not *asking* to be recognized as leaders, past, present and future, we are living it - with the whole knowledge that we are being ignored, abused, humiliated. Despite what your experience of us is, we've had our eye on you for some time and have been handling your ignorance for longer than you've known you've had it. We, as two-spirit people, know who we are and our place in the community and have been living our responsibilities without your solidarity for lifetimes.

I'm making note about how I've supported women who have been physically and emotionally assaulted by members of your organization, that amends have not been made despite the fact that women have been calling out this injustice since the moment it happened. I am simultaneously broken-hearted, enraged, dispirited and uninspired by such violence. Sitting with my sisters as they work through the violence done to them by Indigenous men, brown and white settler activists is very much a two-spirit thing and it breaks my heart over and over to see how non-trans men, for the most part, do not take up this work.

Until gender violence can be addressed as also greatly affecting two-spirit people, I cannot take what apologies you might make seriously. I would ask that you take some time to heal the violence done to you by other men which has allowed you to perpetuate this cycle of treating two-spirit people and women as if we are not human.

Further, until Metis people are considered a vital and crucial part of any indigenous sovereignty movement - as family, friends and colleagues - I cannot take this apology seriously. We often find ourselves in a place of needing to justify our existence to so-called full blood Indians and so-called non-Natives, neither of which acknowledges that we have within us both of your ancestors, therefore we are well aware of the diplomatic games played in sovereignty movements that keep us from a true unity. This ignoring of our unique perspectives allows colonization to continue while keeping many of us in land poverty and cultural isolation. I want to strongly encourage you to move forward with this anti-violence work, so we can build a unified movement based in values which prioritize leadership from children, young people, two-spirit people and women as well as elders and men.

Wela'liq.



Artwork Credit: Erin Marie Konsmo is a young Métis/Cree Indigenous Feminist and artist from Innisfail, Alberta. She is currently the Alberta representative on the National Aboriginal Youth Council on HIV and AIDS (NAYCHA) and an Intern for the Native Youth Sexual Health Network (NYSHN). As an Indigenous artist, she focuses on art forms that incorporate traditional knowledge while telling stories of struggle, resistance, self-determination, identity and sexual and reproductive justice. You can see more of her works at erinkonsmo.blogspot.com.

we are taught to keep silence.

(dedicated to Anna Mae Pictou Aquash)

we were taught to keep silence when the priests came at night in the rows of beds,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when we spoke our own words, nmoshim, g'zaagin,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when our fathers began drinking away the pain, through pain,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when our mothers kept silence,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when the cops beat us down in alleys, in camera-less cells,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when our spiritual leaders chastised our womanhood,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when our political leaders silenced our voices,
we were taught to keep silence.

we were taught to keep silence when speaking out against men's violence meant more violence,
we were taught to keep silence because it could mean death to us, to our babies.

threatened with death by our own brothers, uncles, fathers, cousins, lovers: raped, shot and killed
by men whose warrior spirits became poisoned when they swallowed the power of patriarchy.
our bitter lesson: we were taught to keep silence.

we have been sisters in a spirit of shame and fear, a silenced sisterhood.
lessons from the great white father to the brotherhood:
taught us to keep silence.

But as I speak, she speaks. As she speaks, they speak. As they speak, we speak, setting the pace
on your mark get set... And our voices are running through the land, running down the streets,
running into rooms and out of rooms and through locked doors and prison walls and institutions
and running through the maze of tangled lives and running into each other and running together
and this was a man's dream about a woman, but it has showed this woman that we must not wait
to be led and to follow: we must run hard and fast in the paths set for us by our grandmothers,
mothers, aunties and daughters, and they who will follow will follow or be left behind.

All you brothers, run for us, run following us, run with us!
All you lovers, run for us, run following us, run with us!
All you sons, run for us, run following us, run with us!
All you fathers, run for us, run following us, run with us!
All you grandfathers, run for us, run following us, run with us!

when they are done eating our skins

jidamókwe

what greater victory to a mind diseased
would put the torch to Mayan libraries
wet their hands with the blood of my ancestors
than for the mouth, the lips, poised for beautiful,
sensible speech

stilled.

her eyes, intelligent bright inquisitive and young

glassy.

how many women have died like this?
how many of our men have learned to kill in like ways,
following the oppressor's hands around our throats
signing treaties with enbridge and weyerhauser, or
OPP

where are our warriors' brothers when red power's
colours
turn black and blue, when they treat us like white men
treat us?

saying

if you speak up, i will withdraw
if you stand up, i will walk away

brothers!
brothers!

when they are done eating our skins,
they will come for yours.

who will protect you then?

moon lodge connection

Thana "Redhawk" Walker
Apache (Lipan), Azteca,
Osage, Celtic Blood

a time of connection
life giver reflection
grounded to mother
connected to beyond
sacred feminine divine
powerful moon
powerful dreams
powerful woman
ceremony of birth and rebirth
giving back to sacred mother earth
prayers powerful as wind
sacred beyond time a feminine divine
a time of connection
life giver reflection
creator hear our sacred moon lodge prayers
we sacrifice our blood for all our relations
honoring our sacred feminine, life giving connection
feminine reflection
creators connection
moon lodge prayer protection



IDENTITY CONFLICT

IDENTITY CONFLICT

Angela Ashawasegai
Henvey Inlet

IDENTITY CONFLICT

I was about 8 years old when I first discovered that I was an “Indian”. One summer I noticed how my skin was much darker compared to that of my sibling brother’s white skin. I asked my mother why my skin was so dark. I was really shocked when she answered that I was an Indian. I was in for a bigger shock when she told me that I was also adopted. It was two big bombs dropped on me at once. As you can imagine, I was smitten with myself and I felt how special I am being Indian and adopted. At school I told all my friends. “I’m adopted!” I didn’t think much about what it meant to be Indian.

I became more aware of my native heritage in grade 5. I was happy that my teacher Mrs. Piper showed special attention to me. The grade 5 social studies had a native studies curriculum and I was interested. In retrospect, she was planting seeds in me to grow for the future. The seeds that she planted and lovingly nurtured were at the same time being poisoned by fear and ignorance by my family.

Mrs. Piper was different from all other teachers I ever had. She was a gentle, caring and attentive teacher with a kind voice. Mrs. Piper was like an Angel. She was middle aged, large framed, big busted, short graying curly hair and she wore glasses. She sometimes wore a scarf with her outfits. She was a happy woman. For two school years, Mrs. Piper took the grade 5 and 6 classes she taught through a journey of Aboriginal studies. Sometimes she read aloud to us short novels for example authors like Farley Mowat *Never Cry Wolf* and other stories with native characters.

In social studies class we learned about the different tribes of native peoples, the fur trade, and the horrors of small pox disease. I remember how disturbed and angry I felt about the small pox wiping out many lives. I learned Indians no longer lived in wigwams or teepees. I thought what happened a long time ago to Indians was sad and I missed the connection to myself personally. I was the only native child in the whole school. I recall that nobody ever teased me about being Indian. We also took a memorable field trip to visit Sainte Marie Among the Huron’s in Georgian Bay. It was all amazing to me to see the simulation of an Indian village. It spoke to my spirit as I walked around the village and I kept all my excitement and thoughts to myself.

Mrs. Piper loved me dearly. I didn’t know it then like I understand her influence on me today. She would crush me into her chest everyday. At first I first reacted

with stiffness like a surf board whenever she grabbed me. I soon learned that hugs were a good thing. Mrs. Piper talked to me and I liked her, she engaged with all students equally and made us all laugh.

One day Mrs. Piper gifted me with two very beautiful native beaded necklaces. I liked the texture of the soft leather. I enjoyed the smoky smell of the leather and all the colorful beadwork. I was astonished and at the same time quite nervous to accept them from her. I kept them guarded in secret from my family for a few days. I felt too uncomfortable with having to hide them and only wearing them at school. I wanted to be happy openly by wearing them for myself and for Mrs. Piper. One day after school was over I showed my necklaces to the family. The reaction was of course predictable. I was interrogated with questions: "Where did you get those? Why? Did you steal them?" "I should give them back wherever I got them." I insisted they were present from Mrs. Piper.

I felt relieved to bring these beautiful necklaces out into the light. Afterwards I hung the necklaces in my bedroom with pride and joy. Every chance that I could get a minute to myself I would hold them and look at them and admire them and wear them for a while in secret and then I'd have to put them back on my dresser. One day after school I was shocked my necklaces mysteriously disappeared. I asked my sister what did she do with them, and she denied hiding

them or taking them. I quickly realized the only other possibility. It was no mystery who else might have taken them—my mother. I felt betrayed but I said nothing and stuffed all my feelings away. I never ever saw my beautiful necklaces again.

My personality was like an open book about my school, friends and my whole life in general mostly to my adoptive mother. I shared all my happiness and enthusiasm about the teachings about native studies. Both my parents finally heard enough of my sharing of the social studies and all the excitement. One night as I was cleaning up the supper table, my parents assassinated with words Mrs. Piper's nice character which deeply hurt my spirit and heart. My parents declared that Mrs. Piper was just an old windbag and that she knew nothing about Indians.

My parents set things straight with me that all Indians were nothing but a bunch of alcoholics, lazy, liars, and they only cared about a getting welfare check and were lying around drunk in ditches. I daringly spoke my mind. "That's not true, I don't believe you, I don't think that they're all drunks etc. Then, one of them remarked "Indians should get off their lazy asses and get jobs like everyone else." It seemed fruitless to persuade them that they were wrong, I was about 12 or 13 years of age. I fell into silence, sadness and something within me let go. From that day forward I never wanted to be an Indian.

Author Bio:



Angela Ashawasegai

I am 44, single mother, Ojibway, from Henvey Inlet First Nations. I have three children. I am a resistant, resilient and strong beautiful aboriginal woman. Here is a piece of writing from me, my life experience as a sixties scoop survivor. I hope it gives hope to others of the sixties scoop who feel alone. You're not alone. I suffered and I am here to share my story to help others in their healing journey.

I am still recovering from post-traumatic stresses. It's not easy, but I endeavor to heal the wounds. I take life one day at a time. No matter how bad the odds are against you, you can still shine and become beautiful inside and outside.

I want all of us native people to see ourselves as strong and creative, free human beings who have risen above all the oppressions of racism and sexism to heal the hoop, the circle of life.



Heart of Resiliency

Angela Ashawasegai (Henvey Inlet)

I live off-reserve and always have. I live in Ottawa, Ontario. I moved here more than 22 years ago to escape the problem of poverty and homelessness. I began a common-law relationship with a high tech man, which lasted 10 years and I had 3 children. Their father is non-Aboriginal and I am full status. I have found it extremely hard to survive with undiagnosed post traumatic stress disorder and having no sense of knowing who I am or where I'm going.

When I first arrived to Ottawa it took a while for me to discover the Aboriginal community. Over 22 years, I have dropped in and out of the community. It didn't help that I lived a far commute to the Aboriginal community centers of Ottawa. It was always a stretch for me to attend socials, events and ceremonies.

I've always felt a complete sense of disconnection with Aboriginal people. I was different. I didn't have their walk or talk. I was adopted into a white middle class family during the 60's 'scoop'. I didn't feel that I fit or belonged as part of white society either. My skin color and facial features point out the obvious that I'm not white – I am a full blood aboriginal person. I wanted to belong somewhere but I was lost between two worlds.

However I was happy that the majority of non-native people I encountered could not guess my ancestry. I was often pegged as exotic. Some thought I was Spanish, others thought I was Greek, or even Polynesian. This unknowingness of my ethnicity worked for me, especially during the span of time in my life when I didn't want to be Aboriginal. I felt so ashamed of being Aboriginal. It may have something to do with my adoptive family humiliating me by referring to me as a "savage" or "squaw".

I soon discovered Aboriginal spirituality and people who practiced sweat lodges, pipe ceremonies. This was the beginning of my healing journey to un-

do all the effects of my colonization experience.

The effects of colonization devastated me over and over. Not only have I had to deal with my identity crisis as an Aboriginal person, I am still haunted by my birth mother's unresolved murder. I am learning to accept and make peace with such a painful loss. I found my birth family in my early twenties. My highs of meeting family soon faded by learning how all my family suffered dysfunctional lives. For a short span of time I became close to one of my aunts who shared all the family's tragic history. I made trips to Toronto as much as possible to be with my off-reserve aunt, sister and cousin. I learned that all my aunts and uncles attended residential school.

The part of my life that hurts the most is that I have no heart connection with my biological family. It's as though colonization's mission was completed successfully with regards to my life. I have no relationship with my biological family who live on or off reserve. I have not seen my sister in 15 years, she lives in Toronto. I have other biological siblings who also went through the adoption scoop, and we are not in touch with each other.

How do I feel about my colonization experience? It hurts so much but what can I do but move forward, hope for a time when we all spiritually grow together and act as ONE. Forgiveness is a powerful medicine. I like the famous popular quote, "what does not kill you will only make you stronger". I have resilience. I have determination. I have courage. I have power. I have a voice now. I pray for a day that we can all know we are all divine, part of the Great Spirit and we're all in the driver's seat of our destiny. Nobody is perfect, we are all heart, open it and let yourself be who you are.

I am considered a role model in the Ottawa Aboriginal community and I am becoming more successful in life. I feel like my star is finally rising – at last.

I am the child,
 I am the one in front of you,
 You, the monster, telling me that I am no good,
 I am not good enough for your world and your greed

I am the child,
 I am the one who watches you,
 You, robots from a government who want nothing more
 than the total destruction of my People, my Families, my
 own flesh and blood

I am the child,
 What message does all this convey to me?
 What am I supposed to think of who I am and where I
 come from?
 What do you suppose I feel when I see you standing in
 front of me in riot gear?
 This tells me what you think of me, my People, my Ways,
 my Sacred Earth
 This suggests to me that I should be ashamed of who I am
 because I am 'going to jail'

But this cannot be
 I may be young
 but I know who I am
 I know my Great Family
 I know All My Relations

If there was no purpose for us
 the Creator would not have made us.

So, with this in mind, I say to you:

"I think you are scared
 I think you 'have only orders'
 I think 'you are only brainwashed'
 I think you, the soldier
 Is more afraid than I

I am not ashamed of who I am
 I sit here cross-legged
 in front of you
 until you come like a freight train
 and force all of us back
 so you can have it all

So you can have all the Land
 and have us gone like the wind

so sad
 so sad



I Am The Child

Image: Claudia D. Hernández (Mayan)

so sad for us, the children.
 Shame on you and your 'system'..."

I say:
 "Shame on those of us who allow
 this sort of 'uncivilized behaviour'
 Tell me, who are the savages now?

To those who do this,
 to those who are capable of creating this monster,
 to those (non-Natives) who come from a system
 that allows what I see (in this picture) to happen
 to the future Heart and Soul of this Land
 to those of you I say:

Shame on you all

The Children will never forget
 and YOU are responsible from here on in
 for another generation of hate, war and bloodshed
 if there will be any.

Chicago Ojibwe College Graduate - Robert Miller

Poem by Dorene Wiese, Enrolled White Earth Ojibwe

One day a few months before graduating from EIU-
Medicine Shield
Robert told us his story

While spending cold Chicago days and nights under
Wacker Drive
Among the card board houses and the Indian pints
passed around
Hoppie looked at Robert and said just four words,
"you don't belong here."

Hoppie was right
Top GPA
Alpha Sigma Lambda Society Member
Student Mentor
Anawim Volunteer

The picture of you in your bright blue graduation
gown
Shakes my core
Butch says you call to us from the other side
To encourage
I say I do not hear you..
I do...but my sadness..my disappointment...my
devastation cries louder

That you would pass just three months after that
glorious day
When your joy radiated our world
Causes me to doubt my path
And for a moment in silence I stop -unsure

Then the weekend comes and the student laughter
fills our classroom
And the smell of bacon and eggs surrounds us
The teacher begins and the student's thoughts wander
For a moment, we see you there, we hear your voice,
we catch your smile
Yes, you are still there with us

for gavin

Poem by Dorene Wiese, Enrolled White Earth Ojibwe

i cried for Chee Chee
i will cry for you too

and cry for gangly unsure twenty
three year old

goddamned beautiful young men so
goddamned full of promise

who will never hear our love
tho i can give nothing but eyefuls of salt
water

i love you oceans full.



Never Say Never

Arlene Bowman (Diné')

Arlene Bowman (Diné')



Leela looks out the window of her modern dance class, watching people walk by on the street below until the teacher says: "Come on, let's start." Then, the dance students begin the exercise of modern dance positions on the floor in first, second, third, fourth and fifth, practicing an Afro dance, cha, cha, cha and combinations across the floor with two people. The rest of the time, the dancers improvise dances from her directions, practicing for the final performance.

Even though these women and a guy aren't professional dancers, their choreography looks great. She has seen a lot of dance in her sixty two year life: jazz, ballet, salsa, street dances: hip hop, the social dances viewed on television in the sixties and seventies

as "American Bandstand, Where the Action Is," and in different cities she's lived in such as "Soul Train" in Los Angeles.

Mesmerized by dancers in the clubs. Once, at Los Angeles Community College in 1986, she saw some eighteen year old Afro kids practicing dance steps. White kids never danced like that. These Afro youth looked so cool, she could have watched them all day. Now she loves to watch "Dancing with the Stars" and "So You Think You Can Dance", her favorite escapist television.

Leela took ballet and jazz sometimes twice a week for three months at the university in 1965. She taught

herself the Pow Wow dances. At fourteen, she wanted to be a dancer. In a way, Leela never stopped taking dance classes, never stopped dancing.

Dance gives meaning and depth where other parts of her life don't. She travels far from Surrey into Vancouver to dance. On the day of the class, she wakes up 6am, leaves at 8ish, bikes 45 minutes to the nearest skytrain station, then gets off at Main Street. Then bikes five minutes again to the dance class. If it snows, she cancels.

For the longest time, she wanted to start an Indigenous Woman Filmmakers' Conference. She's a Dine' filmmaker with an uncommercial, un-Spielberg style. Ideas churn in her head for another short drama about an Indigenous woman. When ideas strike she writes them in a small note book.

Leela is low income now and an artist has to have money to pay for raw stock, camera or audio rental, supplies, actors or participants and even the bus fare. Like so many artist types, she writes grants to fund video projects. In the last video project, she wrote the grant herself, which was funded. She learned great lessons the hard way never to repeat.

Every Wednesday morning to the dance class, she looks out the skytrain window and sees dark

gray skies. Cold and rainy like yesterday. Spring is colder this year. Cold summer too? Evergreens and the Lions slide by, the largest mountains among a few white, capped, snow covered peaks. Her people, the Dine', in Arizona and New Mexico speak the same Athapaskan language as some Dene First Nations in Canada. She is Indigenous from the Southern Arizona.

The Main Street station approaches. She puts on sweaters, a down coat, lifts a backpack onto her shoulders. The doors open. She walks the bike onto an elevator and emerges onto the street. Quick as she can, she bikes to the dance class.

She remembers the red buttes, cactus, hot weather and scenery foreign to this place, images she sees now only on television commercials.

"I miss home, the homes where I come from, the homes where I stayed, Phoenix, Arizona and Los Angeles. To sit on a beach where the sun shines so hot on my skin, with a blue sky like I saw in Mexico where the Seri people live." She wishes for a home not visited in eight years. It's a long time.

When she first arrived in Vancouver, her point-of-view was, "I got to get away from Arizona." Strange. Never say never.

Arlene Bowman is a Dine' filmmaker who promotes her current mini digital videos **ILLEGAL ANGER**, 4 minutes and **THE GRAFFITI**, 30 minutes. Literally she wore many hats to make the experimental drama, **THE GRAFFITI**. Other major films/videos include: 86' **THE NAVAJO TALKING PICTURE**, 94' **SONG JOURNEY** and 94' **WOMEN AND MEN ARE GOOD DANCERS**.

Primarily she is filmmaker but she a multi-artist, too: sing-plays the open mike, shoots still photographs, and dances the modern dance.

Aspires to create a conference for Indigenous women filmmakers, a non-profit organization for Indigenous and low-come filmmakers in the future. Also, she wants to make a feature drama.

Illegal Anger video - <http://www.vimeo.com/25438097>

Graffiti video - <http://thegraffitigraffito.blogspot.com/>

My blog - <http://visualeye.wordpress.com>



Author Bio:

Arlene Bowman

EL BOCADO

Sabía que me alcanzaría. Corrí con todas mis fuerzas. Sentí desmayar los muslos de mis piernas de las fuerzas que les arranqué sin aviso alguno. Mis rodillas trastrabiaban del pavor que me producía el gáñido de su hocico. Sentía, imaginaba que me cazaba la espalda, las nalgas, las pantorrillas, los tobillos. No quise voltear hacia atrás. No quería encararme con el monstruo. Yo tuve la culpa. Yo lo cuqué. Yo lo busqué. Mi abuelita siempre me prevenía cuando me decía, "Con los perros no se juega". Pero nunca le quise hacer ningún caso.

Esa mañana lo ví enfrente de mi casa. La rondaba como que si algo buscaba. Yo le observaba disimuladamente desde una distancia, muy comodamente subida en el pretíl que se encontraba adosado a mi habitación. Nunca conecté la mirada con él. Le tenía miedo. Siempre le tuve miedo. Pero ese día, decidida, motada en el pretíl, lo acocé. Traté de intimidarlo por primera vez. Mi mirada lo penetraba

y tál como lo planié, llamé su atención. Se fijó en mí y ya no fué capáz de desprenderme su mirada, su mirada triztona, solitaria y muerta de hambre. Yo, encaramada en el pretíl me sentía invencible. El se acomodó en la banqueta, echandose al suelo como el perro que era. Me desafiaba, sabía que eventualmente me tendría que bajar del pretíl y que sería toda suya. Pase unas cuantas horas planeando mi huida. Pensaba que como yá estaba viejo y cansado se daría por vencido, me dejaría ir. Aun así, cansado y viejo, no pegó ni un parpado. Se encaprichó conmigo.

En ese tiempo yo me creía astuta, ágil, y con una energía que nadie podía alcanzar o apagar. No sé de donde saqué el valor para descender del pretíl. Me hice resvaladita como una vívora pero no sin antes cometer la estupidez mas grande de mi vida. Le arrojé una canica para despistarlo y tálvez asustarlo. Esta fué la peor invitación que le pude brindar. Me demostró su agresividad con sus gruñidos retumbantes. Ya no me quedó de otra que salir corriendo como toda una cobarde. Ya no tuve tiempo para arrepentirme o retroceder.

Corrí, y grité. Corrí como nunca antes lo había hecho. Grité como una maniática empedernida. Me alcanzó y no tuvo piedad de mí. Penetró sus colmillos en mí sin ninguna compación. Solo con eso se satisfació y me dejó en paz. Yo sangré y desmayé. Mi abuelita vino a mi rescate y me sanó la mordida. Yo le perdoné porque muy adentro de mí sabía que yo había empezado todo el lío. La que nunca lo perdonó fué mi abuelita. Al siguiente día preparo un bocadillo repletito de chayos, especialmente para él. El pobre animal muerto de hambre se comió el bocado sin ninguna malicia. Ni siquiera lo masticó, se lo hizo tragado sin saborearlo. Al siguiente día amaneció tieso, la tristeza y la soledad tambien lo habian abandonado. Y yo, a los siete años

lloré por primera vez por un perro que ni siquiera fué mio.

Claudia D. Hernández
(Mayan)

4 de febrero del 2011



Ella

by Claudia D. Hernández (Mayan)

Ella se desgarrar / se desangra / se revienta
Ella te alumbra y por fin sales de su ser

Desvelada te amamanta

No resonga / no hay espacio
no le queda tiempo
para lamentar ni reprochar

Siempre calla / siempre aguanta
con tal de no estallar

Curtida ella misma se rechaza

Desahuciada y expulsada se da la espalda
ya que supuestamente a su sér deberá
desamparar / extirpar/ arrancar
dejar atras

Ella te alienta / te instruye / te escucha
y con el tiempo te ayuda a sazonar

Cuando llegas a tu punto ella se permite regresar
a lo que fué / a lo que es / y a lo que será

Aunque con el tiempo
se marchitó / se desgastó / se envejeció

Muy adentro, en lo mas recóndito de su alma
nunca dejó de ser grandiosa ya que intuitivamente
conservó y se aferró a su esencia de mujer y se
permitió
volver a renacer



C.D. Hernández



For All Her Fish Bones And Tea

By jidamókwe

Image: Claudia D. Hernández

what is writing if not catharsis,
the first coughs of life following deadening silence.

your mother's salt fish
tears and other fluids
your father's absence

these are stories wrung from the hardened wrists and set
lips
of sturdy skirted women without the time to write things
down.

their children grew in hybrid sanctuary
till they reached the world
discovering only too late the sanctity, the survival

how words on a chilled night feed the bones
mend like puckered skin sewn up with fish line.

the languages of poverty and freedom
the coming home of all beings to be

fish bones strung out on lines
skins hung on porches, stretched out like crucified

bunches of flowers hanging on tensed lines
above a black woodstove where tea
was a permanent fixture and the door never stayed
shut for long, where it smelled like
all the things you miss when you're alone

all these things you wish you missed
more than the acute recall of ten thousand
jarring traumas (your father's fist, a long cold night alone)

the groaning of bones, of women labouring in birth
labouring in grief, the heart breaking labour of wrenching
tears
the heaving of shuddering pasts what was once
unnamed,
the giving of voice.

bone deep knowledge of labour, work past the definition of
work
like the blood-close kinship of survival, close as
fingers jointed to knuckle, to muscle, to flesh, to earth
that held the spread of my hands as i am pushed,
pushed
as i see my red red blood on this red red earth.

Kalolin



Photo: Claudia D. Hernandez (Mayan)

Eva Apuk jij (Mouse Clan) Msit No'kmaq

Aged Fine with time, her ways, her own,
Eldest of We'koqmaq, Kalolin, our Queen
Our Wabanaki Princess
Her smile so warm, her talk like song.
L'nu we see, speak your mother tongue, she would say
As we weave away
Sip our tea and nibble on fresh biscuits
Spread with homemade Jelly
She teaches. She's Patient.
Sometimes, she shares history
Other times, kind Lessons
She reminds, every basket unique and distinct
Original, never the same
We share stories. We smile
Brown wrinkled hands so strong
We pull Lipkite'knapi ash strips
With unique tools, Lapaso'kwon
Makes teeny strips. Seems simple and easy
Until I try, then I understand
The complexity. She's a master. Artisan. Linguist
Life experienced. Imagine the knowledge
Of her L'nu'ness still unknown to me
I'm the child, observing as she engineers the baskets
Weaves, designs. We braid sweet grass
Exchange new words. Many pass by
Too old for our understanding
Sometimes we ask, we repeat, we try

But we keep forgetting many, or twisting tongues
Some stick, many don't. Je Pe'skalamit.
She worries. She worries deeply about the tongue
We make jikijik. They are pretty and awarding
The snail like curls on the baskets. Sip more tea and biscuits
Inhale Auntie's Switte'l, what we call sweet grass
A scent always warmly welcomed
Comes with spirit, and always magnificent, diverse
Embrace the old traditional ways, speak our Mother Tongue
Honor our elders. Be Natural. Nature Na Nesta'wek
Good spirit is nature, Our elder says. It feels good
She praises our baskets. We honor her
The keeper of original L'nu ways.
Keep them well, for we need them for our children and their own
Her messages delivered between the lines
And Spirit, receive and Embrace.
Weave away
Kalolin - Caroline
Je Pe'skalamit - sigh or take a deep breath.
Nesta'wek- good head on their shoulders, naturally good
L'nu we see - To speak in mother tongue
Lipkite'knapi - basket strips
Lapaso'kwon - a tool with several blades used to cut the basket strips into several smaller strips
Msit No'kmaq - To all our relations, all of creation

The Discipline of the Good Mind

by Frieda Jean-Jacques (Onondaga Clanmother)

Submitted by Danielle Boissoneau

Thousands of years ago, at a time when our people were in the midst of wars and strife, the Peacemaker came and brought a message of love and peace. One of the gifts he brought to us at that time was the concept of the Good Mind.

I have gone through troubled times and during this I have asked the Creator to guide me, to help me find some answers. The Creator has led me to a better understanding of the Good Mind and what a practical tool it is, rather than just a description of someone's state of mind. I prefer to use the phrase "discipline of the Good Mind" to describe its usage. Here in this article I'd like to share this, so with Thanksgiving to the Creator, I'll proceed.

Each and everyone has many, many thoughts each day and we are responsible for each one. With discipline you can become aware of each thought, either letting it go - as in negative thoughts, steeped in anger or hurt - or enrich them - thoughts based on a loving purpose, the Good Mind.

Since thoughts provoke feelings we have with this discipline, a way of being responsible for our feelings as well. This is a very strenuous discipline, one that needs constant practice. Negative feelings are very powerful and can fog our ability to think clearly. If you search through your thoughts, you can find thoughts that feed you negative feelings. You can consciously work towards replacing negative thoughts with thoughts that are forgiving, accepting (not judgmental) and loving. You can effectively change your feelings. This can be very hard work, since you need to become willing to let go of old negative ideas and feelings. The result of this effort can be very rewarding when forgiveness can be given and warmth and compassion are allowed to grow.

Many people don't realize how many negative thoughts and feelings they have about themselves. Even if they know they are doing this, they don't realize the damage and injury it can cause them. Some may feel that it's okay to think these things as long as they are not hurting others. Since the Creator loves all of Creation, it is expected that we care and love ourselves as well as others and all creation. In the long run, negativity towards yourself hurts others. Negativity makes you less able to show love and compassion to others since you are having trouble loving yourself. By being kinder,

more loving towards yourself, you will allow love to grow and have more love to share with others and all Creation.

Since our actions stem from our thoughts, the discipline of the Good Mind has a direct effect on what we are doing with our lives. As our thoughts change towards more positive, loving thoughts, our actions will also change.



Photo: Nelson Chaske (Santee Dakota)
Rita (Huichol)

During the 'opening address', the Creator is given thanks for all of creation and we seek the Creator's guidance as we go about our lives. With the discipline of the Good Mind, we clear our minds and hearts to be open to the Creator's will. Thus our ancestors have been given a wonderful tool to help us grow more loving and in tune with the Creator's wishes. To become harmonious is to truly have the Power of the Good Mind.

I imagine a thousand years ago, it was second nature for mothers to guide their children's minds toward thinking with a Good Mind. Back then life was much simpler. It seems Creation has grown very complicated and it is difficult at times to see the Oneness in Creation, to appreciate its gifts and to walk with thanksgiving in our hearts. There is certainly much more to think about.

It has been said many times that change begins with the individual. If you want change to happen begin by changing yourself. The discipline of the Good Mind is a process everyone can use to help themselves change. With prayer, love and patience much can be accomplished.



Women's Ceremony is About Balance and Originated from the Traditional Matriarchal Way of Life

By Dianne W. Wanshing

Image: Claudia D. Fernández (Mayan)

Indigenous people throughout Turtle Island, known as the Americas, originally lived in matriarchal societies and held the Moon in high reverence by seeing everything in life revolving around the cycles of the Moon. However, since European contact, colonization with Christian values brought a patriarchal way of life and an imbalance to traditional existence. Shannon Buck says that, "What has happened today with our people is that our men have taken on

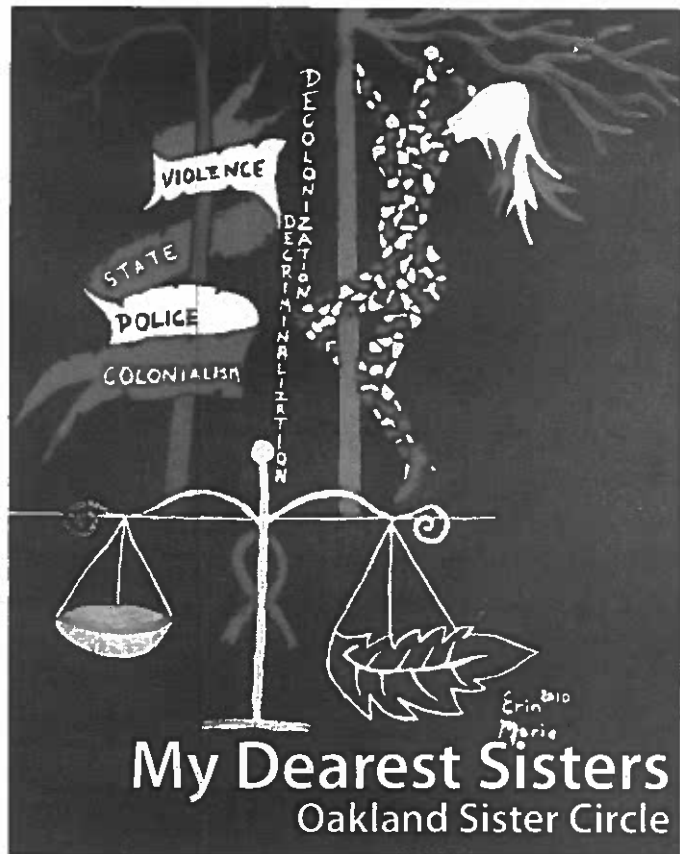
the traditional ceremonies to a patriarchal view." "The men's responsibility and role is to support the women, and it's because of the male Sun that the female Moon shines. It's about balance." Buck is an Ojibway-Métis woman from Portage la Prairie, MB, she works as the facilitator of the Red Road to Healing program at the West Central Women's Resource Centre in Winnipeg; and her other work involves traditional teaching and healing with women in the community of Winnipeg.

Nevertheless, Buck's views are far from feminist as she claims feminism indeed creates an imbalance in our society. As one of the things that troubles Buck about working in a women's centre, and refers to all women's centre in general, is that there is no balance. Because of the fact, men are not allowed inside of these centres. "It (the women's centres) loses its balance because no men are allowed, we need both sides. At the same time women need to be honoured." Buck holds a strong belief that we need both men and women to work together, although our non-traditional patriarchal society has made the men dominate over the women, as well as our own Native men having adopted the patriarchal values into the traditional ceremonies. "That has to do with Christianity, and their views on women and nature. Their practices are of patriarchy," she said. However, from Buck's perspective, there is a loss of understanding, meaning, and purpose to why women have the Full Moon ceremonies and women having a Moon time. It is the loss of traditional matriarchal values which distorted the values and beliefs of some of our people. "I don't believe that women should be ostracized on her Moon time, it perpetrates that a woman is bad or dirty." "I believe that women should not go into ceremonies, only full Moon, because they are already in ceremony; it would be hard on them because they are purifying." The church does not recognize the full Moon nor does it recognize a women's Moon time, with the Christian beliefs of some people, they have become "fearful of the Moon and a woman on her Moon time."

"They see the Full Moon ceremony as a witch's ceremony, an evil thing or a hen party," she says. In present times of patriarchy, the view is that, "female power is looked at as weak, when it was looked at as a gift; it was honoured and looked at as important." Traditionally, a women's menstrual cycle was seen as sacred, it is a gift given to the women. A time for the women to purify and heal physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually, said Buck. "We become more sensitive on our moon time, we cry a lot. We are letting go of things." The matriarchal way is the traditional way and it was the women who were the teachers, leaders, and the community depended on the women. In our traditional way it was the children in the centre, women, elders, and then the men outside of the circle protecting and providing. It has been six

years since Buck has faithfully attended and learned about the Full Moon ceremonies and teachings from her Midewiwin elder who is from Shoal Lake, ON.

She said that, "Everything I learned was taught to me by my elder and from my dreams. The first thing I do at ceremonies is acknowledge my elder who taught me." It has also been three years since Buck was instructed by her elder to lead and conduct the Full Moon ceremonies and to share this ceremony with other women for the purpose of healing. Though, Buck was fearful of acknowledging her gift and responsibility; her encouragement and support came from the women elders of the Two Suns Sun Dance Lodge and from her participation in Sun Dancing. "The Sun Dance gave me more confidence and my faith grew stronger in my gifts that I was given." She explains that when a man dominates a woman, she doesn't shine. However, a man who supports a woman, she shines. As the Moon shines when she is full from the support of her male partner, the Sun. Buck acknowledges and appreciates the encouragement she receives from the men in her life. "My Sun Dance elder says that the men wear skirts when they dance to honour the women. You know the saying, behind every great man is a good woman that saying could be reversed, behind every great woman is a good man. My husband always supports me and encourages me when I'm in doubt about myself. He makes me shine, he is my sun." The Full Moon ceremonies will no longer be in her backyard with her two daughters where she started, since there was an occurrence with the water, her Midewiwin elder advised her that it was time to take the ceremony out into the community. "The grandmothers acknowledged me to do the ceremonies with others, not to hide it in my backyard, and not to be afraid of sharing it." With the support of her husband, Buck has announced and invited women in the community to attend the Full Moon ceremony starting June 17/11, and with every full Moon of the month it will continue in the area of Libau, MB; she encourages all women to participate who are interested in healing with other women. Buck says that, it is vital we to go "back to the balance of male and female, the Moon is responsible for the water and sun is responsible for the fire, that is the balance of all life. We can not have more of the other, and these are the true traditional teachings." "Women need to start healing with the Moon, as everything in traditional life revolves around the Moon."



Inspired from all the broken women who carry strong cores.
my dearest sisters,

how are you?
i've been feeling you might be
needing me
your contrived bravado
your nonchalant descriptions
of your self-destruction
your rawness covered with so
much sawdust
you feel yourself made into wood
strong, wise, hard
hard enough to endure
hard enough to move pass pain
strong enough to brave the
windstorms of life

but sister, i see you.

i see your rawness as it is
i see it bleeding you out
i see your heart break into so
many pieces
each shard a sharp reminder
of blood spilled
heart broken
hope loss
spirit bankrupted
soul numbed

eyes that glaze over
like doughnuts
sweet by touch but heart attack
if ingested
it tells me hazy images of slaps, stripper poles,
grabby hands, dirty money and frozen friends in alleyways
heart beating outside your parent's house
still waiting for them to lock it safely away

your strength
our strength
to survive past
torn skin
black eyes
ripped vaginas
slaps
cold stares
g-strings
zoloft
beating hearts waiting
to be whole

let me
wipe
blow
shake
that sawdust off
let me kiss your wounds
bandage it with a million cries of freedom
let me pick up the shards of your heart
and glue it with redemption
etch hope and strength behind your ears
and whisper Sister, you are not alone.

Healing; Work in Progress



Warning: Those who are survivors of domestic or sexual violence may be triggered by this article

It is hard to bring myself to that place of honest reflection. My mind runs in circles trying to escape it, it dreams up fantasies and make-believes so that I don't have to admit it ever actually happened. Most days I fight real hard to forget it, fight to the point of exhaustion. Other days I think it wasn't so bad; I'll minimize it, brush it off or shove it down deep inside. Despite my efforts to evade the truth, eventually, I'm confronted with reality because the truth always has a way of rising to the surface. Memories can be haunting and violence is devastating, I've experienced it's trauma first hand, I walk with the deeper pain of knowing that I settled for a life that was grounded in fear, shame and inadequacy rather than that of self-love and dignity. I know that I will spend this lifetime and the next trying to heal from my wounded past.

Every man in my life has violated me. My father left before I was born, his best friend moved in on me and so did the next guy. My first love got his next door neighbor pregnant and my true love tore me down and left me broken, in a million shared pieces. I want to say that love has done me wrong. I'd love to place sole blame on my abusers for the role they played in our dysfunction, but I must take responsibility for my active participation – in efforts to move forward in a light that repairs the damage caused by my deep yearning to experience a love never had. In reflecting I'm forced to return to self and only today, can I do so from a place of personal accountability rather than blame. I've always been quick to tell myself that I should have done more, and sooner. I should have been smarter or stronger. As I play back the eight years spent with my son's father I'm bombarded by my own shortcomings, often so intensely that honest reflection is stunted, failing to

truly exist. Though I know the terror, manipulation and violence that took place in our relationship could never lay on my shoulders solely, these questions must be answered: how did I let a man beat me? how did I let him choke me until my nose bled? rip me out of the bed by my hair and pull me across the room or push me down a flight of stairs while I was carrying his child? This man, who claimed to love and protect me, used intimidation and beratement to mask the pain of an unresolved childhood and I often used that as an excuse for staying, allowing it to justify his reasons for keeping me awake all night with absurd questions and interrogations, or shaming me in public, controlling my wardrobe, friends and where-about. I stayed, obeyed and ultimately betrayed myself in the process in attempts to hold on to a warped and wounded co-dependency disguised as love.

These questions are difficult to ask myself, largely in part because they are so difficult to answer. I don't know how I allowed our relationship to get this out of control or how my definition of love got so distorted. For eight years I stayed with my son's father, hoping that the circumstances of our relationship would change and that he would magically realize the gift he had in me. We met in middle school and fell in love during our senior year of high school. He was brilliant, charming, future focused and different then the other boys I had known. I thought I found a love in him that I had been searching for and needing my entire life. Today I see that it was dependency and finally, am blessed to know it is the gift in my self I must realize, before ever expecting someone else to see the beauty I possess.

My community has always seen me as a strong woman but I've been fighting fear and inadequacy for a lifetime. As I reflect on my childhood I see that I was a prime target for a relationship riddled with disappointment, pain and inadequacies. It's safe to say that it started with my father; he has never hit me but he sure has hurt me. Until this day I'm searching for his love – he says he's there but I've only felt him from a distance. Through my relationship with my father, I have developed expectations from a partner that are minimal, expectations that have always set me as the lowest priority despite the energy I contribute. In my defense, my son's father's anger snuck up on me; his manipulation had me in denial. Leaving that situation was difficult but the most empowering step I have ever taken.

Like an addict, I accept that the first step in recovery is acknowledging there is a problem, but it's harder to do than you think. It took everything I had to leave that man. Three years later I found myself pushing up against the same situations with the next man. We'd been through a lot, seen some really good times and made it out the fire, so I thought. Then it started to happen, all over again and just like before. This time it took me 4 years to catch wind of his game, not eight like the last. I put my foot down and left but not out of love for myself, I left out of love for my child. I refuse to subject my little one to the terror, helplessness and pain of witnessing domestic violence, though I fear the damage has already been done. As he steps out of the door, he is saturated in violence, he knows it is a reality but I will be damned if I continue to teach him it is acceptable or something he has to live with in his own home. As I raise my little man to walk this world in a direction different than his father, I must peel away my own layers of denial and look closely at the core issues which allowed me to subject both of us to that pain and I must do it in a manner that imparts upon him, my lessons learned. I am finding this to be an extremely difficult task largely due to the fact that his relationship with his father is crucial in forming his own identity as a man, son, friend, lover, partner and agent of change.

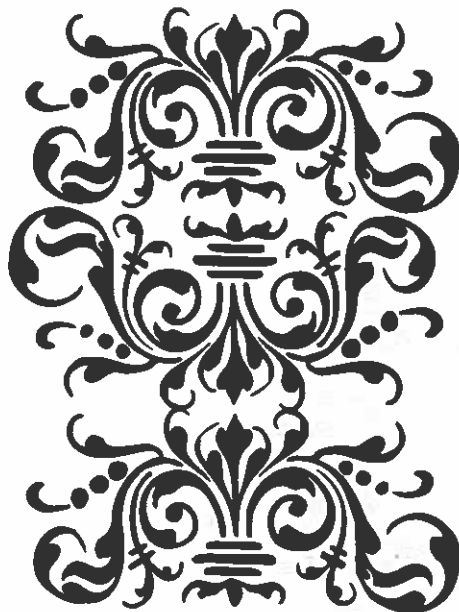
The probability that my own son will grow up with experiences similar to mine is likely, if not guaranteed. It is true that I have held a gun. I have buried friends. I have watched girls and guys get beat down in front of me. I've seen the body of a nineteen year-old boy covered in yellow tarp, feet poking out, saturated in a pool of blood.

I've also fought against oppressive violence inflicted upon my people. I've organized against injustice. I've walked out of school. I've rallied with thousands, taken over buildings and marched against wars, against unjust killings of the innocent and silenced. I am an educator. My work is an act of resistance and there is no way I can fully embrace this work without transferring the same dedication and commitment to my personal life and the standards I set for my own existence.

Violence is real, it is pounding out our eardrums and falling against our feet. Violence is everywhere and I have experienced it in some of the worst ways. When reflecting upon my life, the most difficult to swallow is coming to terms with the violence I have inflicted upon myself. I am forced to realize the role I played in allowing violence to seep through the cracks of my own life and settle there for years.

Healing is on the Horizon. Healing means turning off the voices that tell me I'm not good enough, the voices that wish for a prettier face and a body free from excess weight, the voices that convince me I am worth less and should settle for it. This is my journey and I am committed to liberation.

Oakland Women's Circle



nishnaabe:kwe

n your breath
wild rice, salmon and three sister
soup
calling me home

n your hair
smokey sweetgrass, cedar and sage
leading me home

n your skin
re lakes, rivers, creeks and oceans
ringing me home

nishnawbe:kwe
our beauty is the rising sun
our strength is the moving rocks
our laugh is the wind in the trees

nishnawbe:kwe
celebrate you.

dedicated to all life-givers.
remember who you are and celebrate
who you are as women. may you
all be protected, celebrated and
remembered.

reserve X unknown

small pox, tb, white sugar
english, flour, bad haircuts
and residential school

buffalo

wiped from the earth

Because it fed and clothed a
nation

clear-cutting
make way for foreign
agriculture
cows replace buffalo
wheat instead of corn, beans
and squash
white rice vs. manomin

eagles
trapped and killed
for feathers and bald heads
to the point of extinction
they r.i.p. on every green back

this shared history

a legacy

imprinted in my memory
i know my way home
up the rapids
across the plains
to wild rice shores
and blueberry fields

today

i remember things
you used to say

like i couldn't live
without you

in fact,
i couldn't live
with you

and today,
i am
living
thriving
without you

and tomorrow
my heart
will beat
stronger
harder
like never before

because
i know
today
i am
free

vera wabegijig:

vera wabegijig is a nishnaabe writer, media artist and mother. she believes in the freedom of spirit and in the collectivity of people. she envisions a world where all people will unite and alliances will form so that our world, our water, our future will be protected.



vera wabegijig (nisnaabe)

we were grass

(jdamókwe)

we were grass
we were
more than grass

we were rivers
we were stones by the water
we were tall trees at night
we were under the land,
we were above the stars

like our son's turning journey
in the Milky Way, becoming

we have become who we were,
to become who we are, i believe
in love at first (re)sight, this life,
anyway. at first sight of you,

my heart leaped as with an old friend,
your lips had been waiting for mine,
not because i was a new love,
but because i was a very, very old love.

we were grass
we were our ancestors
we were faces in the ground
we were, we were once here
we did not come to new places,
only revisited old homelands of
love, blood, dance, long nights

that one blue night, you slept and i,
i saw these worlds bend into one shape
surrounding every tree, every piece of sky
i felt the circles gather again around us
you sleeping, i awake and dreaming,
these ceremonies became all we knew
and all we needed to know of ourselves

we were grass,
when you brushed my skin with grass
i felt time ripple back and knew
your skin brushed mine, long ago before
white skin, ships or english names existed

we were grass,
remember?
when we were grass, remember?

all this echoes in my touch
how can we not
call each other home?

for the one who will see his own dreams in these lines

we have loved in the small spaces
between rocks and hard places

and we are rock too, Stone. we are all made of stone.
bodies formed in stone: tibula, skull metatarsals.

come back Stone i have held in my arms
and i'll warm you in my hands
come back to my love and i'll sing you stone-songs

you took my hand
and drew me out from under a rock
i took your body into mine

i have breathed against your skin.

stone, i promise you i will not walk away first.
will we ever escape from the spaces
between rocks and hard places?

we have been thrown into orbit around a greater star,
don't be afraid to leap this time, strike back at the shadow.
pain is only pain when we resist. then it becomes torment.

other men pour their blood into death machines
and cry to me of their sacrifices—you are not like them.

you raise your fist against collusions with the enemy
and take back the streets, the land we still call home,
cut out the disease of colonization from our bodies and our streets—
cut open the systems that bleed us dry,
cut off the pipelines, highways, railroads
and i will stand with you.

you chased her through the streets
now she turns and faces you.
what will you do?

The Politics of Humility

AND THE

Power of Truth



**Kaikaikons
(Anishinabe,
Maang Dodem)**

I never belonged with the 'in-crowd'. Even trying my best to fit in, I've always seemed to find myself breaking all the rules of conformity. This is my rant on the politics of humility and the power of truth.

Disqualified for Somersaulting

When I was five years old, I entered a race in my community's fall fair. It was a race to see who was the fastest runner of all the age groups. The distance wasn't far for the five year olds, so I did somersaults all the way to the finish line and still

made it there before anyone else. I was disqualified because I didn't run. I won the race doing what I did but the judges wanted to make the others in the group who followed all the rules, feel better. That experience of being disqualified was the beginning of my relationship with humility and with not running with the rest of the crowd.

Running Around in (Traditional) Circles

In my teenage years, I found myself looking for my Anishinabe identity from people who were helping to revive our culture within our community. I found there (and still find) a lot of ego, belittlement and hypocrisy with the majority of people who preach the good red road. I acknowledge the few who walk their talk but the many more walking Egos made me choose to walk away from this crowd.

I chose to drink and off too and am still struggling to give it the final boot. I know alcohol contradicts who we are and bring out the worst in us. However, these same people who preach our teachings make it known to me than in some way I'm less Anishinabe than they are because sometimes, I stagger down the good red road. Most of the time, though these people have walked in my moccasins, they're now walking in the clouds having forgotten how it is to struggle.

I've found it's he or she with the most eagle feathers, who's been to more ceremonies, who knows who is related to who, who's in the lodge, who's a sundancer, peyote taker, sweatlodge maker, who's the best drum group, who's the best dancer—is what matters there, rather than who's actually walking and living our teachings. Most who do aren't loud or acting proud about it. It's just how they live.

So today I find myself practicing spirituality on my own because, like the fall fair race, I can't conform in order to compete for a place in the lodge among the spiritual elite. I think my alcoholism has actually helped me to remain humble and down to earth, even spiritually connected in these youthful years of mine. Maybe one day I'll become spiritually enlightened and join the club. But today is not a good day to die.

High School Daze

So we try and fit in with the 'in crowd' because

running alone can get really lonely at times. I found myself in high school getting high down the trail and missing a lot of school, immersed within the 'crew' and in with the in crowd until I couldn't conform to their expectations and they sold me out.

Something happened—we got pinched and someone within our group ratted one someone else for holding and of course, the blame got put on the only 'brown guy' within the circle. I got sold out by the in crowd, but I was being pushed out even before then because I didn't have wheels, didn't have enough weed and couldn't get into bars. I couldn't conform because I wasn't a privileged rich white boy. I'd meet up again with the privileged white kids in other circles later on.

Eventually, I just went back to running on my own and in the last years of high school, I became the student with highest grades in academic classes. The strictest and most elite teacher in our high school featured me (I hate to admit this) as an example of a well written academic among her preppy stuck up privileged white kids who were always the ones with the good marks. She would ask me to read my work to her students from other classes.

At our graduation, I was asked to sing an honor song with my hand drum. This was a big deal—native students weren't usually invited to participate in graduation ceremonies. My friend wanted to join me on the song and I accepted because he was native too, he was my bro. But he didn't know the song and didn't even practice with me beforehand. I felt like he was just up there to be tokenized and sure enough, he ruined the song because he didn't know it, song off beat and made up all the stuff he didn't know. I struggled to try and sing without getting thrown off. At that time, this was a really big deal to me and I was proud of my accomplishments as an academic, recognized, asked to participate in our graduation and representing our culture. It truly meant something to me to be up there singing this honor song, while for my bro, it was just a chance to get up and be singled out in tokenism. To the other grads, their parents, the teachers and staff, the song didn't matter because to them, it sounded 'first nations authentic'. The true spirit of the song wasn't invoked but that didn't matter. I just had to stand it to please everyone else. It had become a show off without explanation of the song's meaning, just another ethnic 'show'.

I learned a lot in those years and still struggle today with understanding humility, and with trying to please everyone and their expectations.

Is Your Face on the Books?

Facebook has become a very useful tool within our 'movements', uniting many of us. Recently, a Revolution across the pond in Egypt happened in a very harshly monitored environment. The people (and specifically the youth) in Egypt discussed very openly how, where, when and why to overthrow the dictatorship of their government. Facebook helped them to organize their Revolution. But many revolutions have come and unity prevailed before this 'useful tool' came along.

We fight for our freedom and our many platforms which allow us to enjoy 'freedom of speech' so why do some give into paranoia. We're being watched by the cops at protests, but that doesn't seem to stop people from getting out into the streets. We're careful but we're not afraid. At least if you tell me to take off my bandanna on the frontlines, then let me speak.

I have been warned here and there by some for sharing strategies on actions occurring on illegally occupied Indigenous territories. In the winter months, I've become quite the 'facebook activist' and have fallen victim to this craze of posting protest pictures and thoughts to please my own ego. And like my alcoholism,

eventually I'm gonna have to give up the facebook and the booze altogether. I've got an addictive personality and it's an addiction to 'me, me, me' and so I'm starting to go cold turkey.

Working with youth in the past month has helped remind me of my five year old self. I was once against the computer but this little somersaulting self has given me a swift kick in the ass, along with those who warn me that 'they're watching'. But I don't care if they be watching, I'll be returning to what I've always done. For the hip and paranoid in-crowd activists, I challenge you to do the same and live up to the spirit of your own ideologies.



*Tsal'alhmeec women and children
(Seton Lake) blockade the BC Rail
line in support of Oka, while an
RCMP officer looks on.
(Photo: commons.wikimedia.org)*

In Crowd's Too Crowded Anyway, Rather Be An Outcast

Anishinabek never had martyrs or messiahs. We had what anthropologists call 'trickster figures' which gave us teachings on how not to be. We had great people but never made religions to worship them. Being immersed within my culture in ceremonies, fishing, living off the land, fighting oppression and standing up to oppression has always been within my community and family. It runs in my blood.

My dad and my mom instilled traits in me like speaking up, fighting, having a big heart, being a provider and being independent.

I've always been and I'll keep on being passionate and active for the well being of the people, rights of earth and community. I don't call myself an activist, politician or whatever but have been called many things. I'll leave it up to other people what they want to call me. The one thing I can call myself is Kai Kai Kons, Anishinabe, Maang Doodum and a Friend..

In my journeys over the last few years, I've been meeting and organizing within various circles and groups who are of like mind. In the spirit of my teachings, my learning is enhanced by listening to the fascinating 'isms', 'ists' and 'tions' that help to diversify and expand this colonized rez boy's mind.

I also find that these solidarity groups and other allies of like mind are very reminiscent of high school 'daze' and I'm starting to feel some déjà vu seeing it all over again, the classism and the racism, the artificiality and the egos within these solidarity and activist circles. These ally groups who confess their position of 'underdog' and the 'voice of the oppressed' feel very much like the 'in crowd' of high school and many are the same privileged white kids I shared joints with back in the day.

I also find there's a lot of work besides protesting that groups could be doing to help fight the fight. There's a lot of energy put into rallies about rights, telling big corporations to stop their pollution and destruction but in between marches, occupations and

protests we are still plugged into the capitalist system, creating as much dependence as we create garbage. This is where I become disillusioned with most groups who are just about labels, names, image and ego.

I defended myself from some racists and sat in jail for assault two months ago. I didn't get any rallies or parades nor did I expect any. It's just a fact of life and many people experience this every day, we're just not activists so we don't get parades. Shoelaces might be handy. But we are not part of the in-crowd.

I've always fought and will die if I have to for my people, our rights and the earth. I'm not a criminal and don't have to act like one or walk around being paranoid all the time about who's watching me. My parents never told me to shut up. They encouraged me to have a voice so I speak freely.

As Anishinabe, we are not landless or without Sovereignty. We are not Canadian. When I speak freely, I feel that I am not compromising direct actions because as Sovereign Nations we have every right to protect everything within our jurisdiction without falling victim to paranoia. It's good to be wise but that doesn't come from a place of fear. It comes from knowing who you are and not being shaken from that by whatever challenge of the day rises against it. At the same time, I know the difference between compromising actions to ratting out and selling out as I was by the privileged 'in crowd' many times. I know what force the enemy has and I'm sure they know what force we have.

I was born with my identity reduced to a number categorizing me by race, watched and monitored by cops and CSIS. But a status card is only paper, so are files and so are their laws. The power of paper gets reduced real quick when it comes in touch with a spark, about as quick as pigs run when they come up against people who didn't show up to get a paper paycheque.

Unwritten truth is always stronger than lies, no matter how long the lies have been told or how great they may appear. I don't care about them. I only speak the truth. They have always been doing this to my people who choose to live this kind of life and we're still here, we're still strong and we're not going anywhere.

Cee Las The Art of Generosity

*"It's better
to give than
to receive"*

What does this phrase actually mean? "Giving" is a term of generosity, a kind of sacrifice of one's time, energy, work, money, etc. Someone could give many things to achieve generosity but sincere generosity can only be gained by not expecting anything in return for the gift. There's no bartering involved in sincere generosity. It is absolute sacrifice. What sincere generosity does give back to the giver without even a hint of expecting something back is something that can't be understood until it is experienced. The true benefit is hidden to those who don't practice sincere generosity.

No explanation of this benefit exists. You just have to experience it for yourself. This isn't a philosophy, ideology, concept or something easily practiced. We live in a world where the more we possess, the more (apparently) wealthy we become. This makes it difficult to swim against the mainstream.

The spiritual practice of sincere generosity can be mastered by anyone who is willing to give any thing, of any worth, to anyone. Of course there are many tasks easier (and some that are much harder) than giving without having an expectation of return. The measure of sacrifice determines how easy or how hard it is to give unconditionally.

Say I have five hundred dollars in my pocket and I give a panhandler one dollar, unconditionally expecting

nothing in return. (Although I've never thought to be paid back by a panhandler.) My sacrifice really wasn't all that hard. Yet if by some influence I gave this same panhandler my entire five hundred, and this was all the money I had to my name, it would mean more to me than just giving up one dollar. The more sacrifice we consciously accept, unconditionally, (regardless of what it is we're giving) the greater the achievement we attain in understanding the art of generosity.

No matter how much or how little we give, the greatest achievement within the art of generosity is the unconditionality of it. That is its greatest characteristic. Being unconditional about one's giving means that no need or want of our own can exist alongside it. Even giving the greatest gift with the greatest sacrifice doesn't carry the achievement of sincere generosity if there is any desire for recognition.

Yes, good deeds rarely go unrecognized and there's nothing wrong with that. But if we are being generous only to be recognized for it, then we are absolutely not giving unconditionally. If people want to recognize us anyway for whatever we may have done or are doing, that's fine. It's when we try and pull in recognition for ourselves in exchange for giving away, then we haven't accomplished any understanding of generosity. The people who have shown me the greatest amount of sincere generosity have never needed or wanted any recognition for the awesome things they give or have done for others.

There are many methods of unconditional giving. We don't have to wait for an occasion or a holiday, although

it can be true that most gifts given around those times aren't given unconditionally anyway. Point being, we can give at any time, anywhere and in kind of way.

Unusual or weird as it might sound, we can give to family and friends without them ever knowing it. Mail your mother, brother cousin, good friend, cousin, aunt, grandpa or whoever some cash or a gift. Be as discreet as possible. Don't even put a return address. Just let it be a mystery. They may need that extra cash at that particular moment. The gift you send might brighten their day a little. It doesn't matter. It's unconditional. If that idea's too creepy, just leave a nice card "from a relative who cares" and say nothing more.

If someone anonymous dropping off random gifts is still too much for them to handle, just reveal yourself. At least you tried! I know if I received some money in the mail with my name on it, I wouldn't be creeped out at all. I'd spend it immediately. If your gift gets lost in the mail by some odd luck, well, it doesn't matter because the gift was unconditional and there wasn't a need for recognition in the first place. Regardless, it's a sacrifice.

There's nothing wrong with giving something to someone who probably doesn't deserve it. Although that is a very difficult sacrifice, if the giving is unconditional then it doesn't matter how it's received. Who knows? They may learn something from the act itself.

Always try to give something (anything) to those who truly deserve it, whether they're a relative, friend or community person. Most of us have people around us who do great things and giving to these people benefits us all because it is well deserved.

One of the greatest gifts we can give is our time. A few times I've been stranded on the side of the road with a vehicle out of commission wondering if anyone was going to stop and help me. I've watched many people in their cars drive by, look directly at my despair and need of help and go right by, many times in my adult life. But I've never been more grateful to those who, for no reason, stop and offer me their help even through I've never seen them before in my life. Just being there for someone in a time of need, even when you have many important things to do—sacrificing it all to stay with them for as long as it takes. This is unconditional generosity at its finest.

One form of sincere generosity is to refuse, but this can be extremely sensitive because with some people, it's very disrespectful or rude to refuse what they are trying to give you. If we refuse to take from another out of being absolutely considerate of them going without, that shows sincere generosity. I was on the road once with my two brothers and we rented a hotel room with only two

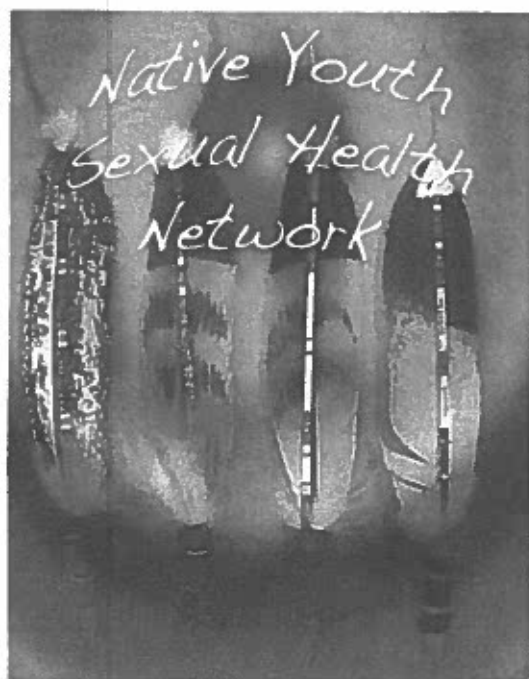
twin beds. He had paid for the room, but still insisted I take the bed. I insisted right back to him that I was fine with the floor. After it became clear that he wasn't going to take no for an answer, I eventually just took it. Even though he had paid for the room and definitely deserved the bed, he still refused to let me sleep on the floor and displayed sincere generosity. If you feel like you need to be first at everything in non-competitive situations, your humility factor is probably really low and the idea of giving to others unconditionally may not be part of your character. This has hindered the ability to have sincere generosity.

We can also be sincerely and unconditionally generous when it comes to taking something. Say you show up to a friend's or relative's house unexpectedly and they offer you something to eat because they're having dinner. Even if you just ate a huge meal just before you left home, you take the offer because it would be extremely disrespectful to them if you refuse. In Indigenous tribal traditions, refusing offers of hospitality when you're in someone's house is highly disrespectful and greatly frowned upon).

Greater acts of generosity are most likely given to those we are close to, because more of a sacrifice may be needed, say, in taking on a huge responsibility or burden that belongs to someone else, whether we're asked to or not. This kind of sacrifice isn't shown so much to strangers or surface relationships because of the amount of responsibility being taken on. For me, it would be really difficult to babysit my cousin's wife's sister's daughter so she and her boyfriend could take a five day cruise somewhere (not that my cousin's wife's sister would ask or expect that of me, hopefully) because it would mean a great sacrifice on my part. The point is we would show extreme generosity if we were willing to take on someone else's responsibility or burden, for them.

Some other methods of showing generosity:

- Over compensating
- Helping others for free
- Sharing unconditionally
- Being equally fair
- Free favors
- Being self-aware and considerate of others' feelings, property, livelihood, appreciation, work, dignity, opinions, innocence, and/or ignorance.
- Putting others first before self
- Not being an opportunist (where you are benefiting at the cost of others just because you can)



Strong. Indigenous.

***By and for Native youth,
because we're proud of our
culture!***

The Native Youth Sexual Health Network (NYSHN) is a North-America wide organization working on issues of healthy sexuality, cultural competency, youth empowerment, reproductive justice, and sex positivity by and for Native youth.

- We are a peer-based network of individuals, families, communities, and Aboriginal society at large
- Training, advocacy, program creation and direct youth engagement are our core duties
- Curriculum and resource development are ongoing

NYSHN works with Indigenous communities across the United States and Canada to advocate for and build strong, comprehensive, and culturally competent sexuality and reproductive health education programs in their own communities.

Get in touch with us!

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The Silent Corn Seed

In My Barrio (An Improvised Tune)



Photo: Claudia D Hernandez (Mayan)

para los Braceros

At tender dawn,
When the proud gallos
Begin to sing,
We rise like spring flowers,
And walk
To the hungry corn stalks
To cultivate the ancient
land.

We follow the river's bend,
To the land,
And cross ourselves,
Punctually,
Before entering
The rustling stalks.

The immortal ritual of
The sun's rays
Glaring
Down
On
Us:

Never fully conquers our
resilient backs.

The consistency of
The cool breeze,
Like the ox,
Reassures our
Arduous resolve,
And gently guides
Our calm
Along
The field's fluid
Atmospheric charm.

It is Sunday,
Today,
And tomorrow
Fall shall rise
In the silver thoughts of
Abuelo's
Humble sense of pride:

Mexico's strength,
He used to say,
Lies at the center of
The ancient universe,

In the heart of
The silent corn seed.

In my Barrio
An abuelita
Sits on a
Breezy porch
Knitting
An elaborate sweater
For a weekend
Baby shower

In my Barrio
A mural of
The Virgen de Guadalupe
Adorns a
Liquor store's
Outer wall
Where even
Gang graffiti
Doesn't dare
Disrespect

In my Barrio
A Chevy lowrider
Cruises through
The avenas
Equipped with
Shiny rims
And a blasting
Stereo system
That rattles
Every window
It slowly passes

In my Barrio
Primos play
A game of
Futbol in the park
Pausing only
To buy an
Ice cream
From the local
Palatero

In my Barrio
A mother pushes
A loaded
Shopping cart
Home
As her
Daughter
Hums an
Improvised tune
And tightly holds
Onto a balloon string

In my Barrio
You do not
Need to know
A single word
Of English
To survive
But it helps
To roll your
R's with estilo.

Jose Hernandez Diaz
(P'urhépecha)



BIO:

First-generation UC Berkeley Senior with a major in English. Poverty level, Mexican-American residing in Los Angeles, Ca. I have been published in ABCTales, La Bloga and in Bombay Gin.

N'gah Auttissokae

Kaikaikons
(Anishinabe, Maang Dodeem)

*"I call on the muses to be with
me, inspire me and guide me."*

N'gah Auttissokae was only to be said in the winter noons for our Anishinabe Peoples. Winter is a time when we gathered around our lodge fires and passed on sacred stories and the history of our people. By saying N'gah Auttissokae one was participating in an action that involved calling upon the spirit of the stories the muses, the inspiration.

So allow me to share some things that are sacred and invoke the muses, the inspiration. When I say N'gah Auttissokae. Like in the good old days, recently I have been inside spending my time learning the language with my dad, researching, developing proposals and logging, sharing my points of view which a minimal few have taken too personally.

I have been working on the organizing part of our "Warrior Movement" work which involves a lot of writing, decolonizing, healing and getting inspired for when the snow melts.

In one of our sacred stories we talk of the spirit of the whirlwind, "Baybemahsawsee" who teaches us the balance of life and not to take ourselves too seriously. In this time of reviving our Culture, Spirituality and decolonizing it seems some of us take ourselves too seriously. I like to poke fun, it helps remind myself and others who may need it, through my talents of song, voice and writing. Sometimes, truth hurts but it can heal as well if we remind ourselves about the balance of things and humble ourselves enough to laugh at our

shortcomings and take it as a learning opportunity.

As the snow falls from the sky, along with many dead birds in the first month of this New Year of 2011, I watch things around me also falling into place, coming back around again to our peoples' Prophecies. Many people are wondering why many various species are turning up dead, many are beginning to feel a growing paranoia about the end of times.

"They want to destroy our spirit. They want us to not understand our natural relationship to the earth and our relationship to our spirit. They want us to continue to give respect and validity to their forms of power... True power is natural. A blizzard is true natural power, a tornado and a hurricane and an earthquake. These things of natural power that come from earth are powers that man cannot control. The federal government does not want us to recognize that as people we carry this natural power within us."

-Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, Mi'kmaq Women Warrior

They should be sacred, and so begin preparing for this change that is about to occur. Like this season of snow, it's the same as with the people who are in charge of the world right now. We think of the snow as

being pure and clean, but if we think of the other side, it brings a period of sacrifice and death to all things. We Indigenous Peoples of the world have been in this season of death for many centuries—it is us who have been sacrificed.

Now it is time for the nation of people in charge and their lifestyles of capitalism to sacrifice—this is the change that is occurring. Our Seven Fire prophecies tell us of all the things that have happened up till now and as we enter the Eighth and final fire of an everlasting fire, we have the choice of where we want to go. A Fire of Destruction if we continue on this current path or a time of reawakening and rebirth, picking back up again things we left in the past so we can enter and live in an eternal fire of peace and everlasting spiritual grace.

We are coming to a time when the Indigenous People of the Globe rise up and teach our younger brothers who have destroyed the Earth how to live once again. This is also in the teachings of the Mayan Calendar. The Birds and other species are just an acknowledgment of what is to come.

The question remains: what road are you going to walk down? Are you willing to stand up and fight for the Earth or will you allow our younger brothers to take us down the path of destruction?

Are you going to continue to consume, live in your cities? And let the destruction continue? As I sit here learning moderation and endurance for what I need for what is coming, what I need to be doing to get ready for the fight, I am learning the spirit of the whirlwind: Balance.

So there are two sides to what is going on in

that the spirit of whirlwind "tornado" teaches us. These prophecies, dead birds, oil spills, earthquakes, environmental disasters (man made and natural) along with the economic recession, has two sides and we have the key letting us decide where we should go.

We can be fearful of what is to come or we can embrace in happiness the end of Capitalism and our suffering from its effects. Can you live without your Technology, McDonalds, Cars, Cities, Take Out and Money?

Are you ready to Fight for the Earth or are you ready to fall from the Sky?

Chi Miigwetch to the Muses and the Spirit of Whirlwind in helping me find my balance.

All My Relations,

This Hawk, This Bird has not fallen from the Sky.

We are...because

Creator, nibwaka mahingan n'dizhuikaz,
I seek wisdom and guidance through prayer,
For I am but a pebble in the stream of life,
Water flows over me continuously, wearing me down.
You have given me life, So that I may do... what?

I am weak, I am scared
And when I ask for help, you do not reply.
Creator, you provide gifts and lessons,
So that I may learn and understand
My reason for being...
But why?

You have allowed me to find my soul mate,
You have lent me your children,
To help me find and accept my role,
During my time on earth,
When am I to do it?

Creator, I think I am beginning to understand,
You provide to me when I do not need,
You challenge me when I am weak,
You offer sunshine after the rain,
You give me laughter after I have felt pain.

There is no why or what...there is no when or where,
only because,
Because of you, there is life,
Because things happen, we learn,
Because of rain, there are rainbows,
I am because of you,
We are, because...

John Henri Commanda (July 2010)

Photo: Indigenous Action Media





Nana'b'oozoo, the Original Story

My people the Anishinabe held Nana'b'oozoo, Original Man, our Teacher in so much regard that when we greet each other, we use his name (Boozhoo). Nana'b'oozoo was half spirit and half man sent by Creator to wander the Earth to name all things and to learn lessons clearing the path for his descendents, the Anishinabe. Nana'b'oozoo lived amongst our people from the time we were created until the coming of the Europeans. Our Elders say that Nana'b'oozoo left our people because we were turning our backs on him.

Before Colonial Policies were enforced on our people, we had a Nation to Nation relationship with the Europeans. When we began exchanging our lifestyles for their capitalistic values and became dependent on their products, that was the time when Nana'b'oozoo left our people. Lying down on the ground, he fell asleep and turned himself into an island to protect an underground silver mine and is still there sleeping on top of it, waiting for the people to awaken his spirit. You can see him sleeping from the shores of what's known in English as 'Thunder Bay, Ontario'.

We are in the time of the Seventh Fire Prophecy and are about to light the Eighth and final fire. We have a choice in the Eighth Fire in our prophecies. We can choose to destroy ourselves with the 'white' man's values and products, and the Earth will play a part in cleansing herself of the human race (which is now happening). Or we can return to our original instructions and light an everlasting Fire of Spiritual Balance working in harmony with the Earth. It is urgent that we awaken the Sleeping Giant that is the Anishinabek Nation, for the benefit of all the Earth's people.

My Story

My name is Kai Kai Kons (Young Hawk) of the Anishinabe Ojibway Nation. I am 26 years old and Bird Clan, which are recognized for our voice and leadership. My English name is Johnny Hawke and I reside on Chimnissing Anishinabe Territory, which

was named by colonial authorities as 'Beausoleil First Nation' or 'Christian Island'. We are located on the southern shores of Georgian Bay, two hours north of the city of Toronto.

As I become a man with increasing responsibilities, I want to write a few things down for the ones coming after us choosing to walk this path of Resistance and Resurgence. I want to share what I've seen with you this far in my own struggle and in my own life as an Anishinabe'inini, not as an ego trip, a how-to manual or as some kind of veteran. I'm pretty fresh myself. I just want to share some frustrations and barriers we need to watch out for, as Nations reclaiming our Sovereignty. If our young people are our future, then consider this article a living frustration from a young person trying to put our teachings into place and finding we ourselves are our own worst enemies.

I am a writer, musician, traditional dancer, painter, videographer and carver. Like everyone else, I have my faults and I'm no saint. I try my best to walk the way of Okijida, to have a "Big Heart" and to walk an Anishinabe way. I could make a comfortable life for myself participating in a capitalist society. But I chose instead to walk a path of Resistance and Resurgence, waking this Sleeping Giant up. Some may call this the Indigenous Resistance Movement, American Indian Movement, Native Youth Movement, Okijidaa, Activism or Warrior Society. However you're part of it, it is a global movement where people are waking up alongside an angry Earth Mother to cleanse and reclaim ourselves.

"Sometimes they have to kill us. They have to kill us, because they can't break our Spirit. We choose the Right to be who we are. We know the difference between the reality of freedom and the illusion of freedom."

- John Trudell Lakota Nation

Our Story

As we, the prophetic Seventh Generation, take back what was taken from us, we've found a melting pot of cultural knowledge, ceremonies and ideologies which



have muddled together to create a passive puddle of euphoric romanticism, a slight shadow of what we once used to be.

Most of the people muddying the waters are trying to attain status of some kind: medicine person, elder or sainthood. They look at hunters and warriors as degraded versions of a once-were role. There's little understanding of these traditional roles as anything beyond savage, 'militant threats' to their harmonious way of life. If we deny the role of the warrior to appease a contemporary political correctness then we are denying everything our ancestors did to make sure we are here today.

Compromising our own Nation's customs and rituals to accommodate this new age melting pot of traditionalism dilutes the very meaning of what we are trying to keep sacred and to awaken. Powwow and the openness of sharing our knowledge has become a competition for honorariums and prestige. Sacred Dances such as Sun Dance, Raindance, the role of Heyoka and our medicine societies are replaced by an intertribal exhibition called 'powwow' which creates the image that we are nothing but a powwowing culture. Our gatherings have become like reserves: postage stamp sized pieces of the whole, diverse and intimately known and understood territories they once were.

Powwow is a mishmash of culture that has become a pan-national image of us as peoples. While pan-Indian traditionalism creates a form of nationalism which can briefly unite us, it can also divide us. We don't know who comes into our communities and under what agendas. It creates a vacuum inside which any individual can make themselves a self-appointed chief, medicine person, warrior or clan member without proper protocol, ceremony or accreditation and into which the vulnerable can fall victim to such people.

This pan-Indian traditionalism creates an outlet for our people to share our culture with non-native (primarily 'white') society; they are free to establish a pan-Indian career. Ego, greed and manipulation of culture to suit individual needs are then created, in direct conflict with those teachings.

Conclusion

As I try to listen and live the wisdom of our teachings and historical agreements, hearing at the same time the empty words of INAC chiefs, the more I feel like Nana'b'oozo the Sleeping Giant, who our people see as a trickster and a fool.

As I listen to Indigenous politicians speak of Nation-to-Nation relationships with Canada and empty of Sovereignty rhetoric, I see no real action to back up their talk. When action is taken which backs up their words, they shun us as militant agitators for taking action on their own words.

When I go to the ceremonies of my people, I hear the preaching on love and acceptance and how we learn from the animals. I watch the bears loose in their territory and when they're provoked, they fight back and yet those same ceremonial Elders tell me to be quiet, that fighting back is not our way.

As I listen to rhetoric from my community to 'go and get educated' to help our community, I am faced with nepotism and social incest barriers. When I try and share my education and skills, I can't get employed. When I do it anyway for free, I'm denied the use of our community facilities and resources because I'm not a band employee or family member of those in power.

When I try and listen, put our teachings into practice I see our people so afraid to follow them. Out of frustration and in the isolating lack of like minded, committed people I turn to booze, then am told to look to an Anishinabe Kwe for understanding. Then still I'm denied that healing power of love from any Anishinabe Kwe because my frustration cancels out any possibility of being a Saint.

I am more than a fool and a trickster, so before I'm shunned away like Nana'b'oozo, I only ask for those ready to walk the talk to help awaken this Sleeping Giant.



In the days of Copper Woman
It was the tears of our ancestors
That gave life to the tribes that forged.

They say,
Now your tribal days are over
Where will your tribal council deliberate?
Who will jingle during the intertribal dance?

They were once slaves, before Africans were exploited
Babies stolen from their tribal descent
Much has been _____ through interpretation, misappropriation,
doing the civilized thing.

We say,
Tobacco offers the ties that bind us
A return to the old forests and a conscience of yesteryear
It was a time of honour and tradition until the Black Robe appeared.

There once was a matriarch, half this, half that and in various faces and sizes
There was once a time when they gathered in tribal circles, empowered by sacred vers
Now branded dependent by majority rule.

But back in the day, Tribes were like "Real People"
treasured, not measured,
by where we live today.

A pitted history hard to digest
It would make you sick to know
As little girls
Our tribal treasures are no longer shells from the beach
What will kill us is within arm's reach.

- Crystal Favel
(Cree/ Metis/ Irish)

Struggles with Solidarity

Kaikalkons (Anishinabe, Maang Dodem)

As an active young Anishinabe Sovereign and Indigenous Nationalist, I have worked with 'non-aboriginal' solidarity groups and individuals who sincerely want to help our struggle. I advise our people to use caution when working with our 'white' allies as history and experience have shown us that even the ones who are sincere tend to speak for us. They steal our thunder, profit off us and take credit.

I respect freedom of speech and am not dictating what others can and cannot say or do. This rant is just trying to acknowledge the difference between the birds of a feather which flock together as vultures to exploit our struggle.

Whether its in the arts, entertainment, legal, social, political or activist circles, the aboriginal industry is where the action's at and many non-native people have realized how this can be to their own advantage.

"I've never seen a sincere white man, not when it comes to helping black people. Usually things like this are done by white people to benefit themselves. The white man's primary interest is not to elevate the thinking of black people, or to waken black people, or white people either. The white man is interested in the black man only to the extent that the black man is of use to him. The white man's interest is to make money, to exploit."

— Malcolm X

Brother Malcolm suggests that 'white' people can

be a benefit to our struggle if they organize within their own communities to fix the racism and colonialism within their own society, which is what's causing so many of our problems.

Recently I was approached by a non-native person teaching aboriginal education in an alternate learning program at a Native Friendship Centre. The teacher knows nothing of our culture and asked me and other resource people to 'volunteer' in sharing some knowledge. This centre itself is also managed by a non-native. If we are to become Sovereign People once again, how long are we going to continue 'sharing' with non-natives and allowing them to profit off our poverty?

I was involved in a protest in Toronto in regards to the Olympics being held on Stolen Native Land. There were an estimated 500 solidarity activists but only 20 Indigenous activists visible. While I support them supporting our struggle, I tend to see a lot of egotistic attitudes within these groups and get a feeling that our struggles are just a 'phase' or the 'in thing' to do. However, I'm more thankful to these people than I am to the lawyers out there making millions off the land claims process and 'allies' infiltrating our native organizations and stealing the few job opportunities we have within our own communities. How can you 'help a starving aboriginal' by stealing his job?

I worked in unity with non-native people to stop a dump that would have contaminated our waters. It was

a common struggle so we all shared equal leadership and voice in struggling against the common enemies: the canadian governments and capitalism. There is so much difference between that and our 'white' allies only showing solidarity to exploit our causes for their own benefit.

INAC chiefs and chief organizations co-opt and assimilate themselves into the mainstream society's ideology of capitalism, the root cause of our oppression and exploitation. While doing this, they preach and profit from our cultural teachings, lands and resources, only to turn around and seek funding from the very root institutions which are destroying them.

Even our own profit off the misery of the families of women, while the missing are not found and the murdered find no justice. Warriors defending our territories are still being sent to jail without networks

of support for them when they're on the inside or when they get out. Our people die in third world conditions, continuing to suffer while cheques are cashed to fund Talk. Our practice of sovereignty is blocked by the racist idea that we must be tolerant while the experts (almost always white) speak, write and profit off of us.

"There can be no black-white unity until there is first some black unity.... We cannot think of uniting with others until after we have first united among ourselves. We cannot think of being acceptable to others until we have first proven acceptable to ourselves."

-El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz



Unity Shall Prevail.

there is no word for "freedom" in their language

i wanted to walk
as if this life was mine, instead
my life is lined by your
dis graces
dis joints

prison counts, end-of-months
welfare slips, status cards

halves quarters fractions numbers stats graphs

we are studied mapped and charted
we are a sliced diced pie chart
who never get no pie.

voiceover: "there is no word for 'freedom'
in their language--they are strange, strange aliens!"
(they must be savages)

why would there be a word for freedom
in a language where there are no prisons?

within your grey blurred promises
you paint white towers of money
outline white bungalows, take out
glossy whitebrown happy-face-ads
with oil rigs smiling in the background.
is this what you call freedom?

nobody here wants your oil rigs
we are the remakers and retakers
of everything you cannot name.

All Sell Outs Get the Hell Out

by Zig-Zag

The National Indian Brotherhood which is now known as the Assembly of First Nations (AFN) came from Grassroots beginnings of radical Indians but is now a Govt Funded Bureaucratic organization where only INAC Band Chiefs vote to elect a National Chief. It claims to be the national representative of Indigenous peoples across Canada, one that fights for our title & rights. In reality, it is a state-funded organization comprised of Indian Act band council chiefs, who act as neocolonial agents in the interests of government & corporations.

The Role of Collaborator Chiefs

Canada's control over Natives has taken many forms including police & military violence, churches, Residential Schools & Indian Agents. Today chiefs & councilors acting as collaborators have become a vital part of the colonial regime's ability to control Native peoples.

Colonialism always prefers to deal with collaborator chiefs, who can more effectively control their people than can direct government agencies. This is most often done by setting up puppet governments comprised of Native collaborators. The state gives its full support and recognizes only them as the legitimate representatives of the colonized. It is a common practice of colonial powers historically and in Asia, Africa & South America. It is sometimes referred to as neocolonialism.

These chiefs serve to pacify & confuse Natives appearing to fight for rights & title when in reality they are working right along with the government & corporations. Many are themselves politicians, businessmen and lawyers, who gain wealth, status & power from the colonial system. This involves acting as a legal agent (i.e., as a band council or political organization) on behalf of Natives, legalizing the theft & exploitation of our ancestral territories. By helping government impose its policies & strategies on Natives, these types of collaborators aid in the assimilation of their own people.

Assimilation of First Nations

In 1969, many chiefs & councilors opposed abolishing the Indian Act they helped mobilize thousands of Natives into struggle against the 'White Paper'. Today many claim it is an obstacle to economic development

and should be scrapped. Already bands have signed agreements that remove them from the authority of the Indian Act (i.e., self-government & modern-day treaties).

What's Changed?

Since the 1960s, tens of thousands of Natives have passed through colleges & universities. Many were trained in business, administration, or law, skills which were useful for their careers in the Indian Act system as chiefs, councilors, or clerks. During the same time, Indian Agents were phased out and control over local governance was transferred to the band council itself.

Today, band councils handle multi-million dollar budgets & are involved in many diverse businesses, including logging, fishing, mining, airlines, garbage dumps, oil & gas, etc. In many cases, they have entered into partnerships with transnational corporations. This development has only been possible through their assimilation into the colonial society (which they seek to perpetuate upon their own people). The assimilation of chiefs & councilors is not hard to see: business suits, golf tournaments, fancy hotels, etc. are all signs of corporate culture & reflect the real interests of the Aboriginal business elite. In order for them to achieve even greater wealth, status & power, they promote the assimilation of their own people into the capitalist economic system as slaves for the corporations.



Self-Government

Today band councils & their political organizations (i.e., the AFN, First Nations Summit, the Union of BC Indian Chiefs, etc.) are selling away our lands & resources as part of self-government or modern-day treaty negotiations. They are surrendering our rights & title through their constant erosion in these negotiations & agreements (which always recognize the ultimate power and authority of Canada, its provinces, and its constitution).

Portrayed as some form of sovereignty & nationhood, self-government is the exact opposite. It transforms band councils into municipal governments under provincial & federal control. Reserve lands become fee simple property that can be bought & sold

on the free market. As part of self-government, bands are expected to attain economic independence & the ability to raise their own revenue.

This is accomplished by giving them greater legal and economic capacity to sell or lease land, set up partnerships with corporations (i.e., logging, oil & gas, mining), exploit natural resources, impose taxation, etc.

All of this involves significant changes in legal codes & political administration. For this reason, new laws on First Nations governance, financial accountability, etc. are now being enacted, which are designed to facilitate the expansion of band councils to municipal governments. Sound familiar? It should. It's the same goal as the 1876 Indian Act and the 1969 White Paper: the legal, political & economic assimilation of Indigenous peoples into Canada. Some bands are already well advanced in their self-government deals, including the Nisga'a, Sechelt, Westbank, Nunavut, James Bay Cree & Inuit, as well as the Gwich'in & other Yukon bands.

Money and Economic Development

High levels of poverty, unemployment & social dysfunction among Indigenous peoples are used by the state corporations & the Aboriginal business elite to promote ever-greater corporate invasion of our territories under the guise of 'economic development'. The solution we are told is money. The more the better. But is that really true?

In Alberta during the 1970s, large deposits of oil & gas began to be exploited by energy corporations. In some cases, they made deals with Chiefs to drill on reserve lands, providing royalties to bands. By the early 1980s, some bands were receiving millions of dollars annually from the corporations.

Far from alleviating the problems in these communities this money served to create new problems. In Hobbema near Edmonton, a rash of suicides made this area known for having the country's highest suicide rates in the mid-80s. Drugs & alcoholism, division and internal violence increased; by the late 1990s, Hobbema was known for its gang violence, including robberies, drug dealing, assaults & killings.

"Clearly, economic development is not the solution."

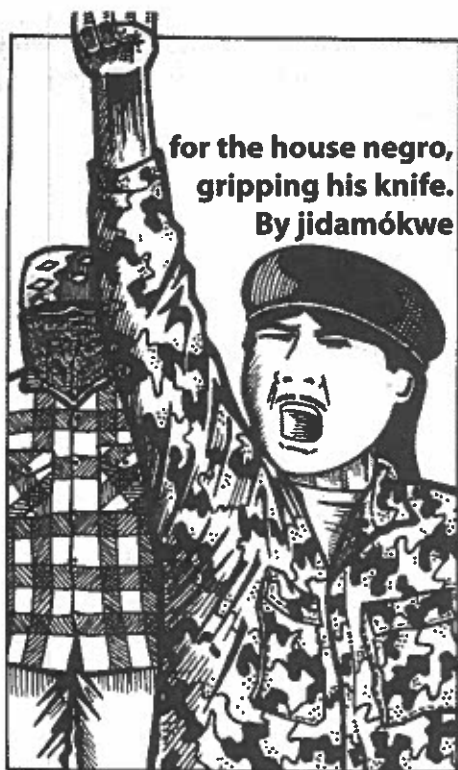
On the other hand, the Lubicon Cree in northern Alberta were, until the 1970s, largely self-sufficient. Some 80-90% of the community were self-reliant, relying largely on hunting, trapping & fishing.

This all changed in the '70s, when energy corporations built roads into the north & began operations. By the mid-80s, the Lubicon were 90% dependent on social assistance. They were unable to rely on traditional food gathering methods as most of the wildlife had been forced out of their hunting areas by industrial logging, oil & gas drilling, road-building, etc. They were also sick & dying, with high rates of disease & suicide.

Clearly, economic development is not the solution. Based largely on resource exploitation or some form of industrial activity, economic development always has a negative social & ecological impact. Money can't solve problems that don't arise from poverty. The severe social dysfunction affecting our communities is drug & alcohol abuse, suicide, imprisonment, disease, etc. It may be compounded by poverty, but are not simply the result of a lack of money. Instead they are the direct result of colonialism & genocide. This includes not only the Indian Act system & Residential Schools but also the ongoing dispossession of our ancestral lands & their destruction through economic development. These factors lead to loss of culture & identity, which contributes to social dysfunction & makes Natives vulnerable to assimilation.

In the context of colonialism, there are no legitimate representatives of our peoples on any regional, national or international level. The AFN & band councils are illegitimate entities existing only through the Indian Act and state funding, both of which are the result of colonization (a crime under international law). The main function of the AFN is to assist in developing & implementing government policies on a national level. Without groups such as the AFN Canada would have far greater difficulty organizing its colonial system. Without the band councils it would have far greater trouble maintaining its colonial system.





**for the house negro,
gripping his knife.
By jidamókwe**

Image: Zig Zag

when i stepped from the womb
the first lesson i learned was to
remain in place, not overstep my limits,

the second, don't cross the borders.
the third, don't ask question of the guards.
don't even question each other.

keep your head down.
lick the crumbs, thank the master.
don't strain on the leash, you might
break it, you might
hurt them if you pull. too. hard.

white skin is delicate and sensitive,
but her brown heart was born to suffer,
let her suffer, let her bleed,
break her spirit, break her teeth.

white people need our blood, our backs,
white people need us, can't you see?

white women need our savagery to free them,
white men need our labor to uplift them, need
our bodies for their temples, need our voices
to educate and teach them, then they will love us.

the first allegiance is always to whiteness,
the first allegiance is always to whiteness.

or i release this muscular tension
in all ways but one: sex, protest, dance, fight,

throw myself into any struggle
but the inevitable, against colonialism.

i took up every arm but the one
that holds my freedom, stripped off and
examined every layer that binds me,
but i cannot make my hands undo the last.

it is so painful, so close to the skin,
so close to my brown/white skin,
i see distances so well,
my body has become invisible.

"we must all do our part
to keep our place in line"
"they are our friends, we must keep them happy
or they will kill us. they are our friends."

bone deep, whispers the lion,
this is bone deep knowledge, this is how we
stayed alive amongst corpses, pile up the corpses
so they will not see the living.

i became an object, a weapon,
a trophy, a pet, a studied specimen.
never was such a loyal back walked upon,
never was a lion so dutifully caged.

in answer to the lie,
i answer with a lie. i save
my truth for us who live
in raw and ragged truths.

i free myself every night
when the sun goes down.

police, the soldiers marching,
flags flying, all say, all say,
not "stay where you are", but

"get ready"
"get ready"
"get ready"



Image: Zig Zag

"...The master's bedroom was wide open. The master's
bedroom was brilliantly lit, and the master was there, very
calm. ... and all of us stopped ... he was the master ... I
entered. It's you, he said, very calmly ... It was me, it was
indeed me, I told him, the good slave, the faithful slave, and
suddenly my eyes were two cockroaches frightened on a rainy
day ... I struck, the blood spurted: it is the only baptism that
today I remember."

-Aime Cesaire "And the dogs were silent" in *Lyric and Dramatic
Poetry -- 1946-82*, trans. Clayton Eshleman and Annette Smith
(Charlottesville: The University Press of Virginia, 1990).



Publications

WarriorPublications.wordpress.com

Today, there are some people who believe that military force and violence does not characterize our present reality here in N.America. But this is only half-true: the selective use of military/police violence can be clearly seen in recent examples from the last 30 year period.

Thousands of soldiers and police, using military equipment, weapons, and tactics, have been deployed against our Indigenous movement. The most notable examples being: the 71-day siege at Wounded Knee in 1973; the reoccupation of Ganienkah by Mohawk in New York state in 1974; the blockade at Cach Creek, BC, in 1974; the reoccupation of Anicinab Park near Kenora, Ontario, in 1974; the 1975 shoot out at Oglala, S.Dakota; the 77-day standoff at Kanehsatake (Oka) and Kahnawake, near Montreal, Quebec, in 1990; the month-long siege at Gustafsen Lake (Ts'Peten) in 1995; and the reoccupation at Ipperwash, Ontario, that same year.

During these confrontations and the time period in which they occurred, thousands of people were assaulted, arrested, and jailed. At least six Indigenous people died during these incidents; in S.Dakota between 1973-1976, at least 70 Indigenous people involved in, or associated with the Indigenous movement – particularly the American Indian Movement – were killed by paramilitary groups acting under the direction of a corrupt tribal council, with the complicity of local, state, and US federal law enforcement agencies. FBI agents supplied training and equipment to these paramilitary forces.

Therefore, it must be acknowledged that the use of military force, or the threat of violence by military force, has in fact continued, directed against and mostly limited to, those Indigenous people who become involved in protest or resistance activities.

Because of this, certain people believe these confrontations are the result of "extremists," and that this military force is used only to resolve "criminal matters." This viewpoint only shows the success with which the state has isolated resistance actions and the Indigenous movement, in the minds of some, as being the work of Indigenous "criminal-terrorists," etc. This reflects the degree to which an individual has had their head emptied and refilled with disinformation and state propaganda. It is illogical and without basis to say that the use of military force against our people is not at all ongoing simply because those to whom

it is directed against do not fit into one's concept of "politically correct" forms of struggle.

The understanding of this concept has long been articulated within the Indigenous movement. Leonard Peltier, an Anicinabe-Lakota involved with AIM in the 1970s, and currently incarcerated in a US-federal prison for that involvement, has observed that, "If white society's attempts to colonialize people meets with resistance, it is called war. However, if the colonized Indians of N.America unite to rise up and resist, then we are called criminals."

Portraying our Indigenous movement as "criminal" is the primary method by which the selective use of military force directed against our people, at certain times and places, is obscured and distorted as being something else.

Now, some may agree that the selective use of military force can be said to characterize our present reality as Indigenous people. Some may admit this to be true, but argue that this is result of the imperfect society we live in, and that in other parts of the world, Indigenous people live with military/police violence daily, as in Central America, and in Chiapas, Mexico, where state-terrorism through massacres, death squads, torture, and executions are carried out against entire populations. That is war, some will say. In N.America, we may be oppressed by colonization, but in general it is not a war, because military force is not used against our people as a whole.

This perspective, however, is based on a narrow definition of war, characterizing it as purely military. A broader, and more realistic definition of war, states: "war involves the use of all the elements of national power, including diplomacy, military force, economics, ideology, technology, and culture" (WARFIGHTING, p.25).

By its very nature, because it is a struggle between two opposing wills, war is both uncertain and constantly changing. Wars can be of either high or low intensity, depending on the overall objectives and the means available to wage that war. Because of these factors, different means of waging war can dominate over others in certain conditions.

Here in N.America, as our military ability to resist was overcome, other means besides a primarily military one came to dominate colonialist strategies and methods. The suspension of military campaigns

did not, however, mean the end of colonialism. Colonization is an ongoing and continual process that does not end so long as the territory and people are occupied by the colonialist nation.

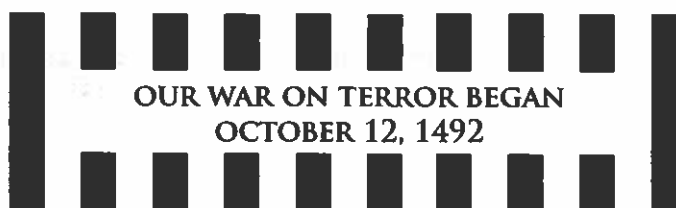
Just as war cannot be said to be purely a question of military force, neither can colonization.

The imposition of special laws contained in the Indian Act, including the reserve and band council system; the residential school system and religious indoctrination; distorted and incomplete depiction of our people and history in the public education system, etc.; these are some examples of colonization using legal, political, ideological, and cultural means.

Colonization, the occupation of a territory and the domination of the Indigenous people, can be characterized as a clash between two forces, opposed to each other by their very nature, with one force attempting to impose its will onto the other. This characterization fits our definition of war as previously stated. It is therefore factual and correct to say that colonization is a condition of war, and is itself a form of warfare against a people to gain control and territory. Because colonization is a process that continues to this day, it follows then that a war is being waged against our people at this time.

This war of colonization is conducted by the state of Canada using all the elements of national power at its disposal, including diplomacy, military force, economics, ideology, technology, and culture. Because the national state known as "Canada" is part of an international economic, political and military system and because other national states interconnected with this system wage similar wars of colonization against Indigenous peoples around the world, this international system must therefore be defined as an enemy to our Indigenous peoples, both in Canada and world-wide.

It is implied that decolonization is a war against colonialism. It is only logical that this war be fought with all the means at our disposal.



SABOTAGE

EXCERPTS FROM THE CLASSIC "GUERRILLA WARFARE" BY CHE GUEVARA

Sabotage is one of the invaluable weapons of a people fighting a guerrilla war. Its organization falls under the civil or clandestine branch, since naturally sabotage should only be carried out outside the territories dominated by the revolutionary army...

Sabotage can be of two types: sabotage on a national scale against particular targets, and local sabotage against combat lines. Sabotage on a national scale should be aimed principally at destroying communications. Each type of communication can be destroyed in a different way; all of them are vulnerable. For example, telegraph and telephone poles are easily destroyed by sawing them almost all the way through, so that at night they appear to be in normal condition, until a sudden kick brings one pole down and this drags along with it all those that are weak, producing a major power failure. Bridges can be attacked with dynamite; if there is no dynamite, steel bridges can be destroyed very easily with an oxyacetylene blowtorch. A steel truss bridge should be cut in its main beam and in the upper beam from which the bridge hangs. When these two beams have been cut at one end with the torch, they are then cut at the opposite end. The bridge will fall completely on one side and will be twisted and destroyed. This is the most effective way to bring down a steel bridge without dynamite. Railroads can also be destroyed, as can roads and culverts; sometimes trains can be blown up, if the guerrilla band is strong enough...

We stress the key factor of sabotage against communications. The great strength of the enemy army against the rebels in the less mountainous zones is rapid communication; we must, therefore, constantly undermine that strength by knocking out railroad bridges, culverts, electric lights, telephones; also aqueducts, and in general everything that is necessary for a normal and modern life...

It is advantageous in every act of sabotage that frequent contact be made with the enemy army at points not too far away, always following the hit and run tactic. It is not necessary to put up a serious resistance, but simply to show the adversary that in the area where the sabotage has been carried out there are guerrilla forces ready to fight. This forces him to take a large number of troops, to move cautiously, or not to move at all. In this way, little by little, all the cities in the zone surrounding guerrilla operations will be paralyzed.

DISROBING OF THE MODERN SMALLPOX BLANKETS

**Dismantling Capitalist Institutions
Within Our Anishinabek Society
Kaikaikons (Anishinabe, Maang Dodem)**

Photo: Claudia D. Hernandez (Mayan)

Everything in the 'white man's' world is centered around capitalism, whether in his governance, religion, education, economy, medicare, welfare, media, judiciary, court system or military. Each institution is structured to benefit the capitalist system, and its greatest accomplishment has been its contribution to the destruction of the Earth and its Peoples.

The white man has infected us with this capitalism by disguising his institutions with our cultural symbols and placing them within our communities. That way, he no longer has to kill us out in the open and we destroy ourselves internally. These institutions are the modern day versions of smallpox blankets and we need to disrobe as quickly as we can, replacing them with our own, in order for us to remain as Anishinabe.

The indian act, reserves, chief and councils, aboriginal policing, aboriginal 'self government', economic development, social services, aboriginal child welfare etc., are painted to look like 'our own' institutions. They exploit our own cultural symbols so we are fooled into believing that these things somehow belong to us because they slightly resemble us. Underneath, they are still colonial institutions and benefit only the white man and his capitalist agenda.

When institutions, agreements and organizations like these are dressed up to look 'aboriginal', we tend to think we are gaining a little bit more authority back to govern ourselves. But really, all we have accomplished is the self administration of our own extermination.

Policing is still a european institution, even though there's a thunderbird pasted on the police vehicle. Children's aid societies are also european inventions, even if they use a medicine wheel on their logo.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

Red Tomahawk was one of forty three men assigned to seize Sitting Bull. He took command and shot Sitting Bull in the back of the head and killed him.

Some of our people are fooled by these elaborate disguises. Some have even called Aboriginal Police our "modern day Warriors". Little do they know that our people are so overrepresented in the 'injustice' system and jails as a direct result of the work of these "modern day Warriors" whose responsibility is still (despite their themed uniforms) to impose and defend a foreign justice system. We have also become conditioned to think of chief and council as our representatives, but under the illegal indian act, they represent and are accountable only to white men and the white man's system.

The closer we become to these institutions, the harder it will become to find our way back to the road that we need to walk in order to come back to the real justice, protection and governance that was stolen from us.

Question: Would it make sense to make our own beer and slap a logo of a sweatlodge on it and sell it to our people so only individuals and the canadian

government can profit off it?

So why are we allowing the same thing to happen in other ways?

Dress a Turkey Up like an Eagle But It Still Won't Fly...

Everything enforced in the indian act is illegal, including the elected chief and council system. This is because it is in breach of the canadian constitution, the royal proclamation of 1763, the Two Row Wampum, the 1764 Niagara Covenant Chain Belt and the Treaties which acknowledge title to our lands and rights, including the right to our own forms of governance.

The assembly of first nations and the union of ontario indians are chief organizations who claim to represent their people, however, their leadership is elected only by chiefs. They are funded by the government of canada. They want to embrace capitalism over our own traditional Indigenous economic systems so in turn, they become hypocrites. They advocate for our culture, rights, treaties and even sovereignty but one can't advocate for these things and then not put them to use for everything they teach and encompass.

Their advocating is only as real as a photo-op, as they wait on the canadian government to acknowledge our sovereignty. All the while, there are already sovereign nations like the Six Nations confederacy, traditionally led by Clanmothers, Hereditary Chiefs and Warrior Societies and these are taking action instead of waiting on a foreign government to do it for them.

Anishinabek Police Service

These officers are enforcing canadian laws in our own communities, which breaches our right to be sovereign nations living under our own laws. The Anishinabek Clan system contained (and still contains) all that we need to live protected from harm and abuse from within our communities and nations. If we walk this road, we aren't forced into the path of lawyers, judges and jails which cause such overwhelming trauma to us, and which benefit the capitalist system.

Aboriginal Economic Development

First Nations are now collaborating with mining, oil and gas, mineral and forestry companies to extract resources on their traditional territories, selling out the foundations of what makes them 'first' nations. Very

wealthy white men control these businesses and use them to further exploit the land, air and water and force our people into deeper dependence on capitalist systems. We have always had our own economies and trade routes which provided us what we needed and were based on common ownership and cooperative management of the 'means of production'. We didn't have private property, and the way we 'managed our resources' was in balance with all interdependent life systems.

Remember, only after all the fish are gone, then you'll know that you can't eat money. We cannot remain as Anishinabe with Anishinabe principles and values if we embrace capitalism. Either capitalism will fail or being Anishinabe will fail.

Aboriginal Social Services

Social service agreements administered by First Nations create dependency on the state, which is the institution that protects capitalism, a system which creates poverty conditions that require our societies to have to rely on these social service programs in the first place. These systems also divert the working class and people living in poverty from uprising and replacing the systems that are keeping them down.

Aboriginal Child Welfare

Some feel this institution is a modernization of residential schools. It removes native children from their families, communities and cultures, and places them directly into 24/7 eurocanadian lifestyles where they are often abused and beaten in the foster care system. Native moms and dads often have to fight for years just to even see their children and must prove their worth as parents by imitating the eurocanadian lifestyle. Child welfare workers remove native children from their families and communities because they feel the best homes for the children are non-native homes. These are our missing (and sometimes murdered) children.

Aboriginal Self Government

Portrayed as some form of sovereignty and nationhood, self-government is the exact opposite. It transforms band councils into municipal governments under provincial & federal control. Reserve lands become fee simple property that can be bought & sold

on the free market. Its the same goal as the 1876 Indian Act and the 1969 White Paper: the legal, political & economic assimilation of Indigenous peoples into Canada. Some bands are already well advanced in their self-government deals, including the Nisga'a, Sechelt, Westbank, Nunavut, James Bay Cree & Inuit, as well as the Gwich'in & other Yukon bands. In this way, self-government really will be the self-administration of our own oppression.

Aboriginal Healing and Wellness Strategy

Healing Centers, counsellors and social workers and the work they do can help to heal individuals and the trauma we all experience. This saves lives and is needed, but once a person becomes 'healed', how can they go back into the often impoverished, self-destructive community culture they came from and not fall back into the same cycles of abuse and violence which make us our relationships to each other as native people? Often, we leave our communities to escape, or continue living our 'healing' but we never really find our place to belong and this can lead into depression, loneliness, confusion and even suicide. We need to heal in ourselves, but we also need to heal as whole communities, otherwise we will collectively disintegrate. The core issues involve our families and the often extremely painful and traumatic lives we lived within them. We'll keep this going if we run from it, by passing it down to our children. The generations coming after us depend on our ability to break through our fear of facing the pain and make this courageous leap, decolonizing on a heart level.

How Do We Live?

With our expectations of receiving our rights and sovereignty from land claim settlements and government, we've become locked into dependency on colonial and capitalist institutions and the provisions of the indian act. We even call ourselves 'aboriginal' and 'first nations' when that was never what we named ourselves—we were named without our consent and became accustomed to conditions we did not choose, paralyzed with disillusionment and passivity to get these things back for ourselves.

Under these conditions, our vision of sovereignty is reduced to expecting 'aboriginal' services, as though that could contain within itself the entire weight of our civilizations. No foreign government can give to

us what is already ours; only we can struggle to reclaim this with our own two hands. When our bodies are colonized, we are still compelled to struggle against the pain (women, the rape of our bodies) but when our minds are colonized, we become too comfortable to struggle. Like the Jews living under the German Nazi regime, our oppressors make sure that at each step, it seems more logical not to resist, until we reach the point at which we no longer have a choice.

We can no longer continue in this way. That time is now over. We have our own Clan Governance system which can (and will) replace these institutions. But if we want our sovereignty, each of us required to become responsible for participating in our own Anishinabe governance. The time of depending on cops, depending on welfare, depending on chief and council to make decisions for us, is done. We need to organize immediately and dismantle these institutions and begin directing our energy into rebuilding our own foundations.

Those who choose otherwise are 'free' to assimilate into canadian society and give the last bit of Anishinabe they have left to the white man: their brown skin, clearing the way for those of us who choose to be who we really are. The time of being hypocrites is over and it's now time to walk our talk. We are the incarnate of our Ancestors and we are rising up to expose these frauds and replace them with Truth.

"I am a red man. If the Great Spirit had desired me to be a white man he would have made me so in the first place. He put in your heart certain wishes and plans, in my heart he put other and different desires. Each man is good in his sight. It is not necessary for Eagles to be Crows. We are poor but we are free."

Sitting Bull (Hunkpapa Sioux)

WOMEN

This is a Movement that we can't put aside
we gotta stop this oppression cause it's making
our women die.

we cannot lie
cause when our women die
what we lose is the hope in their eyes
and the pride in their soul

HUMANITY

to all haudenosaunee men
let's stand behind our women
till the day we die because we need them
they need our support

and what we all dont need
is lies from this government.
let's support our women, men
and hold that Warrior flag high

we rep and die
we lose these lies
throw away these Colonist ideas
that we remain high

BUT A MAN is only as good as the women that
support him
without that support we are nothing, without our
women we have nothing.
if we lose our women, we lose
our clans, our nations,
OUR CONFEDERACY, OUR PEOPLE
without our women we all die.

shout out to all Haudenosaunee, indigenous, and
non-native women throughout the world.
may we never forget those women whose lives were
taken away. If i known you or not, you are thoughts
and prayers kept in the deepest part of my heart.

*Awaia:gon
Heron Clan
Seneca Nation*

you labeled me a Criminal
because i blocked your highways
you called me a savage
because of my ways
you beat me down
because i walked with a flag

so i ask you does the punishment fit the crime
for trying to pollute my mind
i grew up poorer then a dime
poverty will die community will rise
and the monarchy will always lie
fuck the monarchy

this is not a time of kings and queens
but a time for brothers and sisters
so grab hold of your lover and if you dont have one
take hold of your brother

because love is what Begins Humanity.
so come get me cause you cant stop me
my words are stronger then you bombs.
because when my bombs go off people are there,
aware.
and when yours go off all are leveled.

pissed off cause i wont trade
humanity for patriotism.

you want me come get me.

*Awaia:gon
Heron clan
Seneca nation*

KNOW YOUR WARRIOR HISTORY!

Indigenous Resistance, 1960's to 2007

By 1890, Native armed resistance to European colonization in N. America had ended. That year, some 300 unarmed Lakota men, women & children were massacred at Wounded Knee, S. Dakota. At this time, virtually all Native peoples were confined to reservations, where systematic assimilation was applied (the church, residential schools, band councils, etc.).

From this period until the 1950s, Native peoples were largely pacified & controlled. Their protests consisted of lobbying the government for better treatment and bigger reserves. These were most often led by chiefs & councilors, whose careers were based on government salaries & maintaining the colonial system itself.

Then, in the 1950s, inspired by the Black Civil Rights struggle in the southern US, Natives also began organizing for civil & treaty rights. In the southwest, Native students began organizing. In the Northwest, coastal Natives began asserting their treaty rights to fish.

This movement was the first to occur outside the official band & tribal council system set up by both US & Canadian governments. This early movement established a grassroots network of Natives opposed to colonization & committed to maintaining traditional Native culture & values. This network formed the basis for the next phase of resistance: the 1960s.

The 1960s was marked by global rebellion, inspired by the fierce resistance of the Vietnamese people to US invasion & occupation. Within the US, new social movements emerged, including the Black Panthers, Chicano, women's, students, gay and lesbian, and anti-war movements. It is from this period that the current Indigenous resistance movement emerged. This last 40-year period therefore forms an important part of our history as a movement and as peoples.

—1968

The American Indian Movement (AIM) is formed in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Modeled after the Black Panthers, AIM establishes a community center, provides help in finding work, housing or legal aid, organizes protests, and conducts a patrol to monitor police conduct. Although the most well known, AIM was just one part of a broad Native resistance movement

by Zig Zag

that emerged at this time (sometimes referred to as Red Power).

At Kahnawake, a Mohawk Singing Society is formed, which would later become the Mohawk Warrior Society. They begin to take part in protests & re-occupations of land. As well, a protest & blockade of the Seaway International Bridge (demanding recognition of Jay Treaty), at Akwesasne, ends with police attack & arrests of scores of Mohawks.

—1969

Occupation of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. The action would last 19 months and be the first Native protest to receive national & international media coverage. Thousands of Natives participate, mostly urbanized & searching for identity. For many it is their first exposure to traditional culture. Alcatraz serves to inspire Natives across N. America, and many more occupations of land begin at this time.

—1970

AIM protest & disruption against re-enactment of Mayflower landing at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, gains national attention & helps AIM to expand.

—1971

COINTEL-PRO: In Pennsylvania, unknown persons break into FBI office & take files revealing Counter-Intelligence Program of surveillance & repression against social movements in US. Program includes imprisonment, assaults and lethal force. By 1973, AIM would become a primary target of FBI COINTEL-PRO (Counter-Intelligence Program).

—1972

AIM & other native groups organize the Trail of Broken Treaties, a caravan from the west coast to Washington, DC. When the caravan of several thousand arrives in Washington, officials refuse to meet. The Bureau of Indian Affairs headquarters is occupied for 6 days, with extensive damage and thousands of files taken.

Raymond Yellow Thunder is killed by settlers in Gordon, Nebraska, in February. His killers are charged with manslaughter & released without bail. AIM organizes several days of protests & boycotts, & succeeds in having murder charges laid and the police chief fired. Yellow Thunder is from Pine Ridge, and this incident helps build a stronger relationship between AIM & traditional Lakotas on the reserve (urban-rural).

—1973

Wesley Bad Heart Bull is killed by a racist settler in S. Dakota. Police charge the killer with manslaughter. On February 6, an AIM protest at Custer, SD, courthouse erupts into riot. Police cars & buildings are set on fire, with 30 people arrested.

On the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in S. Dakota, large numbers of police & US Marshals are deployed to counter AIM & Lakotas opposed to a corrupt tribal president, Dick Wilson. With government funding, Wilson established a paramilitary force known as the GOONs (Guardians of the Oglala Nation).

From 1973-76, some 69 members or associates of AIM were killed by GOONs, BIA police & FBI agents on Pine Ridge.

Angered at the ongoing repression & violence, some 200 AIM & Lakota warriors begin occupation of Wounded Knee on February 27, a 71-day siege during which two Natives were shot & killed (Buddy Lamont & Frank Clearwater). The siege ends on May 9.

At Kahnawake in September, Warrior Society evicts non-Natives from the over-crowded reserve. This leads to armed confrontation with Quebec police in October. Warriors begin to search for land to repossess.

—1974

The occupation of Ganieneh in New York state begins, when Mohawks (along with veterans of Wounded Knee '73) retake land & engage in armed standoff with state police. Eventually, negotiations result in Mohawks taking a parcel of land in upstate NY (in 1977). Ganieneh continues to exist today.

In Canada, the Native People's Caravan (Sept. 14-30), modeled after Trail of Broken Treaties, heads from Vancouver, BC, to Ottawa, Ontario. Ends with riot police attacking 1,000 Natives at Parliament Buildings.

Armed roadblocks & occupations also occur at Cache Creek, BC, and Kenora, Ontario.

—1975

Oglala Shootout. At Oglala, on the Pine Ridge

reservation, a botched FBI raid on AIM camp ends with 2 agents killed along with 1 Native defender (Joe Stuntz-Killsright). FBI launch massive hunt for AIM suspects.

—1976

In February, the body of Anna Mae Pictou-Aquash, a Mik'maq from Nova Scotia, Canada, is found on Pine Ridge. Aquash was one of the most well known female members of AIM, a veteran of the BIA occupation & Wounded Knee. Despite an initial cover-up by the FBI, an independent autopsy finds that Aquash had been executed with a bullet in the back of the head. The FBI or GOONs are primary suspects.

Two suspects in FBI deaths (Dino Butler & Bob Robideau) are found not guilty on grounds of self-defense. A third suspect, Leonard Peltier, is captured in Canada. Using false evidence, the FBI have Peltier extradited to S. Dakota.

—1977

The trial of Leonard Peltier ends with his conviction & imprisonment for 2 life terms, based on FBI fabrication & withholding of evidence. Peltier remains in prison to this day, one of the longest held Prisoners of War in the US.

—1981

On June 11, some 550 Quebec Provincial Police raid Restigouche, a Mik'maq reserve of 1,700. Riot police carry out assaults & search homes for evidence of 'illegal' fishing.

—1988

Over 200 Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP), including riot & Emergency Response Teams (ERT), raid Mohawk territory of Kahnawake, searching for illegal cigarettes. Warriors briefly seize the Mercier Bridge in response, a vital commuter link into Montreal.

In northern Alberta, the Lubicon Cree begin road-blocks against logging & oil companies devastating their territory & way of life. A logging camp & vehicles are damaged by Molotov attacks.

In Labrador, Innu begin protesting NATO fighter-bomber training at Canadian military base. Many Innu are arrested during blockades of aircraft runway.

—1990

Oka Crisis. Over 100 heavily-armed Quebec police raid a Mohawk blockade at Kanasatake/Oka on June 11. In an initial fire-fight, one cop is shot & killed. A 77-day armed standoff begins, involving 2,000 police and 4,500 Canadian soldiers, deployed against both

Kanesatake & Kahnawake. The Oka Crisis inspires solidarity actions across country, including road & rail blockades & sabotage of bridges & electrical pylons.

—1992

During protests against the 500-year anniversary of Columbus' invasion of the Americas in October, dozens are arrested in Denver, Colorado. In San Francisco, riot cops fight running battles with protesters, who set 1 police car on fire & disrupt an official Columbus Day parade & re-enactment of his landing.

—1994

Zapatista Rebellion. In Chiapas, Mexico, armed rebels of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation launch their New Year's Day offensive, capturing 6 towns & cities. Comprised of Indigenous peoples, the EZLN declare war on the Mexican state and the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). In response, the government deploys 15,000 soldiers & kill several hundred civilians in attacks. Since 1994, the Zapatistas have continued to gain widespread support & sympathy throughout Mexico & internationally.

—1995

At Ipperwash, Ontario, an unarmed protest & re-occupation ends with police opening fire and killing Dudley George, on September 6. The re-occupation had begun in 1993. The land, originally the Stoney Point reserve, was taken by the government during WW2 for use as a temporary army base. After the killing of Dudley George, the government admitted the peoples claims were justified.

A month-long siege occurs at Gustafsen Lake in south-central Interior of BC, after a settler attempts to evict Secwepemc sundancers. Some 450 heavily-armed RCMP ERT, with armoured personnel carriers from the Canadian military, surround the rebel camp. On Sept. 11, police ambushed a vehicle used by defenders by detonating a hidden explosive charge in the road, then ramming it with an APC. The occupants escaped unharmed and unarmed, with police shooting thousands of rounds at them. This began a gun battle in which one APC was disabled. The next day, an RCMP sniper opened fire on an unarmed defender walking in an agreed-upon no shoot zone (he missed). The siege ended when the defenders burned their weapons and surrendered. Secwepemc elder Wolverine received the longest jail sentence of 8 years.

—1997

A Vancouver chapter of Native Youth Movement is established. It is inspired by the year-long trial of

Gustafsen Lake defenders, held near Vancouver. NYM begins attending conferences, organizing protests, distributing information, etc. In April, NYM carries out a 2-day occupation of the BC Treaty Commission offices.

—1998

NYM Vancouver carries out 5-day occupation of BCTC offices in April, and a 2-day occupation of Westbank band offices in Okanagan territory (both actions against the treaty process).

—1999

NYM Vancouver helps members of Cheam band, located near Chilliwack BC, assert their right to fish on Fraser River. NYM warriors wear masks & camouflage uniforms. They also carry batons to deter Fisheries officers, who routinely harass Cheam fishers. As a result of this, an NYM security force is formed, which would later become the Westcoast Warrior Society.

—2000

In May, members of the St'at'imc Nation establish Sutikalh camp near Mt. Currie, BC, to stop a massive ski resort in an untouched alpine mountain area.

At Burnt Church, New Brunswick, Mi'kmaq fishermen assert their treaty right to lobster fish (in September & October) and are met with repression from hundreds of police & fisheries officers. Members of Westcoast Warrior Society participate in defensive operations.

In October, Secwepemc establish first Skwel'kwelt Protection Center to stop expansion of Sun Peaks ski resort, near Kamloops, BC. Over the years, some 70 people are arrested & charged as a result of protests, roadblocks & re-occupation camps.

—2001

In May, a Secwepemc NYM chapter is established. A 2-day occupation of government office in Kamloops occurs to protest selling of Native land.

In July, over 60 RCMP with ERT raid Sutikalh after a 10-day blockade of all commercial trucking on Highway 97. Seven persons are arrested.

—2002

In December, Anicinabe in the northern Ontario community of Grassy Narrows begin blockading logging companies from destroying their traditional territory. The blockade becomes one of the longest in recent history, continuing through to 2006, directed primarily against Weyerhaeuser and Abitibi corporations.

In September, RCMP, including ERT and Integrated National Security Enforcement Team (INSET), raid homes of West Coast Warrior Society on Vancouver Island, allegedly searching for weapons (they don't find any).

2003

In April, homes of NYM members are raided in Bella Coola & Neskonlith by RCMP including ERT. Police take computers, address books & propaganda.

2004

In January, Mohawk warriors surround Kanesatake police station after band chief brings in outside police forces to crackdown on political opposition. Over 60 police are barricaded inside station. Chief's house & car are burned.

In June, RCMP INSET, along with Vancouver police ERT, arrest members of West Coast Warriors Society making legal purchase of firearms. Rifles & ammunition are seized. Shortly after, the WCWS is disbanded by its members, citing police repression.

2005

In January, members of the Tahltan in northern 'British Columbia' occupy band office in Telegraph Creek in opposition to band's involvement with mining & oil & gas corporations. In July they begin blockading roads being used by construction machinery, and in September fifteen Tahltans including elders are arrested by RCMP. The Tahltan continue their campaign, including blockades, through 2006 and 2007.

2006

On April 20, over 150 Ontario Provincial Police (OPP) attempt to forcibly remove a blockade at the Six Nations reserve territory near Caledonia, in southern Ontario. They violently arrest 16 Natives, using physical assaults, pepper spray & tasers. The OPP are forced to withdraw, however, as hundreds of Six Nations members converge on the site. More blockades are erected in the area, including on Highway 6, consisting of burning tires, vehicles, dismantled electrical pylons, and mounds of gravel. A train bridge is also burned down. The next day on the Tyendinaga reserve, a Canadian National Railway line is blocked, cutting off a major freight & passenger line (costing CN over \$100 million a day in lost cargo shipments). The Six Nations members originally began their blockade to stop a housing development on land they claim belongs to them. The blockades and land reclamation continue for over a year, with numerous conflicts with settlers and police occurring, as well as sabotage.

In July, Grassy Narrows Anicinabe protesters, along with members of the Rainforest Action Network, briefly blockaded the Trans-Canada Highway. Several persons were arrested.

2007

On March 6, a massive Olympic flag that flew at Vancouver City Hall was stolen just as a delegation from the International Olympic Committee arrives to inspect preparations for the 2010 Winter Olympics. A few days later, as the IOC tour ended, the Native Warrior Society released a communiqué claiming responsibility for taking the flag, including a photograph of three masked members standing in front of the Olympic flag and holding a Warrior flag. The group claimed the action in honour of Harriet Nahanee, a local Native elder who passed away after being sentenced to two weeks imprisonment for taking part in a 2006 blockade of construction on the Sea-to-Sky highway in preparation for 2010.

2008

In October, Quebec provincial police in riot gear attacked a blockade erected by Algonquins at Barriere Lake. Along with some arrests, police used pepper spray and batons to clear Highway 117. The Algonquin community has carried out numerous protests and sporadic blockades in an ongoing dispute with the federal and provincial government's control of the band council.

2007-2010

A radical anti-Olympic movement emerges based on anti-capitalist and anti-colonial resistance. Protests and direct actions occur across the country, including disruptions of official Olympic events, sabotage of corporate sponsors, speaking tours, videos, workshops, trainings, etc. During the 2009-10 torch relay, disruptions and protests occurred in over 30 towns and reservations (including Six Nations, Oneida, and Kahnawake). The most common slogan used during this campaign was "No Olympics on Stolen Native Land," the first time such a slogan has ever been used at a national level.

During the opening day ceremonies on Feb. 12, 2010, a march of some 5,000 people, led by Indigenous elders and drummers, delayed the premier and Indian Act chiefs en route to the event (they missed the national anthem). The next day, a militant march of some 400 people succeeded in disrupting downtown traffic and carrying out attacks on the Hudson's Bay Company (a main Olympic sponsor and one of the main forces in the colonization of Canada).

Apocalypse Now (Or Never)

Today, the global system is in decline, if not outright crisis. It is suffering from industrial pollution, resource depletion, war, and increasing social conflict. The greatest potential danger, however, lies in the damage done to the earth's ecosystem.

In 1999, a UN report entitled *Global Environmental Outlook*, warned:

“Earth will face more & bigger hurricanes, floods & tornadoes, caused by a warming climate in the century to come... Natural disasters appear to be becoming more frequent and their effects more severe... Rising global temperatures are likely to raise the incidence of extreme weather events, including storms & heavy rainfall, cyclones & drought. “

According to the World Watch Institute annual report in 2000,

“What becomes clear from our research is that the economic model that evolved in the industrial West & which is now spreading throughout the entire world is slowly undermining itself. As now structured, it will not take us very far into the next century. The question, then, is whether we can find another path that can be sustained” (*State of the World*, Year 2000 edition).

Now, over a decade into the 21st century, we can reflect on these warnings and the waves of extreme weather events we have witnessed during this time period.

1995-2006 saw eleven of the 12 warmest years in recorded global temperatures (since 1850, according to the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change). In August 2003, a record heat wave in Europe led to some 40,000 deaths. The 2008 cyclone in Burma/Myanmar killed some 146,000, far eclipsing the death toll from Hurricane Katrina in 2005. In 2010, a heat wave in Russia killed some 15,000 people. In early 2011, China and Argentina both experienced severe droughts, negatively affecting global food supplies.



By Zig Zag

WarriorPublications.wordpress.com

Image: Claudia D. Fernandez

Linked to global warming is the increasing severity of flooding from heavy rains. In 1996, the Saguenay region of Quebec was the site of the most costly flood in Canadian history, at \$1.5 billion worth of damages. An intense rainstorm coupled with the insufficient storage capacity of local dams caused the catastrophe. In 1997, the Red River in Manitoba flooded, the worst since 1826. In 2005, Alberta also experienced severe flooding.

More recently, in 2010, Pakistan was hit with what has been described as the most destructive floods in history, displacing over 20 million people. In early 2011, Australia and Brazil both experienced some of the worst flooding in those country's histories (also adding to the global food crisis as crops were destroyed).

Around the world, warming weather trends have also led to ever-greater and highly destructive wildfires, as well as insect infestations and the spread of disease (i.e., mosquitoes and ticks).

Then there's the massive earthquakes of the last few years, including the 2004 Asian Tsunami which caused some 230,000 fatalities, the 2005 Pakistan quake that killed over 80,000, China's 2008 quake with over 87,000 deaths, Haiti in 2010 with over 222,000 deaths, and the March 2011 quake in Japan that caused massive economic damages.

NASA's analysis indicated that retreating glaciers caused by warming temperatures relieves pressure on tectonic plates, causing greater seismic activity resulting in greater volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.

And this is just the weather.

Today, there is another crisis, caused by both environmental and economic conditions, that should serve as (yet another) wake up call: the food crisis of 2011.

Global Food Crisis 2011

The droughts and flooding of the past few years, along with continual decreases in agricultural land (from pollution, depletion, desertification, toxins, urbanization, etc.), as well as rising fuel prices, have all contributed to a global food crisis. In the past year, prices for wheat, grain, and corn have reached record levels. This crisis is compounded by the increasing diversion of food crops to bio-fuels, now an estimated 6% of global agricultural production.

While now overshadowing the food crisis, the Arab Revolts of early 2011 were initially reported as food riots, starting first in Algeria then spreading to neighboring Tunisia (then Egypt, Yemen, Iraq, Iran, etc.). In fact, as rioting began in Algeria in early January, it was at the time added to the growing list of countries facing protests and public disorder, including Cameroon, China, Haiti, India, Indonesia, Mozambique, and Peru. While the Arab Revolt became a potent political movement aimed at ousting long-term dictators in the region, there is no doubt that the food crisis contributed to the rebellions.

The Arab Revolt has caused the price of oil to rise steadily on world markets. This in turn leads to higher food prices, further deepening the food crisis but also negatively affecting all aspects of production and transportation, on a global level. The rising cost of oil will place greater emphasis on bio-fuels.

Agustino Fontevicchia, writing in Forbes blogs, warned:

“The world is treading on dangerous ground. Market forces are in place for another global food crisis, and, as the wheels keep turning, it will become harder for these to be put in reverse” (“On The Verge Of A Global Food Crisis,” By Agustino Fontevicchia, Forbes blogs, Jan. 13 2011).

Globalization & the Assault on Indigenous Resources

“The present global economic system, & the global corporations & bureaucracies that are its driving force, cannot survive without an ever-increasing supply of natural resources: forests, minerals, oil & natural gas, fish, wildlife, freshwater, and arable land, among others. In an economic model based on exponential growth,

all of these resources are being rapidly depleted, so much so that it has already led to recent wars over oil, notably in Iraq, and soon, over water. The global model also depends on highly developed new modern infrastructure, often built in pristine areas, where Indigenous cultures still thrive. These include giant hydroelectric dams, pipelines, canals, roads, seaports, airports, electricity grids, etc., to efficiently extract resources, move them across different terrain to oceans, and then on to industrial processing & markets.” (Paradigm Wars; Indigenous Peoples’ Resistance to Economic Globalization, Special Report of International Forum on Globalization, 2005)

New World Order

“As we enter the 21st century, the new world order continues to prevail with a lone superpower and its transnational corporations relentlessly seeking greater & greater hegemony & control over the peoples & resources of our planet. The consequences are unparalleled hunger, poverty, & human suffering as the gaping chasm between the few wealthy & the destitute millions widens. ” (CovertAction Quarterly, “Global Recolonization,” 2000)

Global Environmental Crisis

“Earth will face more & bigger hurricanes, floods & tornadoes, caused by a warming climate in the century to come... Natural disasters appear to be becoming more frequent & their effects more severe.

“Rising global temperatures are likely to raise the incidence of extreme weather events, including storms & heavy rainfall, cyclones & droughts.” (Global Environmental Outlook, United Nations report, 1999)

System of Self-Destruction

“What becomes clear from our research is that the economic model that evolved in the industrial West & which is now spreading throughout the entire world is slowly undermining itself. As now structured, it will not take us very far into the next century. The question, then, is whether we can find another path that can be sustained.” (State of the World, World Watch Institute, 2000)

When Civilization Collapses

"Modern civilized people spend most of their lives in artificial cocoons, where indoor temperatures can be regulated, food, water, & clothing are easy to obtain; shelter is always available. The underpinnings of technology that support this existence are fragile, as can be seen when a natural or man-made disaster occurs; the amenities of civilization collapse, & the basics such as food, water & shelter are difficult or impossible to obtain. Even a temporary power outage illustrates the thinness of civilization's veneer. Modern man is at a loss when electric stoves, refrigerators, air conditioners, automatic garage doors cease to function." (Outdoor Emergency Care; Comprehensive First Aid for Nonurban Settings, National Ski Patrol, 1998)

Resistance

As a resistance movement, we make note of all these developments. Each crisis & catastrophe that strikes weakens our opponent and contains within it opportunities for liberation. A convergence of economic, environmental, military & social factors led to the downfall of the Roman Empire. World War I weakened the European states and enabled anti-colonial movements to kick many out of Asia & Africa. More recently, a convergence of economic, military, political, and ecological factors led to the downfall of the Soviet Union.

If we are not prepared, however, any crisis that occurs could also leave us vulnerable. At the same time, we cannot base our strategy solely on the likelihood of crisis. Instead, we must continue to organize within the present social conditions while being prepared for an uncertain future.

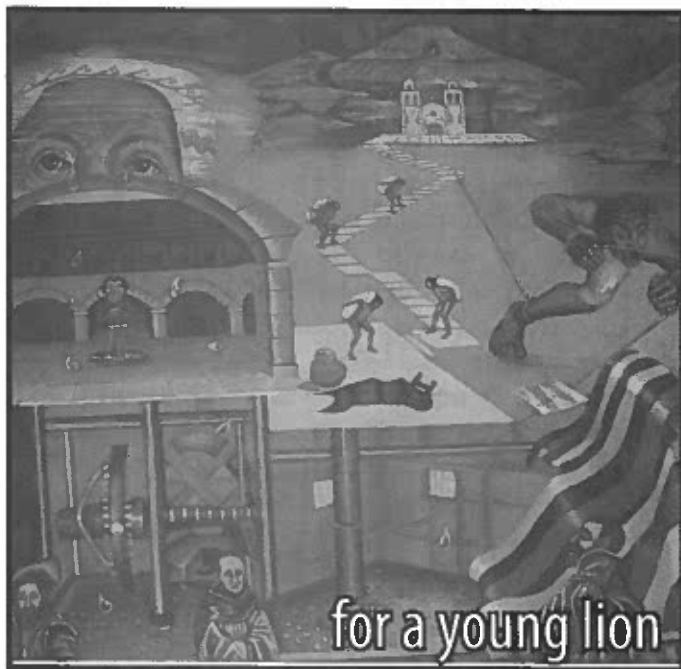
Survival

Survival is the art of staying alive. As Indigenous peoples, we are experts at survival. Our ancestors learned to survive & live in their environments, developing skills & knowledge over thousands of years. Recent generations have survived European colonization & genocide that nearly destroyed our cultures & which used large amounts of traditional knowledge.

When we consider the growing potential for the entire industrial system to collapse (or self-destruct), it comes apparent that our survival will depend on how much traditional knowledge & skills we have retained.

It will also depend on how much of our traditional territories & ecosystems have been maintained, including fresh water, animal and plant life. Ultimately, our survival will depend on clean land & water, as it always has. Our strategy into the 21st Century, then, is based on our ancient duties as Warriors: to Defend Our People, Territory & Way of Life.

LEARN FROM THE PAST, PREPARE IN THE PRESENT, TO DEFEND THE FUTURE!



i have seen a young lion,
pacing in a white cage,
seen him
revile the master
warily eating his scraps

i have seen him eye his
key
and his pulsing throat.

i have seen him startle
from dreams,
the wide openness of
freedom like
breath in lungs collapsed,
the sickening stench of
fear,
the scent of the land on
the wind.

the impulse to leap, the
coiled spring,
the dream into the wak-
ening into the
letting go, the embrace
that never ends

i have felt the lion's
breath and
known his skin, traced
the lion's ribcage
with my fingers like my
feet traced the path
homeward, i have heard
the lion roar.

i have heard the silence,
break.

By jidamókwe

Statement by Denise Maloney Pictou (2007)

"It has been over 31 years since our mother's body was discovered in the Badlands of South Dakota in the United States. Over the course of 31 years, there seems to have been very few people, other than her family who have considered her constitutional rights, or her right to life as a key issue. Her name has been used by many for their own personal agendas, and to redirect attention away from those responsible for her death...

While we recognize that our mother's case presents an opportunity of solidarity for those who feel they have been unjustly processed in the justice system, have been denied their treaty rights, or oppose uranium mining, there is no correlation to any other trial, cause or issue, past or present. A human being was murdered, there are witnesses, there is evidence, her murderers are known, and some of them are still free to walk around. They need to be held accountable for their actions.

There is no injustice in allowing Mr. Graham every opportunity to exercise his constitutional rights... Justice can prevail, when evidence is allowed to be publicly vetted. It is time for Mr. Graham to allow the process to go forward.

Annie Mae Pictou Aquash was committed to, and driven by the call for justice for Indigenous people and those who could not help themselves. Our family and friends honor her spirit and name, and her right to obtain justice for those who so unjustly ended her life.

In the Spirit of Our Mother and Sister

Denise Maloney Pictou, for the Maloney Pictou Family." Denise can be reached at:

regarding_anna@hotmail.com



Statement by John Graham (August 2011)

"I was acquitted of the premeditated murder of Anna Mae Aquash. I was found innocent of shooting her. I was convicted for a kidnapping that led to a death. The transcripts of that trial are online at grahamdefense.org. I urge people and the media to read them, particularly the defense cross examination of prosecution witnesses, in particular; Darlene (Kamool Ecoffey, Troy Lynn Yellow Wood, Arlo Looking Cloud, George Palfy, Angie Begay, Robert Ecoffey and Candice Hamilton.

During the trial we witnessed individuals misuse and abuse their positions working within the justice department of the state of South Dakota. We witnessed state witnesses scared into giving false testimony about a kidnapping that never happened. Years before the trial and before I was fighting an illegal extradition from Canada the South Dakota media (as well as internet sites, radio programs, TV programs) constantly ran articles biased against me, basically sealing my fate.

The testimony of the witnesses clearly revealed manipulation of evidence by investigators and prosecution. In regards to my conviction, the evidence does not stand up to a sufficiency of evidence test. I did not murder or kidnap Anna Mae Aquash. I am currently working on issues for appeal."

To write to John, please write to:
South Dakota State Penitentiary
John Graham - ID # 55101
PO Box 5911 Sioux Falls SD
USA 57117-5911



CAMPAIGN HYPE VS DAY TO DAY RESISTANCE

Kaikaikons - Anishinabe, Maang Dodem

I find that once a campaign to rally around a situation gains media hype, it seems everyone jumps on the bandwagon, shouting slogans. But before (and long after) a hyped-up campaign, there are just as many dire situations happening daily out there that need and deserve the same attention and hype these ones get. Don't wait for the hype to make change, be a leader and make some noise.

This brings me to share some relevant observations I have noticed when we as active people organize to make change. I along with many others who were of Euro-Canadian and Anishinabe heritage were successful in stopping the construction of a dump that would've contaminated waters in the territories we share. While it seemed we saved the water, in reality we just sent the garbage elsewhere.

I stood beside many farmers to stop this dump and realized that what they had to lose was capital loss. Many farmers I stood beside use pesticides which infect underground aquifers just as the dump would have. Those pesticides they use to protect their crops kill insects we need in other parts of the ecosystem and the type of farming they are doing also harms the integrity of the soil and the earth. The food they produce is not just for themselves but for the masses. This overproducing is demanding more and more from the earth.

Though both groups stood united, I sit here two years later looking at a picture on my wall of that illusion of a success and in the same line of sight, I can see the garbage waiting to be picked up outside my home. I ask myself if we really protected the water—did we really win the fight?

Are we justified in opposing the shipment of nuclear waste through our territories when we continue to use nuclear energy and marginalize other daily threats to our territories?

I am struggling to rid myself of alcoholism but I won't protest against the bootlegger in my community

for my handover. When we as communities decide to kick our bad habits, the bootlegger will be out of business.

Is our Nation to Nation Relationship with the British Crown really a dealer to junkie relationship?

It seems that way when our alleged leaders buy and continue to use what we are being dealt. How can we expect to regain our autonomy and be treated as separate nations if we keep on using colonial ways of governing ourselves, giving authority to their justice system and using the laws they impose on our nations—using these laws to defend our sovereign rights under duty-to-consult expectations? How sovereign is that?

It's the same as telling ourselves to vote for change in our oppressor's elections. Uncle Tomahawk chiefs tell us to vote so we can make change and yet still harp on and on about "Nation to Nation relationships". If our people are telling you to vote for our oppressors, then I challenge you to elect Stephen Harper to run for grand council chief of the union of Ontario Indians. How's that for making change?

When we vote, we are shitting on our Nation to Nation relationship, just as we are when we expect some duty-to-consult to give authority to some modern agreement created to extinguish our original agreements which have always been in place. We don't have to make new ones or become involved in their system to be recognized. We just have to recognize ourselves.

The Illusion of Duty-to-Consult

The Two Row Wampum is the basis of the 1764 Niagara Covenant Chain Belt, which proclaims that we have a Nation to Nation relationship between ourselves as Indigenous Nations of Turtle Island and the British Crown. This states that we will not govern each other and will respect each other's territories.

When today's government funded "chiefs" refer

to and acknowledge duty-to-consult under modern agreements, declarations and invalid treaties—bead-for-bead we are taking away from those original wampum agreements which are assurances we are our own Nations. We have every right to say no to these compromises, which chiefs are obligated to follow. How can we cry about never receiving duty-to-consult under some UN declaration? We aren't represented there. Our chiefs aren't even allowed to sit there.

Under the illusion of duty-to-consult, the only obligation is a surface consultation. But under the 1764 Niagara Treaty, they are obligated to follow what has already been agreed upon. This agreement was established to end Anishinabe War Chief Pontiac's campaign which was successfully forcing the British off Turtle Island. Since these original agreements are still not being respected, what prevents us from reawakening Pontiac's campaign again in these revolutionary times?

Don't let these invalid chiefs represent you under the false illusion of surface nationhood in-name-only. Know the difference between campaign hype and day-to-day resistance and resurgence of our movements. This way of living is not a fad that comes and comes based on the ebb and flow of media hype, driven by facebook, t-shirts or easy slogans. People have fought and died because they stood in their decision to live in this real way.

Blockades and defensive strategies are used to protect us and our land and to get our voices heard, but unplugging from the capitalist system is what really makes the changes we need. After a blockade, protest or rally, when the campaign is over and we all go home, what do we go back to? Our banks and hydro, coca cola and budweiser, gasoline, wood products, cities, computers and electronics, reserves and canadian laws. We go back to everything we fought against and remain plugged into the capitalist system, products consuming products in the cycle of destroying ourselves and earth, under a false illusion that we have won.

Know the difference between campaign hype and day-to-day resistance. Don't let our struggle and resurgence become "drive by revolution".

Nii Kaana Giina

March 29, 2011.



**THE
TRUTH
WILL
SET
YOU
FREE**

by zig zag

Empires do not last forever. Every empire
From the Roman empire to the British empire.
natural. Darkness does not last forever. The morning
always comes. It's natural too. Many people look at
way we live today and say "It's always been like this"
But that is not true.

No people in history have ever lived in a time
comparable to that which we presently live in. In
time in history was the destruction of life brought
such a level of "efficiency" that now there are holes in
the sky, that now the weather becomes more extreme
and Violent.

At no time in history have people ever endured
constant visual and audio information and technology.
Nor has there been a world humanity so dehumanized
and terrorized and so disconnected from their
spirits, as there is now. There has never been a time
when so many were addicted to mind-numbing drugs
immersed in alcohol or consumed by materialism.

This is why it will change. Because everything

ave to change in order that life can continue. The will
f life, the power of life will force this change. We have
een told of these things through our ancestors and by
ur spiritual leaders.

There is great change occurring all around us right
ow. Think about how much this country called
anada has changed since the standoff at Kanehsatake
1990. Think about 1995 and the siege at Gustafsen
ake (Ts'peten) and the killing of Dudley George in
pperwash (Aazhooдена).

This is not history repeating itself. It is reality, and
s always moving to a future. Many are uncertain of
hat that future will be. During these times of great
hange, it becomes harder for us as Indian peoples to
main who we are.

Each generation becomes more and more
isconnected from the original ways in which we lived.
nd yet we are still stronger than all the peoples that
ave left their lands and come here to our lands. Look
round at these people. Their confusion is great; they
un around aimlessly, seemingly going nowhere in a
urry. They make up for their lack of life by consuming
ore and more material goods. They make up for their
ick of life by watching other's lives on tv soaps, videos
nd movies. You can travel all around these lands and its
ll the same: every city is the same. Every McDonald's,
very mall. Their spirits are dying as they live the lives
hey have been told to live. Many of our own people
re the same way.

*"We keep telling ourselves 'We're still here!' after over
100 years of colonization, but we need to look at what this
system has done to us, and what it is still doing. They want
o destroy our spirit. They*

*want us to not understand our natural relationship
o the earth and our relationship to our spirit. They want
is to continue to give respect and validity to their forms,
f power..."-Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, Statement to
he court of South Dakota, September 1975*

We have to understand that our enemy does not have
ower, does not have spiritual power. To understand
our connection to the spiritual means you understand
hat 'you are sacred. To know that you are a sacred
eing means you know the power of truth; to live
n a truthful way means you honor the life you have
een given. That truth is the one thing we have as a
ovement, as a people. Living truthfully means you
re following the path that is meant for you, because it
s what is meant to be. It is the same for our movement.
t must be based on truth.

We must turn away from the ways of the colonizer,
the ways of lies and deception and materialism. Our
movement is nothing more than the people who are
in it. Use deception, look at others as people to be
manipulated or exploited or as sexual objects and you
weaken our movement. You weaken our ability to carry
out our responsibilities to defend the people. Nor will
the people move in our circle if we are seen as weak in
our conduct, if we do not conduct ourselves in a good
way.

We have been indoctrinated by this system and
have taken their ways of conduct as our own. We must
return to, our ceremonies and medicines. We need
to purify ourselves and find our spiritual powers; our
powers which have not been lost only forgotten. It is
tight there, in that sweatlodge, in that vision quest, in
the song and drum.

It's there in our hands, in that tobacco, in that
sweet-grass, sage and cedar. It's in the land, away from
the cities. It's in our dreams only we're too confused
to see what we are being told. The ceremonies and
medicines can clear away that confusion and give us
strength. That is their purpose, and that is why our
people must return to them. Many will not.

There are forces at work at this time that we cannot
comprehend. Some of these are manipulations and
deceptions from our enemy. Others are originating
from the spiritual, from Wakan Tanka: the Great
Mystery.

Those from our enemy are difficult to see clearly
because that is the way of deception, yet we know what
their goals are and that is to control and dehumanize
all peoples, to further the destruction of life.

Those from Wakan Tanka are not always meant to
be understood and analyzed and puzzled over. They
just are. One of these forces that we can understand is
the great numbers of our youth. At the present time
(1997) some 65% of the Indian population will be
under 30 and some 57% of which will be under 25. This
will be a generation that has not been broken by the
residential school regimes, and which can learn from
the resistance of the 1970's and from the experiences
and knowledge of movement veterans.

They will have the ability to see through the illusions
and the new confusions created to distract the previous
generation. They will have a burning desire for change,
just as the previous generation did. They will naturally
have a great distrust of present day organizations and
leaders, including those in the Indian movement. At
the same time, there is a fighting spirit amongst these
youth. Many will involve themselves in defending their

people and their territory when such a situation arises.

The movement of youth is of great concern to the Canadian state, because through its analysis it knows that the economic conditions under which these youth will live will be harder, that the situation can

change very quickly to a situation such as that at Kanehsatake in 1990. This is why the Assembly of First Nations is now pushing a more "militant" and "aggressive" direction. AFN chief Ovide Mercredi

began in 1995 to talk about civil disobedience, about protests and how this might be the path the AFN will have to take because the government just doesn't listen.

It is a weak attempt to divert the movement of the youth away from the spiritual movement, the Indian movement, the resistance. This too is a tactic of colonization, to create false movements which divert and confuse the people. As with everything based on deception, it too will fail.

We have been told of all these things. We are still being told. We know what our responsibilities are. We know what truth is. We must begin to live that truth, to find in it the powers of all of Creation that are right here in front of us. It is time to return to our ceremonies, medicines and prayers to purify our hearts and minds. We must remember what true power is: that it is not economic, political or technological:

"True power is natural. A blizzard is true natural power, a tornado and a hurricane and an earthquake. These things of natural power that come from earth are powers that man cannot control. The federal government does not want us to recognize that as people we carry this natural power within us." - Anna Mae Pictou Aquash
Statement to the court of South Dakota, September 1975

Our movement is based on this natural power, it's based on the truth of our connection to the spiritual, to the Great Mystery. And that is why it is so seemingly mysterious and yet so beautiful.

These things that we have forgotten only serve to weaken us and draw us further into the enemy's confusion. There, we have no power, nor do we have any hope for the future or the generations to come. Yet look at how strong our people once were: that in the midst of the destruction and the darkening of their world they would leave to us, the future generations, a vision of hope in the Ghost Dance:

The father will descend
The earth will tremble
Everybody will arise
Stretch out your hands
We shall live again
We shall live again

LEARN FROM THE PAST



PREPARE IN THE PRESENT



TO DEFEND THE FUTURE





Sister in Spirit. Sister in Jail.

MISSING: Renee Acoby, 31, Saultaux

In 2000 at the age of 21 and pregnant, Renee was taken from her family and community. She was arrested and received a three-year sentence for drug trafficking and assault with a weapon. Renee's baby was taken from her from the Okimaw Healing Lodge, a Correctional Services Canada facility in Saskatchewan for indigenous women prisoners where she gave birth to a girl. Since then, she has been transferred several times and has accumulated another 18 years of jail time, namely for her participation in hostage takings with CSC prison guards and inmates. Renee was put on the Management Protocol, involving long periods of solitary confinement as punishment.

Before Renee was placed on the Management Protocol, she wrote grievance letters to CSC on behalf of other inmates left without pen and paper, such as Ashley Smith, who committed suicide while at the Grand Valley Institution for Women in 2007 (a coroner's inquest began in May), about her treatment in jail.

With a few other women, I attended Renee's Dangerous Offender application hearing, brought forward by the Attorney General of Ontario, in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. We brought her sweet grass as she requested to have while she testified. At the hearing, we told Renee's lawyer that Mohawk Elder Danny Beaton was willing to testify on her behalf. Danny Beaton: "She deserves more chances to live her culture and life once she has served her sentence. If I can change...Renee is just as so many of our elders tell their own stories of living in another world until they found their culture...once we find our culture we can begin to heal." Her lawyer told us it was too late to ask and besides the

prosecutor would have to agree to it and would likely say no.

Instead, a court appointed psychiatrist, who never interviewed Renee gave his "expert testimony." What he effectively did was use her intergenerational and childhood trauma against her.

In March of this year, Renee was designated a Dangerous Offender, which changes her previously fixed sentence to an indeterminate one. In an email from journalist Marian Botsford Fraser, she wrote that the judge said "he was obliged to take into account the fact that she is aboriginal, but could find no reason not to consider her just as he would a non-aboriginal offender. He said that he had no hesitation in concluding that she was one on the very small group of aboriginal offenders who deserved to be treated like non-aboriginal".

She is currently being held in the Edmonton Institute for Women. We write her letters and visit her. Daughter. Family. Community. We miss you, Renee. You can write Renee at the following address:

Renee Acoby

Edmonton Institution for Women

11151-178th Street Edmonton Alberta T5S 2H9

Please include a return address or your letter will not reach her. To read more about Renee's story:

•Life on the Instalment Plan: Is Canada's Penal System for Women Making or Breaking Renee Acoby? by Marian Botsford Fraser

•www.walrusmagazine.com/articles/2010.03-justice-life-on-the-installment-plan/

Pachamama



Indigenous Women Defending Land & Life Since the Beginning of Time

In April, 2010, the World People's Conference on Climate Change and the Rights of Mother Earth, called by Bolivian President Evo Morales, brought together thousands of indigenous sisters and brothers from around the world. It was held in Cochabamba, Bolivia, the same place where the Water Wars took place ten years earlier. Our sisters and brothers came together to articulate *un otro mundo es posible* (another world is possible). Emphasized was the need to move away from a linear fossil-fuel based energy and food production system that profits from the exploitation of the four-legged, one-legged, soil, water, and air to one that calls for the seventh generation principle and precautionary principle to guide our actions. This requires a fundamental shift in how we live, feed ourselves, do work, and play around.

The people who organized and attended this unprecedented gathering in Cochabamba are taking us to task to add *to vivir bien* (living well) rather than striving towards living better, which comes at the expense of damaging the environment, each other and ourselves. They are calling for an International Tribunal on Climate Justice and a Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth, which are important steps towards recognizing and adopting indigenous ecological values and knowledge and our responsibilities of stewardship living interdependently and in balance with Mother Earth.

Resources

The Rights of Nature: The Case for a Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth (2011) published by the Council of Canadians, Fundación Pachamama, and Global Exchange
<http://www.canadians.org/rightsofnature>
www.pwccc.wordpress.com

Bolivian President Evo Morales on Climate Debt, Why He Wants a Tribunal on Climate Justice and Much More (December 17, 2009)

http://www.democracynow.org/2009/12/17/bolivian_president_evo_morales_on_climate_debt

Bolivia Climate Conference Moves to Establish Universal Declaration of the Rights of Mother Earth (April 22, 2010)

http://www.democracynow.org/2010/4/22/bolivia_climate_conference_moves_to_establish_universal_declaration_of_the_rights_of_mother_earth

Evo Morales Opens Climate Change Conference in Tiquipaya (April 21, 2010)

http://www.democracynow.org/2010/4/21/evo_morales_opens_climate_change_conference

Journey Women:

Aboriginal Women's Healing Experiences (Minwaashin Lodge)



Lynda Stewart (Bape Ande Kwe): The Last An Atlas

My map is colored bright with some darkness much the way my life has been. My outline represents me as a young girl (6) on a swing-seat, anchored to an oak tree. The outline of the support person representing me is a great oak tree and it is meant to be. Minwaashin Lodge, the Aboriginal Woman's Support Lodge, in Ottawa Ontario. The tree shape is in a Christ like stance to reflect sacrifices made and suffered, and also my roots are true and learned. Minwaashin Lodge mothered and "grand-mothered" me so much that it seemed perfect to show these things together in something that has roots and hints of doe feet in life's waters. The tree has a staircase and a ladder at the base and these are meant to be the steps I was helped take to get up and out of where I was coming from. I painted myself swinging from the tree because I feel the healings and teachings. I received at Minwaashin Lodge allowed me to return to the time in my life where my sexual abuse began and reclaim my childhood. My moods were the only thing swinging in my life before I received their help. Like many other childhood sexual abuse survivors I did not trust authority, and was even less trusting of love. Minwaashin Lodge became a home that I could model my own after and since walking through its doors a few years ago I have grown in such leaps and bounds that I was able to create a map to show others how I lived here. I was introduced to a Creator that I could depend on in nature and feel connected to through smudging. I had no home, no love, and a belief only in pain before I was a Minwaashin woman. My map is a picture of a life written by me. My tree and journey both have roots you can see the beginnings of, and branches that reach into the future. It has knots and gnarly parts but it also has a happy girl who found herself with her map.

I initially placed my origin images, a cross made of feather and a knife in the section that was to house my adulthood. It became clear to me that this was in



Lynda Stewart (Bape Ande Kwe)

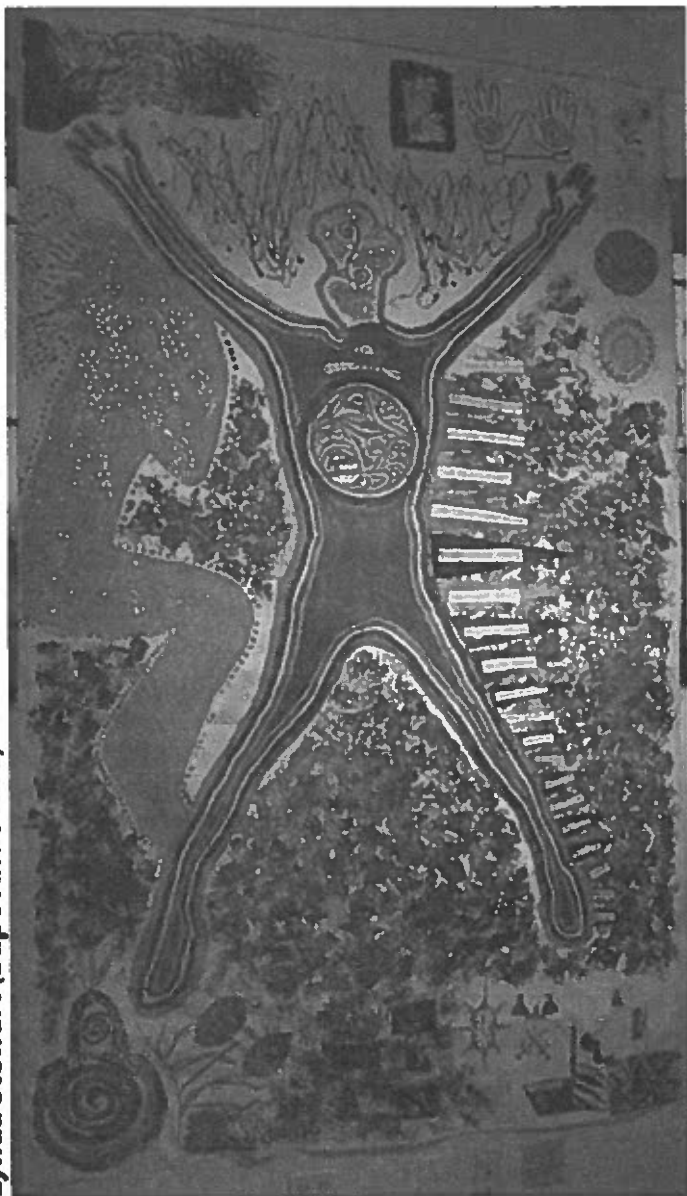
fact where my childhood was because I still had not progressed in some ways into adulthood. The cross represents my origins: my mother is a catholic woman who met my father while he was "in" a residential school. The feather is my native background and the knife is the part that cut it deeply. I then placed the image of a snake that begin in the origins but also winds throughout. I chose snake for it's obvious phallic representation and also the embodiment of evil from the Garden of Eden. I also chose this because of its transformative powers within the shedding of one's own skin. I also placed a web in this area to showcase the "web of lies" in my childhood. My web also represents the usefulness of Creators design. In nature a web is spun by spiders as a means to live. It holds onto things that will feed it later and it is constantly re-spun to build and fortify itself. I am both, spider and web; snake and scales. I was lied to and I was fed the truth. I ate and shed what was not needed. In my map the images of drums and silver swirls were chosen by me to speak of my hearts contentment and connection to the creator through sage smudging, sacred fires and tobacco. Being in tune with nature and the customs of my ancestors with drumming in

my adult life is the crux of my happiness. I thought I had finished my painting and I stood back and looked at it. I clearly saw the shape of a smile under the moon (grandmother) and I realized that there was not just an eye looking out of my elder years (future) but that there was a face looking out from the whole thing, and that face was smiling. I went back and defined it a bit more so that hopefully when you stand back and look at my map you can see it too.

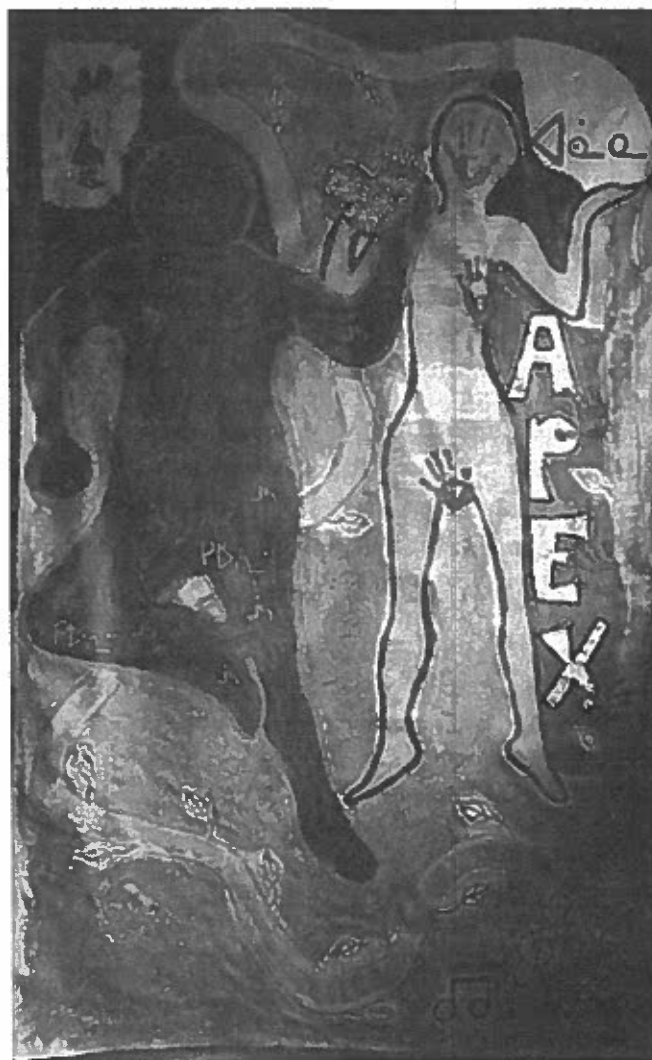
realize that beside me as I re-drew lines I had crossed that an in-utero spirit was present and I felt so hopeful to know that from my life there is proof of nurturi and healing and even hope for a future where the may actually be no great pain visited on a child by parent, a stranger or a culture. Empowered by the presence of life's waters I feel I created more healing energy than all of Ottawa Hydro could in the same amount of time. The fact that my map was and will continue to be witnessed and shared by others brought for me the spell that my silenced abuse held me with. The more people that see the journey I took then the more people it means travelled it with me hence, I am no longer alone. I thank you, deeply, for honoring me and my past and future with your sight.

My name is Lynda Stewart, Bape Ande Kw
Laughing-Crow-Woman.

Lynda Stewart (Bape Ande Kwe)



My path on this part of the journey has been a beautiful rest stop where I could reflect in the company of friends. I was deeply impacted by the dedication and love administered by the facilitators and also by the fact that there was a member of this project who was with child. In the times of reflection it was so honoring to





searching high and low...never looking inside...knowing the empty shell covers the Truth of Who She REALLY is...a Child of the Universe.

Ever-present spirit guides and ancestors egging her on... hinting at a Higher Purpose...hinting at a Life Mission.

Decades of non-judgmental, caring, concerned, empathetic, understanding Elders with their calm encouragement...

Finding just an hint of a whisper of a voice...opening Pandora's box, the lid of which would NEVER be shut again.

Answered prayers in the form of unconditional loving-kindness - Angels in the guise of offspring - unflinching devotion.

Maturing into her Soul Essence...sharing the seeds of wisdom sown by Elders, Keepers of the Traditions with the Next Generation...those Sacred Seeds fall upon fertile ground...magically overseen by Mother Earth and Grandmother Moon...constant reminders of the Resilience of Her Women.

Living Proof of the glorious resurrection of the Phoenix: reciprocated creative community involvement - the pathway from egocentricity to philanthropy... mirrored Inner Beauty...blueprint of the Soul...

Roberta Della-Picca

Monnecherre Algonquin - Metis/Italian)

From the creative depths of the primordial soup I arose...surrounded, engulfed, nurtured and protected by Spirit Guides and Ancestors...through a childhood of hell, physical, verbal, psychological, emotional, sexual and spiritual abuse, shame, blame...abject futility...awkward puberty...sexually-provocative drunken teens abuse, maligned, raped and further shamed

Trudging through on bleeding soles (soul?) through high life-essence oozed...silent, hopeless, gawky, Moody, easily-triggered, constantly experiencing unidentified flashbacks, never realizing the magnitude of the damage - finally identified as suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder...unbelievably ever resilient, constantly seeking refuge and healing modalities...suicide attempts...hopelessness assuaged...ever-present Spirit Guides and Ancestors...

Working stiff...functionally-alcoholic...consumed by rage and terror...slim hope of finding a purpose...pondering...bereft of hope...faith LONG gone...



Lynda Stewart (Bape Ande Kwe)



Raven: Artist Statement

My outline represents coming to terms with my past and present. It doesn't include the future because I prefer to live a day at a time regardless having to make plans. It's coming to terms with rejections and the path fate put me on due to my karma baggage. Therefore, here's an image of what the creative art I've unintentionally or involuntarily created on the canvas.

My supporter is trying to get my attention by placing a healing medicine leaf on my heart chakra, and is holding me in case I fall. But as you can see, there is a connection; otherwise, I would not have acknowledged my supporter by placing my hand on her arm.

The relationship between the two body images is mainly on the cosmic subconscious level – the star in the circle between them.

And yet, because my beliefs are related to the ancient ways relating to the Goddess – Mother Nature – and the cosmos, I am conscious of the ways and teachings of the Native Peoples ways of healing. If you look more closely at the support person, she has unconsciously become an ancient Native Woman rather than the planet Pluto I had always considered as being my guardian.

The Journey Map

Due to the physical, sexual, nutritional and psychological abuse I experienced as a child, the flying raven – top right corner – had always watched over me. The eyes are the authority figure in my childhood foster home. They forever made sure that I wouldn't receive the proper nutrition, unconditional love or stimulation that is most critical in a child's first six years of life.

Bottom right corner represents an adolescent filled with anger, an anger that begins to build. The anger isn't released because the adolescent didn't know how to release it. Therefore, the anger, memories and experiences are hidden and kept in a spider web-like container clogging the brain. The spider's web also represents a trap for I had nowhere to go, nowhere to turn to for help.

Bottom left represents a young adult having desires and dreams except that they are nothing but a tangled world of confusion and delusion. I turned at every corner only to find many obstacles preventing me from growing up into a normal, healthy person. Alcohol and drugs became my haven for a while, and so had making friends with the wrong people because I wanted to fit in somewhere anywhere. Obstacles only led to misery, despair and deep depression.

Between the bottom left and top left I educated myself on many subjects, and took meditation courses and so forth. I started doing many sorts of volunteer work at various institutions. I also decided to write about my younger years by doing research which ended up being a painful journey for I had no one to turn to. It took several years and many obstacles before my book was finally published. A couple years ago I was invited as a guest to an aboriginal women's support center at the Minwaasin Lodge. I've been going there ever since because I eventually found a place I felt belonged.



The Art Of War

*"Those who know when to challenge and when not to challenge will triumph.
Those who recognize how to use the numerous and the few will triumph.
Those who agree on superior and inferior objectives will triumph.
Those who prepare to lie in wait for the unprepared will triumph.
Those who lead without interference from a Ruler will triumph."*

Twenty three centuries ago, a Chinese healer wrote tightly compressed set of principles for achieving triumph over opposition called "The Art of War". It is still one of the most read books about military strategy and guerrilla philosophy. It is about something our healers and warriors were already practicing as memorial knowledge: that healing and combat are one and the same, part of the same dance, extending paradox to a form of art:

*[W]hen able, they appear unable.
When employed, they appear useless. When close, they appear distant.
When distant, they appear close.*

*They lure through advantages,
And take control through confusion.*

*When complete, they appear to prepare.
When forceful, they appear evasive.
When angry, they appear to submit.
When proud, they appear to be humble.
When comfortable, they appear to toil.
When attached, they appear separated.*

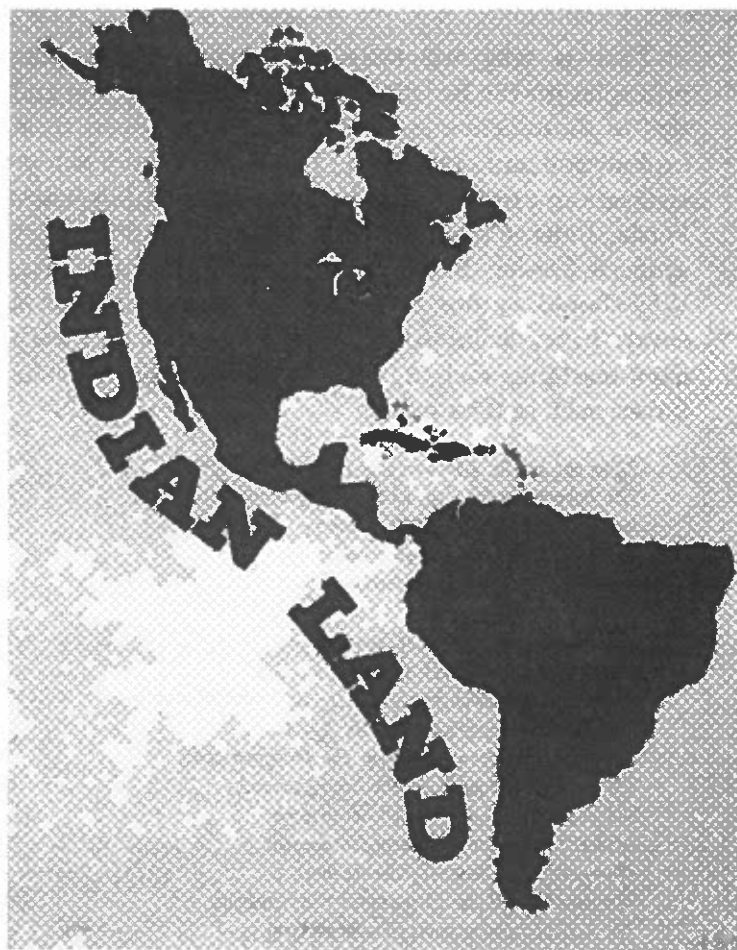
*They attack when the opponent is unprepared
And appear where least expected.*

*Those who triumph,
Work out at their headquarters
A great number of factors
Prior to a challenge.*

*Those who are defeated,
Work out at their headquarters
A small number of factors
Prior to a challenge.*

*Much working out of the details brings triumph.
Little to none brings defeat.
How much more so with no working out at all!*

Sun Tzu's ancient strategies were written long before the seed was planted for European colonialism and reflect a worldview which sees complete and interdependent systems, using images of nature and the living world, a philosophical foundation far more indigenous than colonialism:



*The ultimate Positioned Strategy
Is to be without an apparent Position.
Without Position even the deepest Intelligence is unable to spy;
And those who are clever are unable to Plan.*

*Intricate Positioning will appear as a triumph to the multitudes,
But the multitudes cannot comprehend it.
Others can comprehend that we have won through Positioning,
But they cannot comprehend that we have won
through Systemic Positioning.*

*Thus, once a challenge is won, the System should not be repeated.
Positioning should be a reaction to infinite Variations.*

*The Strategy of Positioning is the image of water.
Moving water evades heights and hastens through the lowlands;*

*A Strategy of Positioning evades Reality and confronts
through Illusion.
Water follows the territory and Systemically flows;
The Strategy follows the opponent and Systemically triumphs.*

*Just as water has no absolute Position,
The Strategy has no absolute Direction.*

That is why we believe in taking back these principles for the benefit of increasing the wisdom and skill of those defending the land and the streets from exploitation and oppression. Thousands of indigenous civilizations exist beneath the thin skin of nation states: Persia, India, China, Sri Lanka, Iraq, Palestine, every artificial border drawn on the great heart of Africa. Why should we not draw from and share with, as we always have, civilizations as ancient as ours and learn from teachings such as, when in struggle against state forces, such as their police:

*Now, an Entire Force can be robbed of its Spirit;
The Force's leaders can be robbed of their Composure.
In the morning the Spirit is sharp;
In the daytime the Spirit is idle;
At dusk the Spirit draws inward.*

*Those skilled in the use of Strategy
Evade when the Spirit is sharp
And confront when the Spirit is idle or withdrawn
Such is the way they control the Spirit.
The controlled lie in wait for the disorganized;
The calm lie in wait for the disorganized;
The calm lie in wait for the disorderly
Such is the way they control Composure.
The near lie in wait for the distant;
The comfortable lie in wait for the troubled;
The satisfied lie in wait for the hungry
Such is the way they control Strength.*

*They do not intercept when banners are orderly and straightforward;
They never attack when the formation is impressive and imposing.
Such is the way they control the Variations.*

*Thus, to execute an Artful Strategy,
When the hill is high, never face up;
When the hill slopes behind, never back down;
When flight is feigned, never pursue;
When the other team is sharp, never attack;
When the Strategy is bait, never bite;
When the opposition withdraws, never interfere;
When surrounding the opposition, leave an opening;
When the opponent is desperate, never press.*

Such is the execution of an Artful Strategy.

Why should we respect the borders of racism and only give respect to those principles which come from within our own western-made "racial categories?" We are not defined by those colonial categories: we have existed long before their construction, and will be laughing at their foolishness long after they have faded:

*Opponents who are near and yet calm presume they are formidable.
Those who are distant and yet provoking want others to advance.
Those who occupy an accessible location believe they have the advantage.*

*Those who are about to advance speak humbly and yet increase their preparations.
Those who are about to retreat speak evasively and yet push provocatively.
Those who are about to deploy send out light vehicles early to occupy the flanks.*

*Those who are executing a scheme call for a truce without proposing an agreement.
Those who have reached their deadline deploy their strategy with hurried movements.
Those who are attempting to entice partially advance and partially retreat.*

Our trading routes have always extended as far as our bodies and spirits could take us: why should we believe that these trading routes were made only for the exchange of material goods, when we made no distinction between the spiritual and the physical worlds, as it says here:

*Those who stand using their weapons for support are hungry.
Those whose water carriers drink first are thirsty.
Those who see an advantage but do not advance are troubled.*

*Wherever birds gather it is deserted.
Those who are clamorous at night are fearful.
Those who have desertion in their corps have leaders without significance.
Those who move their banners and flags about are disorganized.
Those whose officers are easily angered are tired.*

*Those who continually gather in closed groups,
Whispering and murmuring speculations, sense numerous losses.*

*Those who are hard pressed have repeated rewards.
Those who are in distress have frequent penalties.*

*In an intense Strategy,
Where one may face the other for a long time
Without engaging and without retreating,
Careful observations are essential.*

*A Strategy is not enhanced by numbers.
An advantage comes not merely by force.
It is enough to foresee and match the opponents' strength,
To take hold of them and end it.*

Sun Tzu's "Art of War" was written when Buddha was journeying through India, at the time when Zoroaster was cultivating the philosophical ground from which Islamic thought would grow; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle were doing their thing in Greece preparing the soil from which all western philosophy would grow. The practical and the metaphysical are joined, as in these two passages regarding position and strategy:



Image: Native Youth Movement

*Among Situational Positions,
There are those that are Smooth,
Those that are Entangled,
Those that are Indecisive,
Those that are Narrow,
Those that are Obstructed,
Those that are Distant.*

*Smooth means we can go forward and others can approach.
In a Smooth Position,
Those who are first to occupy the heights and the light
Have an advantage over the path of provisions.
A challenge then will be advantageous.*

*Entangled means we can go forward but will have difficulty
returning.
In an Entangled Position,
If the opponent is unprepared, those who move first will
triumph.
If the opponent seems prepared, those who move first will not
triumph.
Since it is difficult to return, there is no advantage.*

*Indecisive means neither we nor others can move first
advantageously.
In an Indecisive Position,
Despite any advantage over the opponent, we do not move
first.
We lure with a retreat, causing the opponent to partially
retreat.
A confrontation then will be advantageous.
In a Narrow Position,
We must be first to occupy it fully and lie in wait for the
opponent.
When the opponent is first to occupy it,
Never pursue if they fill it; pursue only if it not yet full.*

*In an Obstructed Position,
We must be first to occupy the heights and the light to await
the opponent.
When the opponent is first to occupy these,
We never pursue; we lure with a retreat.*

In a Distant Position, both forces are equal.

*Because here it is difficult to provoke a challenge,
A challenge will not be advantageous.*

*Generally, these Six are the Tao of Situations.
It is a leader's greatest duty to study them carefully.*

(regarding strategy below)

*Among Strategies,
There are those that result in Flight,
Those that result in Insubordination,
Those that result in Collapse,
Those that result in Disintegration,
Those that result in Disorder,
Those that result in Desertion.*

*Generally, these Six come not from natural catastrophes,
But from the mistakes of leaders.*

*Flight means:
Other conditions being equal, one confronts another ten times
more powerful.*

*Insubordination means:
The team is strong and the officers are weak.*

*Collapse means:
The officers are strong and the team is weak.*

*Disintegration means:
The senior officials are angry and defiant.
They meet the opponent hatefully and challenge on their own
behalf,
Without the knowledge of the leader.*

*Disorder means:
The leader is weak and undisciplined.
The philosophy is not enlightened by the Tao.
The officers and team have no principles.
The Strategy is deployed indulgently and illogically.*

*Desertion means:
The leader is unable to evaluate the opponent,
So the few engage the numerous
And the weak confront the strong;
The Strategy is flat and unfocused.*

*Generally, these Six are the Tao of defeat.
It is the leader's greatest duty to study them carefully.*

Who can say whether the similarities between Sun Tzu's philosophies and our own indigenous knowledges came from the exchange of thought across the continents? Schools have taught us that "western progress" was a slow climb out of primitive backwardness. We know this is false: most western "advancement" has been a slow slide into the massive terrors and degradations we face today. Is it not wise to return to wisdom such as:

*In executing an Artful Strategy, there are Situations that are
Idle, Simple, Competitive, Negotiable, Intersecting, Serious,
Obstructed, Surrounded, and Desperate.*

*When other leaders challenge form their own territory,
The Situation is Idle.*

*When others approach but have not yet penetrated the territory,
The Situation is Simple.*

*When either we or others must seize the advantage,
The Situation is Competitive.*

*When we can go forward and others can approach,
The Situation is Negotiable.*

*When the first one to reach the dependent domains
Can affect the Entire System and its multitudes,
The Situation is Intersecting.*

*When others approach and penetrate the territory
With many fortifications behind them,
The Situation is Serious.*

*When the path runs through mountains, forests, passes, or
marshes*

*Where the way is generally difficult,
The Situation is Obstructed.*

*When the approach to a location is narrow and the return
is circuitous,*

*And a small number of others can confront our larger
numbers,*

The Situation is Surrounded.

*When a swift challenge is necessary for survival
Because a delayed challenge results in extinction,
The Situation is Desperate.*

*Hence, in an Idle Situation, challenge not; in a Simple
Situation, rest not.*

*In a Competitive Situation, attack not; in a Negotiating
Situation; cease not.*

In an Intersecting Situation, gather and negotiate.

*In a Serious Situation, seize; in an Obstructed Situation,
move.*

*In a Surrounded Situation, scheme; in a Desperate Situation,
challenge.*

*Those whom the Ancient Ones called
Skilled in the Execution of Strategy make it impossible
For their opponents' advance and backup to reach each
other,
For their numerous and few to rely on each other,
For their talented and inexperienced to rescue each other,
For their superior and inferior to protect each other.*

*A team that is separated cannot gather, and their unified
strategy cannot unfold.*

*With unity it is advantageous to move; without unity it is
advantageous to stop.*

*Venture to ask: "What if an opposing leader approaches
With his multitudes whole and ready?"*

*I say: "Locate beforehand his deepest attachment and then
seize it. He will comply!"*

Speed presides over the conditions of strategy.

Seize opportunities so that others do not gain.

*Take paths are are unexpected, and attack locations that
are unprotected.*

The Nine Situations and Variations

*Expand and manipulate the advantages and manage the
condition of others.*

Their study cannot be neglected.

Generally, it is the Tao of the Adventurer

*To penetrate as a result of Focus and to be superficial as a
result of Idleness.*

Those who are in an Isolated Situation

*Must cross over the boundaries of the organization toward
the opposition.*

Those who are in an Intersecting Situation

Must communicate all around.

Those who in a Serious Situation

Must penetrate deeply.

Those who are in a Simple Situation

Must penetrate superficially.

Those who are in a Surrounded Situation

Must defend the exit and narrow the advance.

Those who are in a Desperate Situation

Must press onward without a location.

*Thus, in Idle Situations, we lead by directing ourselves as
One.*

*In Simple Situations, we lead by making use of dependent
domains.*

*In Competitive Situations, we lead by hurrying our back-
ups.*

*In Negotiable Situations, we lead by strengthening our
connections.*

*In Serious Situations, we lead by maintaining the flow of
our provisions.*

*In Obstructed Situations, we lead by advancing on the
Path.*

*In Surrounded Situations, we lead by blocking any open-
ings.*

*In Desperate Situations, we lead by making it known we
may not survive.*

For under the conditions of Strategy,

Those who are surrounded will resist;

Those who can neither gain nor stop will fight;

Those who are beyond their limit will obey.

We know this is true: All forces bent against nature will eventually break. May the death of colonialism and capitalism end the destruction of our lands and lives and may these principles, as you read them, give the strength and wisdom to dance our way around and through its grasp, weakening its hold on our people

YES WE EXIST. RESISTANCE IS SURVIVAL.

○ we will not assimilate.
○ we are not powerless.
○ we will not sit, stay or play dead.
○ we will not stop speaking our languages.
○ we will not be quiet.
○ we will not stop singing.
○ we will not stop dancing.
○ we will not stop drumming.
○ we will not become what you expect.
○ we will not do what you do.
○ we will not sign your tomahawk.
○ we will not stop laughing.
○ we will not take down the blockade.
○ we will not let you rape our Mother.
○ we will not get off the land.
○ we will not leave these streets.
○ we will not stop speaking out in class.
○ we will not stand for the court.
○ we will not stand for 'o canada'
○ we will not fit your square peg holes.
○ we will not be poor, hungry and homeless.
○ we will not be voiceless.
○ we will not stay out of universities.
○ we will not play dumb for your amusement.
○ we will not get educated for any sake but our own.
○ we will not kill ourselves.

NO we will not kill each other.
NO we will not be your prisoners.
NO we will not be your slaves.
NO we will not be your soldiers.
NO we will not be your playthings.
NO we will not be your Indian Princess.
NO we will not be your noble savage.
NO we will not help you kill our people.
NO we will not let you steal our children.
NO we will not be coerced with money.
NO we will not be your show and tell.
NO we will not be your lab experiments.
NO we will not be dissected by study.
NO we are not your responsibility.
NO we will not drink your poison.
NO we will not take your bait.
NO we will not play your games.
NO we will not rape your daughters.
NO we will not murder your sons.
NO we will not lie about your history.
NO we will not forget.
NO we will not cut our hair.
NO we will not run away.
NO we will not stop telling the truth.
NO we will not disappear into the sunset.
NO we will not fade to white.

Art: Prophecy Antithesis



INDIGENOUS ARTS DIRECTORY



One of the reasons this project came into being was the need for us to talk about ourselves instead of just being talked about, write for ourselves instead of just being written about, study and think about ourselves instead of being studied about, pondered over, create for ourselves instead of always being the objects and subjects of non-native creation. Hollywood, your turn is over.

We figured that by throwing a metaphorical "stick" into the cycle of film and TV stereotypes, we could stop looking outside ourselves, to find ourselves.

Didn't take long to realize that there's a world of metaphorical sticks out there, and they're more than just interruptions: there's a renaissance (literally, a rebirth) of all kinds of arts. And bonus, not everybody sold out to the Vancouver 2010 Olympics!

What started as an attempt to make a "Mix Tape" list of revolutionary hip hop artists turned into something a lot more ambitious (something all listmakers know), so ambitious in fact that the more was added, the more incomplete it seemed!

So realizing that the first thing you'll do is zip down the list and say "Hey where's (fill in the blank)? How dare they leave (fill in the blank) out?"... we reply, well fill it in the blank. Send in all recommendations/criticisms/questions to indigenoucollective@gmail.com. And if this grows by the next issue, you'll have that much more to be proud about besides your raging good looks.

Because sooner or later, someone's going to tell you that Native people didn't really get around to doing things like writing plays or poetry, spitting rhymes, philosophizing or anything but stand around looking stoic. At which point you can say "Bullshit!" and point them in this general direction..

Writers, Thinkers and Poets

Duncan Mercredi
Connie Fife
Louise Bernice Halfe
Wayne Keon
Thomas King
Daniel David Moses
Richard Van Camp
Gerry William
Cherie Dimaline
Neal McLeod
Phillip Kevin Paul
Eden Robinson
Gregory Scofield
Winona LaDuke

Jeanette Corbiere Lavell
Alan Corbiere
Louise Erdrich
Anti Venom Kit
Anton Treuer
Aliva Tulugak
Brian Maracle
Leonard Peltier
Sharon Helen Venne
Darlene Johnston
Sandra LaRonde
Freda Ahenakew
Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm
Janice Acoose
Sherman Alexie
Gerald Vizenor
Beth Brant

(Degonwadonti)
Jo-Ann Episkene
Lenore Keeshig-Tobias
Lee Maracle
Marilyn Dumont
Beth Cuthand
Monique Mojica
Joe Osawabine
George Amabile
Sandra Birdsell
Robert Arthur Alexie
Marie Annharte Baker
Rita Bouvier
Joan Crate
Lawrence Osgoode
Jim Demonie
Lita Fontaine

Jules Desjarlais
Chrystos
Paula Gunn Allan
Gloria Anzaldua
Jim Northrup
Tanis Desjarlais
Erin Marie Konsmo
Vine Deloria Jr.
Harold Cardinal
Howard Adams
George Manuel
Simon Ortiz
Linda Tuhiwai Smith
Jace Weaver
Ngugiwa Thiongo
Taiaiake Alfred
Frantz Fanon

nes Sekej Youngblood
lenderon
inne Simpson
oy Littlebear
il H. Johnston
inette Armstrong
hard Wagamese
nson Highway
da Hogan
k D. Forbes
eph Bruchac
rd Churchill
rd Hill
Ann Archibald
eph Boydon
aw Hayden Taylor
rrell Dennis
bert Warrior

Visual Artists

l Chaat Smith
hard Roy Whitman
re HeavyShield
sa Lord
alley Niro
alter Harris
a Letendre
rval Morriseau
jamin Chee Chee
frey M. Thomas
eonie Agpik
nojuak Ashevak
mpsey Bob
ti Venom: The Kit
i Hart
rl Beam
ra Asbell

Theatre Companies/ Playwrights

ntre for Indigenous
heatre
original Theatre New
'ork City
idinnok Native
Aythological Theatre
it Cultural Performers
Nations Forest Theatre
-ba-jeh-mu-jig Theatre
Group
ose Guts Theatre
tive Earth Performing

Arts
Waswagoning Dance
Theatre
Takwakin Performance
Workshop
First Nations Dance
Company
Three Fires Dancers
Southwest Repertory
Theater
Big Sky Theatre
Summerbear Dance
Troupe
Kikino Northern Lites
Dancers
Nakai Theatre
Gildas Box of Treasures
Theatre
Full Circle
South Island Dancers
Saskatchewan Native
Theatre Company
Red Roots Theatre
Street Spirits Theatre
Company
Turtle Gals Performance
Ensemble
The Huron Carole
Tonto's Nephews Native
Comedy Troupe
Native Theatre at NMAI
DC
Indigenous Media Arts
Aboriginal Media Training
Project HOOP (Honoring
our Origins and
Peoples Through Native
American Theater)
Indigenous Arts Service
Organization
Centre for Aboriginal
Media
Native Women in the Arts
Association for Native
Development in the
Performing and Visual
Arts
First Americans in the
Arts
Native American
Indigenous
Cinema and
Arts
Red Hawk

Native American Arts
Council
En'owkin Centre
Anti Venom Kit
Productions
Strike at the Wind -
Outdoor Drama
Spirit - The 7th Fire
Yirra Yaakin Noongar
Theatre
Bangarra Dance Theatre
Descendance (Aboriginal
and Torres Strait
Islander Dance Theatre)
Waka Toa - Maori
Performing Arts
National Aboriginal
Media Arts Coalition
Igloodik Isuma Productions
Arnait Video Productions
Nutaaq Media
Mushkeg Media
First Nations/First Features
(Indigenous Peoples
Cinema)
Native Networks Film and
Video Center
The Podemski Chicks
Manitowanan
Native Lens Longhouse
Media
Indigenous Lenses Projects
Blackfella Films
Monkey Ink Media
Indigenous Pictures

Poorboy pictures
The Studi Group
Tomali Pictures
Rich-Heape Films, Inc.
Digiglyphs Digital
Storytelling
Restless Natives Motion
Picture Production
Company
Indie 'N Film/Video
Collective
Vision Maker Video
Southern California Indian
Center (Inter-Tribal
Entertainment)
Hawaii Cultural
Foundation
Ojibway Films and Videos
Gryphon Productions, Ltd.
Big Soul Productions
UrbanRez Productions
Urban Ink Productions
Rezolution Pictures
International
Taqramiut Productions
Blueberry Productions
Pine Needle Blankets
Productions
Dark Thunder Productions
Two Shields Productions
Wildhorse Productions
Meeches Video Production
Eagle Vision Productions
Tribal Eye Productions
Native Spirit Productions



Kifaru Productions
Cup'ik Warrior
Productions
Ogima Productions
Sqwe Productions Ltd.
Blue Hill Productions
Bearpaw Media
Productions
Waseta Productions
Dreamcatchers
Productions
DGA Productions
Metcom Productions Inc.
Shebandowan Films
Shenandoah Films
NewDay Films
Sheephead Films
Thunderstone Pictures
Stars in the Desert
Navajo Nation Film Office

Aboriginal Theatre in
Canada
Full Circle Entertainment
Screen Australia
Indigenous Programs

Publishing Houses/ Presses/Bookstores

Kegedonce Press
Warrior Publications
Ojibway Cultural
Foundation
Mushkeg Media
Borealis Press
Fernwood Publishing
McGilligan Books
Oolichan Books
Penumbra Press
Pemmican Publications Inc.

Purich Publishing Ltd.
Theytus Books
Totem Pole Books
Kanehsatà:ke Education
Center
Isuma Publishing
Anti Venom Kits and
Books

Indigenous Film/TV

Smoke Signals
Kanehsatake: 279 Years
of Resistance
Six Miles Deep
Skins
Games of the North:
Playing for Survival
Mad Bastards
Here I Am
Life on the Reserve
Ogaag bii azhe
giiwewag: Return of the
Red Lake Walleye
Grab (Indian Giving
Redefined)
Jandamarra
Choke
Two Indians Talking
In My Father's Country
Canoe Way, The Sacred
Journey
LaDonna Harris: INDIAN
101
Our Generation
Reel Injun
For the Next 7
Generations
bro'Town
The Canyon War
Run
Bran Nue Dae
For the Rights of All:
Ending Jim Crow in
Alaska
Finding Dawn
Sharing Circle
Experimental Eskimos
Back in the Day
Jim Thorpe, The World's
Greatest Athlete
Stone Bros
Walking into the Unknown
Crude

Barking Water
Two Spirits
Samson and Delilah
The Fraser River Journey
In Case of Snake, See A
Venom Kit
Oceti Sakowin: The Peo
of the Seven Council
Fires
March Point
Turquoise Rose
Older Than America
We Shall Remain
Our Spirits Don't Speak
English: Indian Boardi
School
Between Two Worlds:
Voices of the Elders a
the Youth
Raventales
Tkaronto
Spirit Warriors: A Legar
of the Navajo Veterar
Aboriginality
Into the Americas
Raccoon and Crawfish
Commanche Moon
The Fallen Feather
My Life is My Sundance
Reservation Soldiers
Club Native
Frozen River
Ullumi
We are the Indians
Ghosts of Celilo
Miss Navajo
Trespassing
Mile Post 398
Hope
Bury My Heart at
Wounded Knee
Ten Canoes
Lost Warrior
Common Enemies
Expiration Date
The Velvet Devil
Before Tomorrow
New Moon
When Your Hands Are
Tied
The Canary Effect
Gene Boy Came Home
Stryker
Teachings of the Tree



People
 Frank Williams First Nation
 Willie's House
 Legend of Secret Pass
 Tale Dreamers
 Dancer
 negadepress.com
 ident At Restigouche
 Casino Flats
 You Landfall
 Stone Child
 Jamkeeper
 Light of the Starchaser
 Pass Through Concrete
 Anarjuat
 Spirit of Norway House
 People of America
 Journals of Knud
 Rasmussen
 Tunguska Project
 Shadow of the Salmon |
 The Snowbowl Effect
 Aban-Aki: People From
 Where the Sun Rises
 And the Rivers Flow:
 Hunting and Treaty
 Rights in a First Nations
 Community
 Broken Promises: Indian
 Trust
 Indian Country Diaries
 Missing Link
 Meland - Four Portraits
 of Native Action
 Rabbit Proof Fence
 Ti Venom Kits: The
 Revolution
 Indian Summer: The Oka
 Crisis
 A New World
 Spirit Doctors
 Hawk Girls
 Trail of Tears
 Tell The Movie
 Beneath the Clouds
 Christmas in the Clouds
 Artistic Voices - The Story
 of the Pequot War
 Sacred Strength -
 Talking Circles Among
 Aboriginal Women
 Offens For Granny
 Tem
 Two Worlds Colliding

Indian Country - Native
 Americans in the 20th
 Century
 Green Green Water
 Into The West
 Black Cloud
 The Spirit of the Game
 A Seat at the Table
 A Tribe of One
 Our City Our Voices
 Chiefs
 The Spirit of Annie Mae
 Never Ignored: The Story
 of AIM, the American
 Indian Movement
 The Lost Bird of Wounded
 Knee
 Song On The Water
 Mushuau Innu - Surviving
 Canada
 Sacred Land Film Project
 Is The Crown At War With Us?
 Blood River
 Po'pay, A True American
 Hero
 Standing Silent Nation
 Strike at the Wind
 Starchaser
 Turquoise Rose
 The Business of
 Fancydancing
 Yolnguboy
 Squeegee Bandit
 Yellow Fella
 A Place Between
 A Thousand Roads

**The Revolutionary Music
 List (In Absolutely No
 Order Whatsoever)**

Shining Soul
 Lowkey
 Dead Prez
 Thought Crime Collective
 Blue Scholars
 Bambu
 Fuck Knaan
 Hassan Salaam
 Folie a Trois
 Siete Nueve
 Boca Floja
 Intifada
 Subverso

Los Aldeanos
 Rebel Diaz (bilingual)
 Leftover Crack
 Crass
 Propagandhi
 Against All Authority
 Antiflag
 Riot Folk
 Oi Polloi
 The King Blues
 Class War Kids
 Rebel Spell
 Ciaran Murphy
 Wingnut Dishwasher
 Union
 Ghostmice
 Evan Greer
 Johnny Hobo
 Streetlight Manifesto
 Fuck the Snake Throwing
 Pigs
 Bring an Anti Venom Kit
 Nina Simone
 God Speed You Black
 Emperor
 LAL
 Asian Dub Foundation
 The Coup
 Gil Scott Heron
 Woody Guthrie
 Phil Ochs,
 Marvin Gaye
 MC5
 The Clash
 KRS1
 System of a Down
 Rage Against the Machine
 Rise Against
 Invincible
 Keny Arkana
 Test Their Logik
 NAS
 Sweatshop Union
 El Vuh
 Native Gunz
 Anne Feeney
 Sergio Reyes
 Jake and the Infernal
 Machine
 An Historic
 Can Kickers
 Rye 'n' Clover
 Feral Flowers
 Rude Mechanical

Orchestra
 DAM
 PR
 Abeer
 Arapeyat
 WE7
 Ibrahim
 Arabsummit
 The Philistines
 Patriarch
 Fredwreck
 The Nomads
 Shadia Mansour
 The Narcicyst
 Toyor el Zalam
 SAZ
 K-Salaam
 Arabrappers.net
 Free The P
 Iron Sheik
 Ramallah Underground
 ALI B
 Suheir Hammad
 DJ Nader
 Sons of Hagar
 Salahedin
 Nailkhan
 The Freedoms
 Waleed Zaiter
 Poets for Palestine
 Olivetones (Joe Namy)
 Detroit Unleaded (Rola
 Nashel)
 Sundus Abdul Hadi
 Mark Gonzales
 Climbing PoeTree
 Ziggy Doodle (Zena el-
 Khalil)
 Mohamad Bazzi
 The Last Poets
 Freedom Writers
 Bob Marley
 Common

*The illustration
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 Indigenous Arts
 Directory was
 created by Earl
 Badour (Algonquin,
 Sharbot Lake).*

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Location: _____

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Thank you! For more information, please email indigenouscollective@gmail.com or go to indigenouscollective.wordpress.ca

The Tanning Project: In Conversation with Erica Lord

Victoria Ransom (Kanienkehaka, Akwesasne)

In short, this performative photograph is my status number which has been "tanned" onto my chest. The work is in conversation with Erica Lord's *The Tanning Project*. For me, this project was about governance. The status number is white against the rest of my tanned skin. It is unnatural, much like the ways in which the Indian Act has been imposed on us.

The performative photograph speaks about ways in which Canada has encroached on our ways of life through the Indian Act, and how it has affected First Nations. Years of living under the oppressive Indian Act have made our minds unclear, and affected us more than we know. It is something that is stuck on us. Through this photograph, I would like to remind people that decolonization is needed because the Indian Act has not done anything for us but create internal problems.



